WITH PEACEFUL FAITH CHEER ME ON MY WAY

Fred Dixon and Ruth Taylor Kartchner

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Fred Dixon Kartchner 1942

Ruth Elaine Taylor 1942

Fred and Ruth 1972

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Fred Dixon and Ruth Taylor Kartchner

To our posterity - present and future

PREFACE

This "History" is not a typical life history as such. My purpose in writing and putting together this material is to give a bit of insight into our lives, reactions and thoughts, not solely to present bare facts. This hopefully will paint a "picture" of our lives.

Our lives have been full and fulfilling. We have experienced great sorrow as well as great joy. We feel blessed beyond measure having the children we have, seeing them married and having families of their own. It is my hope our children and grandchildren will benefit from what is contained in this volume.

Ruth T. Kartchner
Provo, Utah
March 1996

HISTORIES

FRED'S FAMILY HISTORY

Ruth Taylor Kartchner (1991)

Fred Dixon Kartchner, fifth and last child of Asael Wain Kartchner and Rosena Heath, was born in Provo, Utah on December 6, 1914. He married Ruth Elaine Taylor June 8, 1942. She was born March 20, 1917, eighth and last child of Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon. Fred and Ruth were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

Fred's mother was widowed when he was just ten months old, so he never knew his father. His Mother's great wish was that all of her children would receive a good education, so she chose to remain in the home with them in spite of offers to work outside her home. She did many things to make it possible for the family to have shoes on their feet and food on their table, but most of the income came from taking in washing and ironing. In many ways this proved to be a very positive thing for the children, as they saw how hard she worked and were willing to do what they could to help as they became old enough. Rose was a strong and determined person when it came to providing for her children. Fred was fortunate in that he inherited his Mother's talent in music, and although he had only a few weeks of piano lessons, his native ability seemed to come out. He accompanied his Mother many times when she would turn off her washer and go to sing at funerals or social functions where she was always in demand. He later took a few more piano lessons and continued to practice and play, which gave him great comfort and pleasure throughout his life.

He attended the city schools, beginning a year earlier than the usual child, as his mother was having a hard time keeping him busy and out of mischief after his brother Ray had started school. She spoke to the Superintendent of the City Schools and explained her situation. He consented to have Fred enter school, providing he could keep up with the older children. This was no problem, as he was a very intelligent child. He then went to B.Y High school, then on to Brigham Young University where he graduated in Chemistry.

From the time he was a small boy he had wanted to become a doctor. His Mother could see no way to achieve this because it required so much money, but he never let the idea die. His sister Ethel encouraged him as she knew he wanted it badly enough to work hard for it. She squeezed ten dollars a month out of her wages for a good part of his medical training. Fred worked at Leven's clothing store during his college days to earn his tuition and at summer jobs at the Steel Plant as a secretary.

He graduated during the Depression years, and although he had majored in Chemistry in preparation for his medical work, he did not have the money to enter medical school. He was desperate for a job of any kind in order to work to this end. Dr. Maw, a Chemistry professor at the Y, told him they were looking for a sixth grade teacher and band director in Centerfield, Utah. Even though he had had no teaching experience, he applied for the job and was accepted. His musical ability worked well for him in regards to the band, and he threw himself wholeheartedly into the new job. He learned the interesting life of a very small, rural community and earned $850.00 a year.

While teaching in Centerfield, he heard of a piano teacher that came through town on a fairly regular basis to give lessons, so Fred availed himself of this which proved to be a bright spot in his life at that time. Toward spring, he heard of a job opening in Lyman, Wyoming, again teaching the sixth grade. He applied and was accepted for the sum of $900.00 a year, a $50.00 raise from his first year. He taught there three years, gaining new

experiences and friends. Again, his musical talent was put to good use, and he produced an operetta and other musicals involving not only his students, but also members of the community. He found life interesting in this small rural community and made good friends. One special friend was another teacher, Arvid Larsen, who taught the fifth grade. Life began to be quite comfortable and pleasant, but he did not lose sight of his goal of Medical school and saved every penny he could.

After four years of teaching he had saved enough money to pay for his first year of medical school. He had applied and been accepted at the University of Utah. It was a heart wrenching decision after being comfortable at teaching and "just going along", but he was determined to try for his dream of becoming a M.D.

When he began at the University of Utah Medical School in September 1940, it was only a two year program. The summer before beginning medical School, he met Ruth at a canyon party in Wildwood. The following Sunday he and a friend drove to Wildwood where Ruth had a cabin, and asked her for their first date - to go to the movies. Several more dates followed. A deep and pleasant friendship developed. When school started their meetings became rare and occasional, as that first year of medical school required all the time, energy and intelligence Fred could muster. It was from his first day of medical school that Fred started a journal that has proven to be fascinating, historical and full of emotions and sincerity of thought. The journal covers medical school, courtship and marriage, as well as life on the front lines of World War II. It ends during his stay in Hawaii when Ruth and two children joined him, and he was discharged from the service.

One of the reasons the first year of medical school was so hard was because the professors wanted to weed out any students that weren't completely dedicated. Fred immersed himself in his work. On rare occasions he was able to visit or be with Ruth. One such incidence was as follows.

During October Conference, Ruth with several of "the gang", a group of friends that got together often, drove to Salt Lake for an outing. After much urging, a very reluctant Ruth called Levi Reynolds' house, where Fred was boarding, to see if he had any time to spend with them. Fred had been expecting a call from one of the Lyman teachers, Opal, who had said she would call at Conference time. He had just dozed off from his studies when Elizabeth told him a girl was on the phone. Not being quite awake, he picked up the phone and said, "Hello, Opal?" A dead silence followed, and then he became wide awake as Ruth finally found her voice. It just about cured any relationship with Ruth, but after explanations and joining the group, everyone had fun with it. He never could live it down, however.

His first quarter was successfully completed by the Christmas Holidays, which he spent sleeping and becoming quite well acquainted with Ruth, her family and group of friends through ice skating, games, and parties. Through struggles and perseverance, he completed his first year of medical school. He found work for the summer as a secretary to a Mr. Spivey at Geneva Steel Mills. This paid much better than teaching, and he was able to enjoy more time with Ruth and friends. He had been wholeheartedly accepted by them all. Love developed rapidly between Fred and Ruth.

When September came, Ruth returned to her school teaching, and Fred back to Medical School. His first year of school had used up all his funds from his four years of teaching, so he knew he must find part-time work to get him through his second year. He was fortunate in getting a job teaching shorthand, typing and Chemistry at a community night school at West High school in Salt Lake. It kept him busy, but he found the professors a little more amenable in the second year, so he was able to manage and make good grades. He had a wonderful Lab partner, Jack Bills---"Dr. Bills". They often

studied together and got along very well, helping one another.

Fred didn't get to Provo often because he owned no car, but he and Ruth corresponded often. The war in Europe was raging, when on December 7, 1941 the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor in Honolulu Hawaii. One of Fred's medical professors became so angry and upset he dropped dead of a heart attack right in class. War was declared by Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States against the Japanese. Medical doctors would be in great demand. Students knew they would be allowed to complete their training even though the program would have to be speeded up to accommodate the need for more doctors.

Christmas vacation was wonderful in spite of the war, because the full effects of it had not yet been felt too keenly. By February Fred knew he had to ask Ruth to marry him "before some other guy did", even though he had hoped to finish medical school first. He bought a very modest diamond to give her at Valentines, but just couldn't wait, so proposed the week before, February 7, 1942.

Because the University of Utah Medical School was only a two year program, it was necessary to apply to other schools to finish the last two years. Fred sent out many "feelers" to other schools. He was accepted at both a Kentucky school, as well as the University of Colorado, at Denver, and one other.

A brother-in-law, ElRoy Nelson, was an Economics Professor at the University of Denver and did a lot of urging, as did Ruth's sister Alice, to have them come to Denver. After much deliberation, Fred decided on the University of Colorado at Denver. He worked hard to finish up his second year at the U. of U. in a successful and fulfilling way. Ruth finished her third year of teaching at the Franklin School, and they were married on June 8, 1942.

The war had intensified. It was a no-frills wedding in the Salt Lake Temple. Ruth's oldest brother, Arthur D. Taylor and Uncle Mark Kartchner were the witnesses. They were married by Stephen L. Chipman. The room was filled by many family members. Ethelyn, Ruth's sister-in-law, had just lost her husband of four months, Kenneth, but she still insisted upon preparing the Wedding Breakfast and served it in Ruth's family home around their large dining room table.

Fred had finished school a day before the wedding. They spent their first night at the family cabin in Wildwood, then the following day boarded the train for Denver. Fred had one week before starting school again. This time was spent with Ruth, painting and fixing up the large basement room of Alice and Roy's house. This was to be their home for the year and a half in Denver, while Fred finished school. Ruth had bought some second hand furniture and had D.T.R.'s make drapes and slip covers for them. They also bought a spring and mattress and a brand new French Provincial desk for Fred. The room included a fireplace, and it was a cozy, comfortable arrangement. Because there couldn't be apartments in the area, they ate with Alice
and Roy upstairs, as well as used the bathroom facilities. It was such a generous and wonderful thing for the Nelsons to do for them, and they never forgot it. Another great advantage was that it was within walking distance of Colorado General Hospital where the Medical school was. The home was on Grape Street, just off Sixth Avenue, a park way which led to Colorado Boulevard where the Medical school was located. Buses ran frequently along Sixth Avenue which helped when the weather was bad. It was wonderful for Ruth to be with her sister again. No one could have treated them with more generosity, consideration and love.

Fred found a job as a night nurse in the Psychiatric Hospital at the University, and Ruth found a job teaching a combined 3rd and 4th

grade in an almost completely Jewish school clear out on West Colfax Avenue.

It became clear early on that Fred's abilities were in dealing with people and the intellectual side of living. He was not cut out to be a "handy-man". His first great and noble trial was to build a frame for the bed. Roy was sure he had put enough nails in it to insure its' steadiness, but it wasn't long before one leg, then another would weaken and buckle. The legs would receive a few more nails to prop it up again.

One day Fred, knowing Ruth's one great fear and hatred was of mice and rats, yelled, "There's mouse!" Ruth jumped up on the bed in a big leap, and both front legs collapsed. After several attempts at fixing, Fred finally knocked the other two legs down and they slept on the floor for the next year.

Ruth hadn't been teaching long until she discovered she was pregnant. It was certainly unplanned and a blow to their financial plans, because they were depending upon her wages to help finish school. Dr. Cuthbert Powell was the head of the Obstetrical-Gynecological department at the Medical school, and by the time he finished talking to Ruth, she felt she was the luckiest girl in the world to be having a baby. But then, she became so nauseated! She continued teaching until Christmas vacation when it was becoming obvious that she was pregnant. At that time the schools wouldn't allow a woman to teach while pregnant. In a way it was a relief to quit, as she had to carry a paper bag going and coming from school. She took a bus then one street car, and then a final street car, using the paper bag for vomiting. The school lunches' chicken noodle soup was her life saver--it stayed down.

Before long Alice too, had become pregnant, so the nauseated, pregnant sisters had another thing in common. Alice and Roy already had two very nice boys, Arthur and John. Both sisters weathered their pregnancies, and Ruth's baby was born on April 23, 1943---a beautiful, pink baby girl with a very bald head. She was named Linda. Three weeks later, Alice had Christina, a dainty little girl with loads of black hair. What fun those sisters had with the baby girls, who still remain the best of friends.

In December Fred received his M.D. His Mother went to Denver to attend his graduation. It was such a proud and happy day for everyone. Because of the war the students had received no breaks, but continued right through. Fred had applied and received his Internship at the University of Utah, at the old Salt Lake General Hospital. This too had been cut to a nine month period, rather than the full year, and was followed by induction into the Army.

The internship started the early part of January, so sad farewells were made in Denver. Fred and Ruth were welcomed back by their Utah families. A small room at the back of a house was found in Salt Lake for their new apartment, at a price they could afford; an intern earned $25.00 a month. But the government was now paying some until the completion of the doctors' training. This apartment was a room and a half, with one window; one room served as a kitchen, living room, with the half room at the side which held a three-quarter bed and a crib, with no room to spare. The bathroom was shared by a mother and her two daughters, the Mortensons, Blanche and Norma, who studied voice. They were in the front of the house. All hours of the day and evening, the girls could be heard vocalizing. Linda's first words were "A-hah-hah-hah-a-huh-hah" up and down the scales. The girls did have beautiful voices, and Blanche Christensen the eldest, is an outstanding soprano in Salt Lake today. She also teaches voice to several students.

There were some interesting features of this living experience. As mentioned, the "half-room" which was converted to a bedroom, had a cubby-hole for a closet next to the crib. Fred used to say of the 'bedroom', "we crawled in and backed out". Because the apartment was at the back of the house, and down a rather steep walk, whenever it would rain Ruth had to

hurry and get everything from the floor of the "closet", because the water would seep in on the floor. The washing was done by going outside and into a back door, where an old fashioned washer with a wringer stood on one side of a coal pile (which fed the furnace). It was pretty tricky to bring out a white wash, which was hung in the "room" in the winter time.

One morning Linda seemed fretful and warm to Ruth. She called Fred at the hospital. He told her to take Linda's temperature---a new thing to Ruth. She put the thermometer into Linda's mouth and it came out 105 degrees! She called Fred back. He said the two heads of Pediatrics were going up to the University of Utah and would stop by. When they knocked on the door, Linda in her walker, waved and smiled at them as happy as a lark. They checked her over, took her temperature, which was normal, asked Ruth if she had shaken the thermometer down before taking the temperature, which in her ignorance she hadn't done. Ruth was mortified! The doctors were very tolerant. They must have dealt with naive interns' wives before. Ruth never forgot the lesson; to shake the thermometer down first, before taking a temperature.

Another time Fred asked Ruth if she would like to see an autopsy. She would. So Ruth and Linda took the bus, arriving at the hospital where Fred met them and they all went to observe the autopsy. The room was a small arena with the corpse on the table on the ground level and rows of graduated benches around the room for the students to observe. As they proceeded with the autopsy and all was very quiet, Linda suddenly piped up, pointing down, and yelled "meat!" It cracked up more than a few doctors who were observing the procedure.

The end of Fred's internship came all too soon. His nine months were up. They moved to Provo where Ruth and Linda would stay through Fred's Basic Training, then see where he would be stationed. Ruth's mother, 'Aunt Rye' to everyone, had made three apartments of her large house which had become too much for her to care for. Ruth and Linda lived in one half, 'Aunt Rye' in the other half at the front of the house. Fred's mother was just two blocks away.

The day came all too swiftly that Fred left, taking the old Orem Interurban from Main Street in Provo to Salt Lake's Fort Douglas for induction and assignment to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania for his Basic Training at Carlyle Barracks. He become a 2nd Lieutenant. The training was an exercise foreign to what these new MD's were used to. They learned to handle un-loaded rifles, do bivouacs, long marches and crawl across fields with live bullets whizzing over their heads. It didn't take much urging to keep their heads down! Obstacle courses were a pain. At the end of the Basic Training they waited for their assignments.

An experiment had been conceived to train a small group of Physicians who had no previous experience in treatment of the front-line casualties with psychiatric problems. They were to use hypnosis in this experimental program. Twelve men were selected, Fred was one of them. Perhaps this was because of his experience working as a male nurse in the Psychiatric ward while going to school in Colorado. These men were sent to Long Island N.Y. to train at a hospital. They were taught the reasons for war front loss of memory, diverse trauma reactions because of the horrors experienced at the front, and similar problems of war-front soldiers. Using hypnosis, the doctors could help the men recall those things they had experienced that had created their problem; then through suggestion and guidance the soldiers were helped to understand and handle things in such a way that, a majority of the cases were often returned to duty. Fred was fascinated with this work and became a quick and understanding student. The course was finished, and they proceeded to wait for their permanent assignment to active duty. In the meantime, on December 11, 1944, Ruth

had given birth to their second child, Kenneth, named after Ruth's older brother who had died of heart trouble, and who had been very close to Ruth. Ruth was so anxious for Fred to be able to see his new son and hoped he could come home before his final orders came in. But this was not to be. Fred's orders came through with no knowledge as to his eventual destination. He was to be shipped straight through to Washington State and knew they were headed for some place in the Pacific Theater. He was able to call home from Wyoming or Montana, one of the states so near to home and yet so far. The heartache and disappointment was acute on everyone's part. It was anyone's guess if he would ever see his new son and other family members again.

He was sent to Saipan in the Marianna Islands where they set up a hospital for treating the mental casualties from the front lines. Kenny would be eighteen months old before his father ever saw him. The time of separation was a rather lonely time, but made sweeter by the love and concern of Ruth and Fred's families. Fred and Ruth kept up a regular correspondence. Many of Fred's letters were censored, because any reference at all as to things the Army considered off limits were blacked out, but the letters were the things that gave them great joy. One day, while listening to the radio Ruth heard the song "I'll be Loving You Always". It reminded her so poignantly of Fred. Sometimes the separation was very hard. Ruth's mother was always so wonderful and made the stay in Provo more pleasant, as did the support and love of Mother Kartchner and family.

About this time they were calling for teachers in Pre-schools set up for working mothers who were filling men's jobs during the war. Ruth applied and was given a job in such a school in the Pioneer Museum at North Park. It was a make-shift school, but served the purpose. Ruth was still nursing Kenny, so would run home in breaks, take care of him and return.

Ration books were issued to everyone because commodities were scarce. They were limited especially on gas, sugar, meat and many other things. When a certain scarce item was known to be at the store, i.e. bananas, seedless grapes, oranges and the like, many people made it a point to be there early, even if they had to stand in line. It was worth it, to enjoy such a treat.

The war had ended in the European Theater with the defeat of Hitler and Germany in May 1945, and in Japan as the bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945. Fred was eventually re-assigned to Hawaii where he worked as head of the Psychiatric Division at Schofield Barracks and Tripler General Hospital on Oahu. This change in assignment made it possible for Ruth and the children to join him in Hawaii. They packed up and left. Grandma Taylor hated to see them go, and they hated to leave but were anxious to be a family again. It was the last time Ruth saw her Mother, as she died of Cancer while they were still in Hawaii.

They traveled on a troop ship with other military families. The traveling was rough--the ship far from a luxury liner. Ruth was seasick from the first day out until they landed six days later. Their bunks were in the hold and there were no windows. The deck was without rails, so every minute they were on deck, which was a lot because the fresh air made Ruth feel better, she had to hold the children by the hand. She would strap them into chairs at meal time in the dining room, dash for the "head", do her vomiting, then dash back to feed them. Walking the decks in the fresh air was one thing that minimized the nausea. Sometimes Ruth felt as if she had walked clear across the Pacific to Hawaii. When they finally landed, she just shoved the children at Fred, and said, "Here, they're yours, take them." Of course she was thrilled to see him, but at the same time was so sick she felt as though she wanted to die.

While they were in Hawaii they learned that Grandma Taylor had developed cancer. She passed away in February of 1947. Ruth wanted so much to go home to the funeral, but the army would not give them leave or permission. It was a difficult time for Ruth, and again their good friends helped them over this, especially the Noels. Most of the time in Hawaii was like one long vacation. They enjoyed the beautiful country, the people, the beaches, and the complete change from anything they had done before. Fred's time in Hawaii was supposed to be for a short time until he was discharged, but he was declared "essential" and as a result was kept for about twenty more months. His mother was able to experience the thrill of coming to join them for period of time, which was wonderful for everyone.

A sad event occurred at this time. Ruth gave birth to a baby girl, Elaine. She was born with many physical defects including a hair-lip and cleft palate, as well as a very bad heart. It was heartbreaking. Fred eventually flew with the baby to San Francisco for treatment at Letterman General Hospital. He returned to Hawaii, leaving the baby in San Francisco. He was soon discharged, leaving the army with the rank of Major. On the return trip, the ship was a real improvement over the army transport ship Ruth had traveled in going over. In fact the trip was quite a pleasant one. They stayed at Alma Kartchner's home in Palo Alto and commuted each day into the hospital to be with the baby. Surgery was not successful and with nothing more that could be done, they took Elaine home to Utah on the train. She died four months after birth.

Fred entered his residency in Ob-Gyn at the University of Utah Medical School, which had now become a full, four-year program. For the next three years the family lived in Salt Lake and Ogden. Upon completion of this training he moved with the family, now numbering four children, to Provo to set up practice. His practice grew rapidly, as women found a very knowledgeable, understanding, and sensitive physician. This was due to his Ob-Gyn training, his use of his psychiatric experience, and his outgoing and friendly love of people in general.

His practice was temporarily stopped after an accident which was followed by an addiction problem; details of which can be found in other writings of Fred and Ruth. Following this interruption, he once again continued with his practice in a most successful way with even greater insight. He became one of the outstanding men in his field, delivering thousands of babies, as well as dealing with women's problems in general during his thirty years of practice.

In 1955 Fred and Ruth decided to build on the lot in beautiful Oak Hills on Provo's foothills, at the mouth of Rock Canyon. Ruth had bought the lot many years ago while she was teaching. The small bungalow they were in on First East in Provo was literally bursting at the seams, with their growing family.

Fred's brother Ray and his sister Ruth's husband Marion Hammond, with some of their friends, said they would build the house during the summer. They were all school teachers and so had their summers free. The first summer they put in the foundation, the walls, roof and closed it in to stand over the winter. The next spring, brick work, etc., was continued and proceeded until Dec. 15, when the family moved in. All but some finishing work was done. What a beautiful home and what a haven for all of them after living in such crowded conditions previously.

After a years time here, a wonderful blessing came to the whole family. Mary Ann came to the home. She was just five days old and weighed less than 5 lbs, but it was like the frosting on the cake to have a sweet little baby in such roomy and pleasant surroundings, and everyone so loved her!

A world famous Dutch artist, Sir Cornelius Zwaan who lived in the U.S., spent one

summer with the family while he painted portraits; one of Mother Kartchner, and one of Rosena and Ruth, as well as others in Provo and S.L. It was a fantastic experience.

Each of the children grew into healthy, beautiful adults and are a blessing beyond measure. The boys filled missions, Ken in Argentina, Richard to the Spanish-Florida Mission and, David in the Philippines. Linda and Rosena became school teachers, Ellen became a RN, and Mary Ann excelled in ballet, was trained in Gemology and currently is a professional photographer. All have had responsible jobs in the Church, and all are positive thinking, progressive individuals, who help one another as well as others.

We've traveled widely, going to each of the boys' missions upon their completion and seeing the surrounding countries and cities. When David was released the four children still at home went with Fred and Ruth to the Philippines, and were able to see parts of the Orient and Hawaii. It was a Ball!

Fred had many interests and hobbies, some of which were gardening, raising champion English Bulldogs, singing in the Ward Choir, playing the organ and the piano, and always a teacher at heart. He did a great deal of traveling, many trips with his entire family.

Fred was a pioneer of sorts in his practice of medicine. He introduced the use of the Sitz baths at the hospital and presented illustrated, educational lectures to his patients. His "Preparation for Child Birth" and "Going Home" discussions prepared the patients for this new and wonderful experience of having a baby. He helped them know what to expect and how to handle a new baby and the effects the baby would have upon the family. Husbands were included in these discussions, with books and other literature offered for the patient's help in order to ensure a happy and successful delivery. Husbands were always welcome in the delivery room in order to support the wife in this experience.

Due to health problems, brought on by unstinted dedication to his patients and family, Fred decided to retire the latter part of 1979. He wasn't allowed much time for all the things he wanted to do in his retirement, because on New Years Day, 1980, he had a severe heart attack. He recovered enough to go home but was on very limited activity which was a great frustration to him. The early part of March he was having trouble again and was taken to the hospital where he died on March 16, 1980.

He left a memory of service and love, as well as a loving wife and seven children. He helped to raise the seven children to become positive, good, responsible adults. He saw them all marry and have children of their own. He is remembered fondly, not only by family members, but also by all who had experience and contact with him. Ruth still has people tell her how much they appreciated him and how they miss him, even now, after ten years at this writing. His posterity as of this date, besides his children and their spouses, is thirty four.

Asail Wain Kartchner

Rose Heath

Fred Dixon Kartchner
1932

Rosenea Heath Kartchner and Fred
Just before Asael's death

Fred Dixon Kartchner
1915

Fred Heath, Rosenea's brother and missionary companion of Asael

Ethel Alma Fred Ruth Ray

At Grandma Heath's, 970 South West Temple, Salt Lake City
1916

Fred D. Kartchner, ca. 1918

970 South West Temple, Salt Lake City - Grandma Heath's

Fred remembered playing on these big, white birch logs stacked at the side of the barn.

Ramona Farrer Cottam's First Grade
Timpanogos School 1920-1921
Fred: front, second from left

Fred, Ray with Dog
Patsy

Back: Ethel, Alma, Ruth
Front: L Fred, Rose, Ray

Rose Kartchner was widowed at 33 years of age, and took in other's laundry in order to provide for her five young children. It was necessary for all of the family to work hard for their educations and anything else they were able to obtain.

Left to Right: Ruth, Fred, Alma, Mother, Ethel, Ray
August 1926

Ray Alma Fred

Mrs. Rose Kartchner, 288 North 300 West (above), and her 3 sons, all of them Eagle Scouts. The boys are, from left to right: Ray, Assistant Scoutmaster, Troop 46; Alma, Scoutmaster, Troop 42; and Fred, member of Troop 46, who will be awarded his Eagle badge at the Court of Honor exercises tonight at the Pioneer Ward Chapel.

"Words cannot express the appreciation I feel for what Scouting has done for my boys," says Mrs. Kartchner, who is a widow. "I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Carl F. Eyring, Scout enthusiast, for the fatherly interest he has always shown in the boys while they have been travelling up the Scout trail."

Provo Herald

Fixing a flat on the way to Chicago
1933

Fred was goal-oriented throughout his life. As a young man he taught elementary school four years in order to earn his tuition for his first year of medical school; however, he did take time out for fun. In 1933 he and 3 friends fixed up "Ozzie" for a trip to the World's Fair in Chicago.

Fred and Mother
Graduation from "Y"
1937

Fred and Arvid Larson
Lyman, Wyoming

Fred - Sixth Grade 1939
Lyman, Wyoming

Deb Tregealgle Alma and Melba Kartchner Fred and Ruth Kartchner Ray and Gertrude Kartchner Marion Hammond

Ethel Tregealgle Rose Kartchner Ruth Hammond
ca. 1955

Fred Ruth Ray Ethel Alma
Palo Alto, California - 20 November 1974

"Mother Kartchner"

"Grandma Kartchner"

RUTH'S FAMILY HISTORY

Ruth Taylor Kartchner (1991)

I was born on March 20, 1917 to Arthur Nicholls Taylor (b. 2 Nov 1870) and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor (b. 5 Jan 1872). It was an early Monday morning. My brother Henry had been sent to milk the cows; one of the other boys had gone for "Aunt Sarah Munk" to help in the delivery. When Henry returned he was told he had a new baby sister. Word spread like wildfire that "Aunt Rye," as my mother was affectionately called, had a healthy new baby girl.

On my 74th birthday, March 20, 1991, I received a call from Alice. She said she was coming up to bring my birthday card. I felt she shouldn't come out in the bad weather, but she wanted to come. I proceeded peeling and chopping the vegetables for the salads I was preparing for some of the ladies at the rest home.

When Alice came, she gave me a warm hug and kiss and wished me well, then handed me this beautiful birthday card. She said she had been thinking ever since she got up that morning of the day I was born in 1917. She related it as follows:

It was early in the morning and still dark and cold. She was told she could get dressed and come and see the new baby that Mother had just delivered. She was so excited and nervous she had real trouble lacing up the tall boots that were worn at that time. She finally succeeded and went downstairs and into the bedroom.
Aunt Sarah Munk, an old friend and a practical nurse, was also there. Alice noticed Dr. Taylor in the bathroom washing out a large rubber sheet and wondered what it was all about. As you must understand, these kinds of things were not talked about at that time. When women delivered at home a large rubber sheet was placed under them to protect the bed.

Alice then said she walked over to Mother lying on the bed. She remembered how white and weak and tired she looked. It had been a difficult delivery at age 45, and she showed it. She pulled the covers down at her side and showed Alice this new little baby girl. It looked so tiny and red and bald. Mother handed the baby to Alice, and as she cradled this little sister in her arms, she was so happy and grateful. She had prayed for a baby sister, after six brothers, and promised to take care of her if she could have one, so she felt her prayers had been answered.

Alice was true to her word, and all of my life she has been my champion and helper. She has made life much more beautiful and lovely and has always been there when I needed her. This is even more amazing because of all she had to put up with. As I grew up I was a very free spirit. I lived in a neighborhood of relatives on every side and I visited all of them almost constantly. It was a real burden for Alice because she would ask where I was, and Mother would reply she didn't know, but she knew I wasn't far off, which was true. I had an idyllic childhood, made better by a dear and loving older sister who was ten years old when I was born, and has put up with all the stages of babyhood, childhood, and adult life. What a blessing she has been and is in my life.

My mother was 45 years old at the time of my birth. She was under 5 feet tall and had long, thick, black hair and hazel eyes. She was very talkative and vivacious and loved working outside. One of my early memories of her is watching her hatch baby chickens from an incubator we had in our cellar. She also loved working in the fruit, which she did every year on the "farm." She used to take the whole camp in Wildwood "swimming" but could not swim a stroke herself. Still everyone felt perfectly safe with Aunt Rye at the river. She

was generous and warm hearted. As a young child and girl, many, many times I took pots of food to Uncle Charles' family, so the kids would have something warm when they came home from school. Uncle Charles' wife had died shortly after Virginia was born. My mother helped her brother Arnold, and many, many others as well. We used to break our necks in order to get the Saturday's work done, so we could go to the Saturday movies with her, where the serial "The Claw," or something like that would play along with some grand cowboy show. It cost ten cents. She loved her home and always was there when we needed her. I have only warm, secure feelings about my home life.

Father was tall, about six feet, with red hair and deep blue eyes. He was a quiet, deliberate, kind person, and my memory of him is mostly when his hair was beautiful and white. He was one who always saw great possibilities in new ventures, which worried my Mother to quite a degree. He developed property at Utah Lake into sugar beets, along with a summer resort with bath houses and a dance hall. These ventures were primarily to give his children work and responsibility. He also owned a farm with cows, as well as fruit; a foothill property, which grew a few grapes and since has been developed into the most choice building lots in the valley, Oak Hills. He knew and valued the importance of keeping his family busy, and we all learned to work.

He often rode horses down to Provona Beach (the lake property), and one day took me on the back of the horse with him. By the time we got there, I was too embarrassed to get off, because the back of horse had sweat and made it look as though I had wet my pants. Alice, who was working at the resort, finally brought out a coat to wrap around me, and I went into the back of the store until I dried out.

After school I would sometimes go down to Dixon, Taylor, Russell Co., our furniture store, and wheedle a nickel out of my father. Then my friends and I would have a marvelous treat. He was always patient and understanding with me. One day I got mad at a kid at school, and swung on him, breaking his glasses. I was scared silly, so right after school I hurried down to the store to tell Father about it, and that I was sorry I had done it, but I felt like the kid deserved it. Then the kid came into the store to complain about me and the glasses. I remember my father was so understanding, and we worked things out that we would pay to have the glasses fixed, but I would have to help earn the money. We were all satisfied with the arrangements, but I still was sure that the kid needed what he got.

Father was a strong father figure, as well as precise, and very "English" in so many ways. He, as well as five of my brothers, had red hair; Mother, Henry, Alice and myself had dark hair.

I was born while my oldest brother Arthur D. was on a mission in Australia. Because of World War I he couldn't get home and had to stay for over four years. By the time he could come home, I was almost four years old. I had a cousin, Evelyn Dixon, who lived next door and was just two months younger than I. They dressed us up in identical dresses, with ribbons on our heads, and Arthur D. was to choose which one was his sister. Of course, I had been told so much about this big brother of mine that I had never seen, that I was all eyes, while Evelyn couldn't have cared less, and was looking everywhere but at him, so he naturally chose me.

Lynn, my next brother, was always very pleasant to me and used to tease me a lot, as did all of my big brothers. I remember the day he was married, and everyone was going to the reception, but because of my age or something, I had to stay home. I had a nickname of "Dewey," which had come about because Dixie, Art's youngest daughter, couldn't pronounce Ruthie. So Lynn, who had been called to serve in World War I - but never had to go on active duty because the unit from Provo was never called up - used to break into singing, "And along came brave Dewey, 'mid

the shot and the shell. . ." Admiral Dewey, I suppose, was famous, but I didn't know about him. I always admired Lynn's artistic abilities in furnishing homes. Interior Design was his department at DTR's. Years later he helped us decorate and choose things for our new home. It has always been in good taste, and I've loved it.

I remember always fun when Elton, my next brother, was around. One of my early recollections was that I had been left home alone for some reason, and Elton had a date with Ethel, so they put me in the back seat of the car and took me with them. I had a grand time; I'm not sure about them.

Henry, next in line, was called on a mission to the Eastern States, as was Elton. While he was there, he sent me my first pair of silk hose. They were black, real silk, and I knew I was the luckiest girl in the city of Provo. His hair seemed so much curlier to me when he came home than when he had left, and I asked him how he got his hair so curly (as mine was straight as sticks). He told me he got it from sleeping in his companion's ribs. I believed him!

I can't imagine the patience and love my sister Alice must have had for me during my growing up years. I must have been a real trial to her. She truly lived up to her word of taking care of me. Because I was one to roam the whole neighborhood freely, it was hard to know where I was. She used to worry about me especially when the gypsies were in town, because she knew they would steal me. I can't begin to express the care and love and concern she has given me all of my life. She was always trying to bring me up to be the kind of person I should be and one day was telling me what I should do. I turned on her, stamped my foot, and said, "You're not going to be the boss of me any longer!" My father was there and heard it; he just threw back his and laughed. It was my "Declaration of Independence."

My brother Clarence (Bud) used to tease me a great deal, but I think I really liked it. He was always so good to me and a favorite of "The Gang." Often, when the boys would milk the cows in the old brick barn, back of our house, he would take me out, sit me in the window to watch, then squirt warm milk at me, which I hated, but I still always wanted to go out with him. He taught me many things, and even let me ride on his Shetland pony, "Lightning" many times. He took me many places, and I loved it all. When he received his call to go on his mission to South Africa, the birthplace of my Grandfather Dixon, my Mother was so thrilled. We set up the big steamer trunk in the old summer kitchen, and it seemed to take months to get everything ready for his leaving. He was to go by ship, and it was to take weeks to get to South Africa. He fulfilled that mission and found relatives of ours. He became a meticulous bookkeeper and has written many histories of family members, compiling them and printing them in book form. My Folks the Dixons, which is widely owned and appreciated by all family members is just one of his projects.

My brother Kenneth was just older than I, and I remember having many fun times with him. He was of a most kind and patient disposition, and our "sister," Janet, who lived with us after coming from England, declared he was "an angel." One day, playing with him in the back yard, one of the neighbor kids threw a "binik" (5th West rock) at him and hit him just above the eye. It gave him the most beautiful black eye I had ever seen. How I envied him and wished I had a black eye of my own. He was a most special brother to me. He served a mission to England where father had been. Then he finished at the Y, and we graduated together.

I have but vague recollections of my grandparents. My Grandfather Dixon died long before I was born, and I was nine and younger when my other grandparents died. I had a marvelous childhood, with many cousins living on the same block and within a three block radius. We seemed like one big family. We

played Kick-the-Can, Anti-I-Over, Run Sheep Run, Pigs-in-the-Pen, and many others, and it didn't cost us a penny. We spent hours cleaning and sweeping to make a play house in the top of the old red brick barn in our back yard or in old chicken coops at Aunt Rene's or Aunt Lou's. In the fall, we often raked leaves into "rooms" for a play house. I remember when several of Uncle Charles' kids got scarlet fever. We were told if we ate green onions from the garden, we wouldn't catch it. We did, and we didn't - I'm not so sure it was because of the onions, however.

I grew up in what I think of as an idyllic situation. I knew I was loved by all of my family, both immediate and extended. I always had them as friends, and as I grew older, this circle of wonderful friends continued to expand. My life on "Sandy Alley," (5th West, known as such because of all the people with red hair living on the street) was wonderful. Years later one of our friends, who had grown up further south on 5th West, was asked where he got his red hair. He said it had come down the Main ditch from all the Dixons and Taylors. I completed my grade school at the old Timpanogas, which has since been torn down and replaced by a new and larger school.

Through junior high and high school "Our Gang" was notorious up and down 5th West. Every Sunday afternoon, we would start at "John's" (Margaret Johnson's, above 5th North) and work our way down to "Click's" (Fae Clark Cartwright), eating some delicious tidbit at each place, laughing, playing games, talking, playing on the player piano; whatever seemed good at the time. Between "John's" and "Click's" there was Dot Dixon (Harrison), Vesta Taylor, Alice Dixon (Andrews), Evelyn Dixon (Smith), and myself. We spent many summers together at Wildwood, swimming, hiking, putting on plays, playing tennis, telling ghost stories, as well as having taffy pulls. There were many cousins, both older and younger, that were drawn into our activities from time to time. It was a wonderful period of growing-up years.

My brother Clarence, "Uncle Bud" to the "Gang," was so good to us. He used to take us for rides, in an old truck, as well as do all kinds of things with us. When he was called on a mission to South Africa, we made a record for him at Christmas time. Each giving a message and then singing (very off-key) "Jingle Bells" amid many giggles. We all thought our voices sounded so strange because it was the first time we had ever heard our own voices. Uncle Albert Dixon helped us record it down at DTR's. "Uncle Bud" was very pleased with the results, bad as it was.

The first year and a half of junior high was spent at the old Provo Junior High, and then we switched mid-year to the brand new Dixon Junior High. Senior high was at the old Provo High School, just off Center Street, which has also been replaced with what is now the new City Center. I graduated from Provo High School in 1935. That fall we were all saddened by the death of my Father, who had been a prominent citizen and worker all his life.

I began my freshman year at the Brigham Young University in the fall of 1935 and graduated in 1939. At this time, the campus consisted of the lower campus on University Avenue and a few buildings on the hill, where the university is now. We spent our time between classes running from one campus to another. The upper campus consisted only of the Maesar Building, the Heber J. Grant Library, and the small Brimhall Building.

During high school and on into college, we had another "gang" made of friends we met through the high school years. We had many happy hours and wonderful times. It started when a group of us became acquainted in a botany class. This group varied in number from time to time, but there were always the basic eight, four girls and four boys. We went on picnics in the canyons in Allen's old car, "The Werewolf." We went fishing, hiking, dancing, eating, and skiing even before there were ski lifts around. All of this was very casual and care free. Sometimes we went as dates, but most often

just "as the gang." If it hadn't been for Thom Barrett, I would never have made it through chemistry in college. Two of the group married each other; our other husbands or wives, as we met and married, were accepted as part of the group. To this day we're still friends, but don't see each other often. The basic group was made up of Scott and Glen Allen, Thom Barrett, LeGrande Lewis, Helen Ward (Allen), Fae Clark (Cartwright), Emma Zabriskie (Olsen), myself and Fred. Mary Bee and Don Jensen were two other friends who have remained very close to me.

I graduated with a Bachelor of Arts in Elementary Education and was offered a job at the Franklin School in Provo for the coming fall. I loved my teaching and the children I taught. I found the parents of these children most cooperative and very willing to help. They were "salt of the earth" people; most of them were in very poor circumstances. Here I taught for three years. My cousin Rhea Dixon Reeve taught there also, and we used to walk back and forth to school together. I met Fred during the summer of my second year of teaching. We were married a year later upon completion of his second year of medical school. The remainder of my life was then launched on a most rewarding and beautiful experience of living with Fred and raising a lovely family. My writings about our married life can be found elsewhere in this volume.

I am now doing something I've wanted to do ever since I graduated from the university forty years ago: I'm taking an art class and am thoroughly enjoying it. I'm seeing the beauties of this earth with increasingly new eyes, and it's exciting.

I have worked in the Church all my life. It has been primarily with the youth in Primary and the Mutual. I have been blessed beyond words with the Gospel, my heritage, my immediate family, as well as my extended family, my sorrows, as well as my joys, and good health has been restored to me after several traumatic incidences. Life is good, and I thank my Heavenly Father for it.

Maria Louise Taylor
1890 - Age 18

Ruth Elaine Taylor
1938 - Age 20

Ruth was born into a large, prominent Provo family. As the youngest of eight children, she was surrounded by brothers, a sister and numerous aunts, uncles and cousins.

A. N. Taylor, Arthur, Elton, Maria Lynn
(ca 1900)

Arthur Nicholls Taylor
Maria Louise Dixon
Wedding Day

Ruth Elaine Taylor 1919

Evelyn Dixon
Ruth Taylor

Ruth 1921

Ruth, Elayne on
"Lightening" 1922

Traditionally in England, the arrival of spring was celebrated by "dancing the maypole". The English converts to the church carried this tradition with them to Utah, and in early Provo, the dancing of the Maypole took place in Pioneer Park. Ruth's maypole costume is reminiscent of the nymph like quality associated with the medieval May Day in Tudor England.

Ruth in her Maypole
Dress

Maria, Ruth

5th Grade - Otis Carling, teacher
Ruth: 2nd row, 4th from left;
Fae Clark: 3rd row, 5th from left

Old Timp School - 4th N. 5th W.

The original Timpanogos Elementary School was on the corner of 4th North and 5th West in Provo. Both Ruth and Fred attended this school, Fred for a short time and Ruth throughout grade school.

Ruth and hat

Elton L., Clarance D. (Bud), Alice, Henry D., O. Kenneth,
Arthur D., Maria D. Taylor, Ruth Elaine, Arthur N. Taylor, Lynn D.

Ruth - January 1934
High School Junior
Age 16

Ruth and Maria
March 1940

Ruth, along with her extended family and all of her neighbors, grew up in the Provo Third Ward, one of the original four wards in the Provo area. In 1940 the Third Ward building was remodeled and a program depicting the early settlement of Provo was presented in the newly remodeled building. Ruth participated in this program and wore a dress her mother had made in England in 1902 when she joined Arthur N. on his mission.

Ruth 1934
Seminary Graduation

Ruth, Dixie Taylor
1930's

Maria Dixon Taylor
256 N. 5th W. 1930's

Senior Prom, 1939
Thom Barrett, Ruth
Faye Clark, John Weenig

Faye Clark and Ruth, 1939

Elayne, Nan, Ruth, Kent

At the Hot Pots, 1938
Ruth Morris, Faye Clark, Ruth, Alice Dixon

Ruth Skiing, 1938

Wildwood, 1940
Nan, Fred, Ruth

Fred and Ruth met at a party held at the Bockbank cabin in Wildwood during the summer of 1940. Ruth attended the party with Tony Wolf and Fred with Margaret Boyer, but Fred was attracted to the pretty, exuberant Ruth and came to her home the next day to ask her to the movies.

Fairview Canyon, 1940
Ruth and Fred

Ruth's 4th grade class, Franklin School, 1939-40

Many Guests View Trousseau At Lovely Afternoon Fun[illegible]

One of the most complete and be[illegible]-seaus shown this nuptial season, was t[illegible]th Taylor, who became the bride of Fred [illegible]ner today in the Salt Lake temple.

Four-hundred or more guests attended the charming trousseau tea given by the bride's mother, Mrs. Arthur N. Taylor, Saturday afternoon at her home, and next door, at the residence of her son, Arthur D. Taylor.

Mrs. Victor I. Cartwright (Fay Clark) was at the door, and the guests were received informally by the bride and her mother. Also, Mrs. Rose Kartchner, mother of the bridegroom, and Mrs. Elroy Nelson (Alice Taylor) of Denver, Colo., the bride's sister.

The bride was pretty in a gown of robin egg blue jersey, Mrs. Cartwright wore periwinkle blue, with gardenia corsage, the two mothers were in navy blue, and Mrs. Nelson in flowered white jersey.

The rooms througnout were pretty with iris, peonies, columbines, tiger lilies and lemon lilies, in great profusioh.

Mrs. Celestia Taylor sang, accompanied by Mrs. Ruth S. Colvin, Mrs. Kartchner, mother of the groom, sang also, with the groom accompanying at the piano. A group of the bride's students from the Franklin school sang four numbers, and the Misses Amy and Stella Dixon sang three duets, with Mrs. Edna Ballif at the piano. Lovely string music was played all afternoon.

Guests were served before leaving to view the trousseau at the Arthur D. Taylor home. The table was lace covered and held a centerpiece of columbines. Tiny doctor's sachels were clever as announcements. Mr. Kartchner has completed two years of medicine at the U. of U. and will continuo his studies at Denver university.

Mrs. Elton Taylor was in charge of the dining room. Those pouring were Mrs. Henry Taylor, Miss Margaret Johnson, Miss Jennie Freckleton, Mrs. Ruth K. Hammond, Mrs. Ethel B. Tregeagle, Miss Alice Dixon, Miss Amy Dixon and Mrs. Rhea Reeve. Serving were Miss Dixie Taylor, Miss Nancy Taylor, Miss Julia Taylor and Miss Elaine Taylor.

Mrs. Arthur D. Taylor welcomed the guests at her home, and was assisted by Mrs. Lynn Taylor, Mrs. Elton Taylor and Mrs. Henry Taylor.

Peonies, iris and other beautiful flowers of the season added to the charm of the rooms.

* * *

At the Trousseau Tea
Faye Clark, Elayne Taylor, Ruth

PROVO—Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Kartchner (Ruth Taylor) who were wed in the Salt Lake Temple on Monday, left Tuesday to make their home in Denver, where Mr. Kartchner will study medicine at the University of Colorado.

Pres. Stephen L. Chipman performed the ceremony.

On their return to Provo Monday evening, a wedding dinner honored the newlyweds at the Taylor home.

* * *

Ruth and Fred
288 North 300 West

At the time Ruth and Fred were married young women traditionally prepared their trousseau before marriage. The trousseau consisted of the bride's dishes, silverware, crystal, cook ware, linens, towels, lingerie and new clothing. It was fashionable to display the trousseau before the marriage took place. Wedding receptions were uncommon at this time, and because of the war only simple dinners or parties were held following the marriage itself.

Wedding Day
Salt Lake Temple; June 8, 1942

Fred
University of Utah Medical School

In 1940 the medical school at the University of Utah was only a two year program. It was necessary for the students who completed the first two years to transfer for the remaining two years to another program. The course of study was difficult and many of the students dropped out after the first year.

1942 University of Utah Medical School Graduating Class
Fred D. Kartchner: back row, third from left

THE BIRTHS OF OUR CHILDREN

Ruth Taylor Kartchner (1989)

When Linda was born we were in our senior year of medical school and living in Denver at Aunt Alice's while Dad was finishing up. Because of the war, the last two years of medical school had been reduced to 18 months; then followed a 9-month internship. Dad was working to augment our living situation by working as a male nurse in the psychiatric ward at the hospital. This was his first taste of psychiatry, but he got along very well and he found it very fascinating. He was doing that and I was teaching in a Jewish school in west Denver, 3rd and 4th grade. I was so shocked with two things at that time.

It seemed as though almost everybody on West Colfax was named Karshner, or Kershner, so I was Mrs. "Karshner." I remember what a blow it was, how protected I'd been when they said, "We celebrate Hanukkah," and I thought, I've never heard of that. I had never before been in a situation with Jewish lifestyle; everyone else but me knew all about Hanukkah. There were a few Christians in the school and they were allowed to have a separate part of the day to sing Christmas carols. So I suggested we sing "Away in the Manger." And the "Away in the Manger" I had ever grown up with wasn't the tune everybody else knew, so as I got up there and started singing, I was shocked because none of them were with me.

After Christmas I had to quit, because at that time they did not want pregnant women teaching. We really hadn't planned on my getting pregnant at that time, but it happened. And so I quit right after Christmas. I was going to Dr. Cuthbert Powell who was head of OB-Gyn at the School of Medicine at the University of Colorado at Denver. Of course Dad would have me delivered by him. He was an older man, a very fatherly person. I was feeling so bad about being pregnant and not being able to earn any money. I guess Dr. Powell could see my disappointment and talked to me like a real father. By the time I left his office I felt like I was the luckiest person in the world. Time went on and Linda was delivered on April 23, 1943. She was late like all of you. I guess I was having a difficult time and they put me out, so I have no memory of the delivery. That was the only child I was out completely for. They kept me in the hospital for ten days. That's what they did then.

Mother was there at the time, and Fred, in medical school, was hearing all these special things of what you should do for children, so he decided to vaccinate Linda for DPT when she was only about 5 days old. I thought my mother was going to climb the wall! She said, "Fred Kartchner! What's the matter with you!" Anyway, they vaccinated her before I brought her home; mother thought that was pretty bad. I don't know if I even looked; she got over it very quickly. I'll never forget the day I went home. It was a beautiful, sunny, spring day; flowers and blossoms everywhere and I had a new baby.

We were finished in December, rather than in the spring. Dad had accepted an internship at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. We found a one-room apartment in the back of a house, down a hill. It had a room adjoining the kitchen about the size of a walk-in closet with a curtain across one end to provide a small closet. Here we were able to put the bed; we could get only a three-quarter sized bed, that Uncle Ray had loaned us, in the space allowed. Linda's crib sat in a little space at the foot of the bed. This left about a square foot to enter and made it a necessity to crawl in and out of our bed. Every time it rained, all the water would run down the hill from the front of the house and inundate the entire closet. So every time it stormed, I'd have to run and pull boxes, shoes, and everything off the floor of the closet so they wouldn't get wet.

Fred did his internship and knew as soon as he was through he'd be going into the service. When his orders came, I went to my mothers house to stay while he was sent to Carlyle Barracks in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Here he got his basic training. They decided to select a few, I think it was 12 young men, from the class of MD's to try a new pilot program of hypnosis on the war-front soldiers. Dad was one of those selected to go into that program. It was taught in a hospital on Long Island. He lived there for several months while he was going through this training. It was an exciting thing for them. They had selected these special doctors to begin with because they had no preconceived ideas of what a psychiatrist was supposed to do. When they found out Dad had worked as a male nurse in a psychiatric ward they felt like maybe he had some background for it. So he learned hypnosis and how to handle patients with psychotic war reactions and trauma.

I was pregnant when Fred left for this training; he had been working with Dr. Holmstrom in his internship in Salt Lake General Hospital and was very, very interested in Dr. Holmstrom's field: obstetrics. He had gotten along so well with him, and so he decided he would like to take a residency in obstetrics and gynecology. Dr. Holmstrom realized Fred was going to have to do a stint of service first, but he said, "I can hold a residency over for you." Dad kept in touch with him all the time. In the meantime, Ken was due the early part of December. Fred was on pins and needles all the time. Every time I'd write a letter I'd say, "No signs yet; no, I don't think I'm ready yet." He'd say, "Well, I heard again from Ruth: nothing's happening yet. I don't know when that baby's coming!" The baby was due the last day of November, or early December - I don't remember. In the meantime, I kept going back to Dr. Holmstrom because Fred wanted me to go to him for this pregnancy. We had to drive to Salt Lake to be checked every once in awhile. He kept telling me, "Ruth, you really should have this baby. You're partially dilated already."

When we were living in Salt Lake for the internship, there was a Duffin Candy Co. right across the street on 9th South; we lived on 9th South and 11th East and Duffin's was just across the street. We had raved about these good Duffin's chocolates. On one trip I made to Salt Lake to be checked with Dr. Holmstrom, Elayne, Nan, Maurine and a whole bunch of us went up in the car together. They all wanted to get some chocolates for Christmas. It had been snowing; it was stormy weather and the roads were kind of slippery, but we made the visit all right and Dr. Holmstrom said, "I really think you hadn't even ought to go home; you're about ready." But I wasn't ready yet. In the meantime we went to Duffin's and each of us got at least 10 pounds of chocolates to take home. We hit the Point of the Mountain (I think Nan was driving). It was so slippery that the car in front of us hit another car and that car whirled around; it was a chain reaction. Pretty soon we were bumped all the way across the road and finally came to a stop at the side of the road, and there we sat with chocolates all over our laps! We did finally get home. I eventually went to Salt Lake to stay with Ray and Trudy who lived farther along 11th East in a little apartment. The time did come, on December 11, 1944. I delivered a baby boy. (All you kids were at least 10 days, sometimes two weeks, late) So Ken was born and I brought him home. I had all this family that lived all around me and they all took Ken and Linda over - I hardly had to worry about a new baby with so much help. Everyone just thought it was wonderful!

Many women were called into the work force at this time because the men had been called into the service. In order to make it possible for these women to work, nursery schools were set up for the women who had pre-school children that needed to be taken care of. These day nurseries were hastily put together to help out. Such a one had been set up in the basement of the Daughters of Pioneers museum at North Park in Provo. They asked me to teach part of each day there. It was only 2 1\2 blocks from Mothers, and because everyone was so willing to help out I had no problems getting "sitters". I'd go home every 3-4 hours to nurse Ken, then go back to school. I felt this way I could be of some help to the "cause".

It was getting close to Christmas and Dad kept saying, "It looks like we're going to be shipping out quite soon. I think they'll probably let me come home for just a day." He was still in New York, on Long Island. He'd finished his psychiatric training and knew his assignment would be coming soon. A couple of the fellows were sent to Washington, D. C., and a couple someplace else in the States, but Dad didn't know where he was going to be sent. Finally I got this letter and we thought he was at least going to be able to come home for a short stay. One day I got a phone call and he said, "Ruth," and I said, "Oh! You're coming; isn't that wonderful!" But he answered, "No, they're not letting us stop; they're routing us out around (sobbing) they're routing us up north to the west coast." I hope you can imagine, Oh! Dad kept writing; he was real good about writing. He was up in Seattle, for awhile. He said, "They keep telling us, 'any day, we'll ship out.'" Then something would come along and another company would go; that's how it was. When he finally left he said, "I'll be in the Pacific, someplace. That's all I can tell you." Then he got to Hawaii and he knew perhaps he might be stationed in Hawaii. At the time Kent Taylor was in the Navy and stationed in Hawaii. Fred went to church one Sunday and saw Kent. Kent wrote and said, "Fred and I spent a wonderful day." (Kent Taylor is Elayne and Nan's brother; he never married, and always lived in San Francisco). I kept getting letters from Dad - I could tell it was in the Pacific someplace. Then he finally wrote and said how they had to leave where they were and were going farther west. They were having to tack back and forth across the Pacific because of enemy submarines. So as a result, it took them a lot longer to get to their destination. Eventually I did find out that he was in the Marianna Islands on Saipan. He kept a journal from the day he started medical school till I met him in Hawaii at the end of the war. He tells about these wonderful, sad and horrible experiences of treating psychiatric patients that would come off the battle front. They just were basket cases. It was absolutely amazing under hypnosis how they were able to get those kids back to duty again and back to the front, which I don't think was being very kind, but that was their thing. But it is absolutely a marvelous thing to read. Their company was stationed by Magicienne Bay which must have been a beautiful area the way he describes it. Personnel were warned to stay in a certain limited area. Many times they would wake up in the morning and find someone hadn't returned, and it was because they had wandered off and the Japanese snipers were hiding out on the island. Then the glorious V-J day came and we thought, Oh, this is going to be so exciting; he'll be coming home and he kept writing "Dr. so-and-so is leaving for Japan" and another one was going to someplace else, and a few were going stateside. Eventually he got his orders. He was being sent to Hawaii. He would be working in the general hospital there. He said, "I hope that now the war is over you can come over and be with me." We waited and waited and finally I was able to go over with Ken and Linda to Hawaii.

The way we travelled was on a troop ship. It was black and tarry and I didn't dare let the kids touch anything. It had side railings with big gaps where only rope prevented one from falling in the ocean. I was sea sick the entire trip, but the air on deck was better than being confined in the small cabin we had. I spent most of the day walking the deck holding both Ken and Linda's hands so they wouldn't fall over board. Eventually we arrived in Hawaii. Grandma Taylor died while we were all in Hawaii.

Elaine was born June 27, 1947. I was teaching which was hard because it was a difficult pregnancy. Elaine was born with heart problems and a cleft palate. Fred and the baby flew to San Francisco; Dr. Bricca's father arranged for the surgery on the baby at Letterman General Hospital at the Presidio. Fred left the baby in the hospital and flew back to Hawaii and we all came to the States on a much better ship with the Noels. We stayed with Al and Melba Kartchner in Palo Alto until Elaine could travel, then all went by train to Salt Lake. We left the baby at the Salt Lake General Hospital where she died, age 4 months. After our return to the states we moved to Ogden to

do a residency in OB-Gyn. While we were in Ogden it was the big winter of 1946-47 and the snow was deep. It was the biggest snow. And that October, Ellen was born. Dad was living every other night at home and every other night at the hospital; that was the resident's requirement. We had no car, so one of the doctors, when he found out I was imminently due, told Fred, "You can take my car anytime you need. I'll leave it at the hospital." So time went on, and we were late again. I didn't worry too much about my overdue time. One night, about 3 o'clock in the morning, I had something that woke me right up out of a sound sleep. I felt my uterus just as hard as a rock and I knew I must be in labor; it was just kind of hurting a little bit. I called Fred, and said, "Fred, I think I'm in labor." And he said, "Well, Honey, if you don't know whether you're in labor or not, nobody else does!" Then he said I made some kind of a sound over the phone that "told me, 'get there right now!". He said, "I'll be right there." He tore back to the apartment. Well, in the meantime I had gone into the bathroom thinking I needed to empty my bladder. It was a funny little apartment with one of the old-fashioned toilet rooms that were separate and the tank was way up on top - you pulled the chain. As I was sitting in there, the doorbell rang. Ken and Linda, in the meantime, were on these army bunk beds in this little narrow hall that you couldn't get around; we'd put up a curtain. The doorbell rang, so I hurried and got off and dashed around the hallway, through the living room to get to the front door, opened it, and then disappeared. Fred opened the door and said, "Ruth? Ruth?" He couldn't find anyone there. The door had just opened and I was gone! I was back into the bathroom. Ken and Linda slept on and on and finally Fred said, "Ruth! You've got to get out of there!" And I said, "I can't, I can't move." He said, "Yes, you can." He picked me up and laid me on the floor so my feet were sticking out in the hallway and my head was next to the toilet with the water dripping down from the tank. He said, "The baby's coming!" And I said, "Oh?! We won't have time to get to the hospital, will we?" And he said, "No! Just lay there and I'll hurry and get a sheet." He couldn't find anything because he wasn't home that much; he didn't know where anything was. "Now lay there! Don't move," he said, "the baby's coming right now!" And I said, "OK." So pretty soon out came the baby - the head, anyway. And then. . .we started laughing. He said, "Can you imagine this happening to me? And I'm going to be an obstetrician?" Well, the rest of the baby was born. (Did he ever find a sheet?) Yeah, he stuck something under me; I don't know - it was awfully uncomfortable. He said, "I've got to cut the cord. Where's a piece of thread, or a string, or something?" I tried to tell him, and he said, "I can't find anything! I don't know where it is! Where is the damn string?" He was running all over the place trying to find something. Finally, he got me over into the bedroom, on the bed, and laid the baby on my stomach. He said, "We've got to get to the hospital." But I said, "What will we do with the kids?" Then he remembered, "Oh, the girl in the next apartment said she would come and watch them 'til Aunt Alice could come from Salt Lake if anything happened like this." He said, "Where does she live?" I told him, out the back - it was the funniest place. So he runs out the back, down some stairs, up some stairs and bangs on the door and says, "I've got to have some help; I've got to have some help. Ruth's had her baby and I need you to come." She said, "Oh, I'll be right down."

She was a young girl. She came in and saw me, and she said, "Oh, I feel faint." Dad said, "Here! Sit here." He pulled out a chair at the kitchen table; she laid her head on the table and she was out like a light. She couldn't go any farther! So Dad hurried and called Dr. Ward who was the head of the OB-Gyn department. He said: "Dr. Ward?" "Yes?" "Ruth's had her baby."
"Oh; that's nice. How is she?" "Well, we're home. She had it home on the floor." "W - H - A - T?!" Anyway, Fred eventually got me to the hospital where they put me in an isolation room because I'd been contaminated; so I had a room by myself. The next day they moved me in with my cousin, Louise Dixon Larkin, who was having a baby at the same time. So we had a good visit there. Alice came down and

got the kids and everything went fine until I could go home and take care of them. The girl? She must have come to and walked out home or something. Dad said he never saw her again.

Anyway, it was about time to move from Ogden down to Salt Lake for our last year of residency. We found this nauseating apartment. Two homosexual boys lived upstairs, and they would dance up and down the stairs; come and exchange recipes; they thought my pumpkin pie was good, too. We had a wonderful time; they were into this interior decorating so they had bought this old Lafayette Villa and decided to make it into beautiful apartments. In the meantime, they were thinking only of the decor and they forgot and covered up the entrance that went down to the furnace where we got the coal to keep the furnace going. And so they had to knock out a hole in one of the windows so we could slide down and get the coal and lug it up and take it over to where the furnace was. We got our rent cheaper by saying we would fuel the furnace, so while we were there that was our job: climb down the hole, lug the coal into the sack over to where we could get to the furnace and stoke the furnace. It was the first time I had ever seen chocolate brown and hot pink; that was what our bedroom was. Our living room was a chartreuse-green. I cleaned that place so thoroughly: it had just a little pantry and that's where I put the dishes and some of the food, and the toaster was there; I washed and waxed the kitchen floor, and scrubbed it good, and it just shined! The mice would come out and just run. It was so slippery they would bang against the wall; then run and run trying to get to their holes. I've always been afraid of mice - it was the worst thing in the world! Then, to top it all off, you'll see why I have this aversion to mice, I went into fix breakfast once and put a piece of toast in the toaster. . .and there was a mouse in there! He got cooked right along with the toast! It was horrible!

In the meantime, I was pregnant again, with Richard this time. And so here I was, so big, lugging sacks of coal out of the hole to feed the furnace when Fred was gone. Anyway, it was a real interesting thing. By this time I had got so nervous about how Ellen had been born that I'd have a little twinge and I'd call Dr. Holmstrom. He was the one that was delivering me. He would say, "You'd better come down and be checked." So we'd go down and, "No, you aren't quite ready yet." I was so embarrassed by the time the real thing happened that I almost didn't dare go. I said, "Now, Fred, it's just nothing; but let's not say anything to anybody until we're sure it's going to be the real thing." I think it was about my fifth trip there. Anyway, Richard finally came a week or two weeks late on April 7, 1950. Yes, Richard was born in the Salt Lake Medical School Hospital. I was determined he wasn't going to be born home on the floor because I thought Fred might not get there at all this time. By this time Dad was getting close to finishing his residency, taking his boards in April, and by June we were going to be finished. We knew we wanted to practice in Provo. Richard was an active kid, just like his own kids. And it was time to find a home down in Provo. We finally found Dr. Kelly's old house; that is the First East house. The basement was the most primitive thing we had ever seen: stuff peeling off the walls, ugly green colors, worn out linoleum on the floors. (Wasn't it an old doctor's office?) Well, he had one room that Linda slept in that was his doctor's office. Uncle Marion and Uncle Ray said they'd come down to fix the basement, so we could use it for an office. We bought it with the help of Uncle Mark; this way we felt we had a place to live plus an office. Uncle Mark Kartchner loaned us enough to get into the house and we figured we could make the payments. The house was $14,500. Marion and Ray fixed up the downstairs into an office that really looked kind of nice, and Dad's practice picked up real fast, but we couldn't afford a nurse, so while Richard was still a baby I worked part time in the office as Dad's nurse. Grandma Kartchner, bless her heart, came over to watch the children.

We had white, starched coats that Fred wore and white sheets like the linen here, and I had to wash and iron them. We bought an automatic washer and dryer. It was a real

chore to get everything done and I could never have done it without Mother Kartchner, who was just marvelous. Then, of course, I found I was pregnant; the next baby would be David. I was trying to work and I didn't feel good; Richard would start crying, he got a little fussy. It was a little, tiny house; it was really cramped! I worked until Dad hired Maxine, a nurse he had known. By then I was four or five months pregnant. The time came when David was going to be born, less than a year from Richard. I got pregnant real fast. Things were really closing in on me at this time. Dad's practice had picked up so well because he had new ideas; he fought the hospital, for example, on sitzs-baths. Nobody had ever heard of sitzs-baths before and Dad had learned how good they were for the women. He gave home discussions, handed out literature. . .he started it all. We used to do the lectures in our living room! We would serve homemade punch and cookies to all the couples that came to the lecture. I would try to keep the kids... and the bulldogs!... quiet!!

The time came for David to be born. Fred was teaching at the University of Utah - he had been doing this for quite some time and he enjoyed doing it. He hadn't felt very comfortable with any of the obstetricians in Provo yet, so I had Dr. Henry Theurer as my doctor. He was a good friend of ours anyway; we'd known him since residency; in fact he and Dad wanted to go into practice at one time together, but it didn't work out that way. Fred said I was dilated and I was having contractions - we were late again, maybe only a week this time. Finally David was born - it must have been about 3 or 4 in the morning on April 3, 1951. They had been with me since the early evening until I delivered. Dad was so tired anyway, but he had to go up to the medical school that day to give his lecture. Dad got ready; went home and cleaned up, told all the kids they had another little baby brother and that Grandma would be there with them, and he was going up to Salt Lake to teach his class. He left and got past the Point of the Mountain, becoming very sleepy, and drove off the road. The day David was born! I hadn't heard anything about it; Dad was extremely injured. They pried him out of the car. His knees were cut, almost severed, and his right arm was badly, badly damaged, his face was also cut. They didn't know how badly injured he was so they took care of what they could. When they took him to the medical school he asked for Dr. Holmstrom. They said, "If this isn't something! An obstetrician!" They were cutting his trousers to get to his knee, and he cried, "Don't! That's a new suit; I can't get another one! Don't cut those trousers!" It shows how tight for money we were. He must have had it in his head that he had to assure me that everything was all right. He said, "I've got to get to a telephone." So he called me at the Provo Hospital; they put me in a wheelchair and wheeled me down to the telephone. He said, "Ruth?" And I said, "Yes, where are you?" And he said, "In Salt Lake, at the hospital. I had just a slight accident, but everything's going to be OK, I'll be all right, it'll be OK, it'll be OK. I won't be able to come down for a few days." And he hung up. That worried me to think he was in an accident, but they'd take care of it. Later, he had no recollection whatsoever of ever calling me. He doesn't remember even getting to the telephone and talking to me. He knew he wanted to but he wasn't aware he had actually done it. Of course, they found his injuries so much more extensive than we ever realized. Eventually, when David was about a week old, I went up and stayed with Aunt Alice and we went to see Fred. I didn't really realize how badly he was hurt. I had a clue by the time Alice and I went to see him, because Ruth Hammond had gone to the hospital as soon as she heard. She was with him most of the time; she was real good about it. She gave us an idea what it was; and, of course, when I saw Dad I just about died! He could hardly talk. He had his arm in traction. They were giving him Demoral to keep him comfortable. Demoral was a drug which had just come out and they said "was not addictive. It was perfectly safe." Of course it did absolutely relieve his pain. It made euphoria all around Fred. It was supposed to make him relax. It was such a relief for him. I stayed with Aunt Alice, David was with me. I can't even remember who took care of the other children; I guess Grandma Kartchner and Aunt Ethel Treagagle. I was up

there for a while before it was time for Dad to be released and come home. Uncle Bud drove to Salt Lake to get us. They told me I could give him this shot of Demoral when he needed it, every 3 or 4 hours, if necessary; less often if we thought he could handle it. So I used to give him these shots. It was at this time that I noticed a real change. He would lay on the bed and have all the kids come and get on the bed with him; just loved it! They'd lay there and he'd circle his arms around them. I'd give him the shot and everything was happy, everything was wonderful. And I started having an inkling then that it wasn't quite right; something was wrong. He'd say, "I've got to get back to work." And I'd say, "Fred, how can you deliver babies with your arm in a cast like that?" He'd reply, "I've just got to do it; I've got these children I've got to think about." Eventually he began to work on a limited basis. But then I had this feeling that he was asking too frequently for his shot of Demoral; I finally said, "Fred, I'm not going to give this to you anymore. It's affecting your thinking and I don't think it's right." He was so angry. He said, "Well! If you won't do it, I'll do it myself." Which was exactly what happened. They were beginning to realize maybe, there were some addictive side effects to Demoral. It was a very difficult time. Fred did go back to delivering babies with his arm in a cast, and he did do some office work. It kept going wrong all the time: you could see he wasn't thinking clearly; he wasn't reacting the way he should. Finally he talked to Iah Korner who was in psychiatry. We had known him both on Saipan and in Hawaii, and he had come to the University of Utah as a clinical psychologist there. I talked to him about Fred, and Fred finally agreed to go see him. He said, "Fred, I think you have a problem; you need to get a hold of it." Eventually Fred recognized that he did have a problem, but he couldn't seem to battle with it because he was worried all the time, and the Demoral was the only way he got any relief. After the first few times he actually went for help he was admitted into the psychiatric hospital in Salt Lake. He went at two different periods, staying until he thought he was OK. He'd come out, be hit with all these responsibilities, crack and go right back to the Demerol. I could tell immediately.

Amidst all this I had become pregnant again with Rosena. So we were struggling through all of these problems and I didn't feel well. It was just real bad. In July I realized I was close. On the night I went into real labor, Fred was at the hospital delivering another woman. He had just finished that delivery and was waiting for another. In the meantime, I had just had a very severe contraction that had awakened me in the middle of the night, and I knew something was going wrong. I thought I better get a hold of Fred to give him time. I was on the bed; the telephone was right there, but that contraction and the pain was so difficult that I could not move enough to even reach the phone. I thought, "What's going to happen?" You can call it what you want, but Fred used to get these feelings and they almost always worked out to be important. He was at the hospital and said all of a sudden, "I've got to go home." The nurse said, "But doctor, you've got this patient; she's almost ready." "I can't help it. I've got to go home." He came in the house and there I lay. I couldn't budge! It was just like I was in a tight vise. I couldn't move to one side or the other. He looked at the situation and called for an ambulance. He called the hospital to tell them I would be coming in and called Mother Kartchner to come and stay with the children. The ambulance came, took me to the hospital, and I laid in the hallway on a stretcher for three or four hours while Dad was trying to convince them they would have to do a caesarean section. The personnel at the hospital kept saying, "Oh, she doesn't need a cesarean section; no, this doesn't indicate that." He finally got so upset! This was still the time when Dad was not thinking as clearly as he had done because he was still on the Demoral, but this had really waked him up in a hurry, and he said, "If you do not get her into that operating room right now, I am calling the Salt Lake Medical School and I can have her in an ambulance and up there and taken care of within an hour. I guess they thought they had better do something, so they took me in and did a cesarean section. And Rosena was born, on July 14, 1952. I was really in bad shape. I had lost a lot of

blood and then I started hemorrhaging. They had to take me back and do a hysterectomy to stop the bleeding. It was the only time in my life that I felt I might die. As time went on I got home, but I never did feel good for a long, long time. The placenta had pulled away from the wall of the uterus (placenta abruptio). You just don't know how lucky we were to get Rosena alive because it had gone on as long as it had. In the meantime, I was President of the Primary and had been teaching the Guide Patrol. I used to pull you kids in a little red wagon; I'd put Rosena in the buggy and Linda would push the buggy and Richard and David in the little red wagon. I would take Rosena to Nancy Armstong, my cousin, and she would watch Rosena. I'd take the rest of you to Primary with me.

Dad continued to have trouble with the Demoral. He was about to lose his hospital privileges. Eventually it got so bad they told him at the medical school that he'd better go to the narcotics hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, to get clear away from all the pressures he was feeling. They told him it would be better if he admitted himself. If you admit yourself you can leave anytime you want to, but the suggested time is something like four months, twenty days. It was late 1952. He said he would go; he could see that was the only thing; he had talked to some of the doctors in Salt Lake and he was also told at the Utah Valley Hospital that they felt it was the thing to do. He recognized that he had to do something about it. I offered to go back with him; one of the doctors in Salt Lake offered to go back with him as well. In the meantime, he had been taking psychiatric counseling from Norman Anderson who was a psychiatrist at the medical school, and Norm had also offered to go with him, but Fred finally said, "No, I'm going. And I'm going to do it on my own." He left. I didn't think I would ever see him again. He said, "Nobody is going back to that hospital with me; I'm going to admit myself." He got on a plane. He went as far as Chicago; he had enough Demoral in a small vial for one last shot. He took the whole works, gave himself the shot, threw the syringe, the bottle, everything in the waste basket, walked out of there and was able to get onto the plane and get to Lexington. When he got to the hospital he said, "I'm Dr. Kartchner. I've come to be admitted." They said, "Who's with you? Who's admitting you?" He said, "Nobody's here, I'm by myself." They could not believe it! That someone in that condition could actually get there and admit himself.

While he was gone, Dr. Holmstrom sent residents down once or twice a week to our office. They would take care of the patients. Dick Clark would deliver some; Dr. Webster delivered some, but eventually we had to let our practice go. That was the Christmas I got the $50 I wrote about in the stories I sent last year. He couldn't come home; he wanted to come home, and I said, "Oh, Fred, please don't come home yet. It'll be all right if you'll just not come home until your full time is up." He had a rough time. He had all kinds of resentments come out. He just was an angry person, for a long time. He was mad at everybody and everything. He was mad at me. He was mad at the school. He was mad at everything. But it was a lot the withdrawal from the Demoral. I saw him go through it several times trying to get over it himself. And it is hell. It is awful. Anyway, he went through it. And knowing Dad, he always had to do something to make it just a little better while he was there. He became editor of what they called The Key. Because he joined the AA, there at the hospital, he edited and wrote for this little paper. When he left, they had bound all these issues that he had written the editorials for. It had given him something to do that was uplifting. He picked up the bad habit of smoking there; that's where that started. Part of that was out of resentment; part of it was just the whole situation. I felt bad about it, but I thought it's nothing compared to the Demoral. I can put up with that. He was there for four months and 20 days. He had wanted to come home for Christmas, but he was not due to come home until mid-January. He did stay. And he became the first case study they had ever done on one drug only. Most patients had mixed many drugs. So he became a remarkably fine study on what Demoral did. He cooperated well with them, and they, of

course, corresponded with me and the medical school. His strength came through and he made a remarkable, remarkable recovery. When he came home we battled with people gossiping. He had times when he felt such resentments, and I think that's what the cigarettes did: gave him some kind of an outlet and weapon to fight back with. But I had made up my mind that when he came home I would not try to hide this in any way. It was not Dad's fault. He went in and he had great strength. I used to just face people and say, "Yes, he's had problems with drugs, but he's been a wonderfully strong man, and he's all right now. He's gotten over it; he's better for it." That shut people up, just like that! There was one particular doctor's office here in Provo whose nurse was spreading bad rumors; it got him so riled up and so angry about it he said, "I'm going to go see her." And I said, "You're not going without me." I went. He just tongue-lashed into her. Then I spoke to her, and said (I had known this woman; she had worked with me on a stake Mutual board) "I am so surprised that you would do a thing like that. You have no idea what you are saying is truth or not. He has gotten over this. The last thing we need is bad rumors about his practice. He's willing to start over." We went home. And Fred's practice kept growing. He went into practice with Dr. Webster down on First East in 1956.

It was Christmas of 1957 when we moved up to this house and I had this beautiful bathroom with this great big, long countertop. I kept thinking, Oh, what a perfect place to change a baby instead of in a little, tiny bathroom like I had in the house on first east. Because Rosena's birth had been so precipitous and because of the problems that followed, I knew I could never have any more children. I kept thinking, Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful to have a baby under these circumstances. Dad was finally able to find our Mary Ann, a very tiny little girl. She was loved and spoiled by all of us. She was the final touch. the frosting on the cake. It was an exciting and wonderful time when Mary Ann came. I had this beautiful, big bathroom and room for all the kids to roam the hills. Oh, what a wonderful place to raise a family!

Transcript of recording after Thanksgiving dinner at 2025 North 1220 East, Provo, Utah, 23 November 1989.

Linda and Ruth, 1943

Fred at graduation from University of Colorado, 1944

Fred completed his final two years of medical school at the University of Colorado at Denver. Because the army needed doctors he was in an accelerated program and graduated in December of 1943. He completed the required year internship in nine months and then went immediately into the army. Ruth and Linda returned to Provo where Ken was born in December of 1944. The Christmas picture was sent to Fred who was on Saipan. He was to see Kenny, 18 months old, for the first time in Oahu, Hawaii.

Christmas morning, 1945
Ruth, Kenny, Linda

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March 7, 1947

Dear Ruthie and Fred:

This is the first opportunity I have had to write to you since mother's passing. It seems like there has been so many things to do that I have hardly been able to make the rounds. My family say that if it were not for meals they would not see me at all. It is not good to have so much of a schedule, I know, and I look forward to having more time to spend with my family.

It sounded so good to hear your voices on the phone the night we talked together. We will be glad to see you both again when the Army will let you come home. Our girls just long for the time when they can get their hands on Linda and Kennie.

Now I suppose you are anxious to hear the details concerning mother. The Sunday before she died Elayne was with her and Ethel relieved Elayne and was with mother Monday morning February 17th when she died. A few moments before she passed away she called to Ethel and said, "Ethel I think I will go home". She was partially under the influence of drugs which had been given to deaden her pain. These were the last words she spoke. She passed away very quietly, as if going to sleep. Elton and Maurine had gone to Salt Lake and reached the hospital about an hour after mother died. She passed away at 11:55 AM.

The Doctors ask permission to perform an autopsy which we gladly granted. They said that Dr. Gill Richards had been exactly right in his diagnosis. She had a cancerous condition of the Thyroid that had probably developed from the old goitre she had. This cancerous condition worked into the bones of spine and leg. This was the cause of her leg breaking while lying in bed. After they had injected alcohol into her spine she was numb from the waist down which took the pain away from the lower part of her body. About 10 days before she died the pain traveled up into her neck.

She wanted to go. She told me that she had finished her work; that she had raised her family; that she was well pleased with us all; that she loved every one of us and wanted us to carry on. She said that she could do no more in this life and she wanted us to pray for her release. She said that she could be doing something "over there".

Passing to the next life was just as real and sure to her as it would be for you to board a steamer and leave for home.

From the time that she went into the hospital until the day she died she was not left alone one minute. It seemed that her only desire was for us to stay with her and not leave her alone and we saw that her desire was fulfilled. Maurine, Ethel, Aunt May (Arnold's wife) and Elayne relayed in two and three day shifts. Lynn, Elton, Henry, Bud and I took turns and one of us went up each day to say hello. She was very patient in all of her trouble and had a wonderfully sweet spirit about it all.

Fred can understand her condition--there was no hope for recovery---and all we could do was try to keep her out of pain. It was a blessing that she could go. I am sure father and Kennie rejoiced to greet her and welcome her "over there".

The body was taken care of by the Berg Mortuary. She looked beautiful in her temple robes. Alice arrived in time to help us select the casket, the linings of which blended in beautifully with her robes. A few gray hairs had come around her temples during her illness that seemed to touch off the beauty of her face. The Releif Society sisters of the Ward had each contributed their mite and bought an orchid which they pinned on her breast. The purple orchid against the pretty white robe was beautiful. The daughters of the Pioneers sent a handkerchief to place in her hand so did Mrs. Jennie Brockbank (the lady mother took care of at Wildwood).

The body was brought to our place and the casket set in the front room across the front windows. Maurine's pretty white curtains was a nice background. The most beautiful flowers you can imagine came from everywhere. Our front rooms were filled with them. Cards and telegrams came from all over the country. Everybody seemed so kind. We just could not understand that mother was so widely known and had so many friends. It made us feel so fine to hear people from everywhere say how they loved and respected her.

The services were inspiring and peaceful. A beautiful spirit prevailed all during the service. We did wish that you both could have been with us to hear the beautiful things said and done. The music was glorious and in keeping with mothers life. The members of DTR Co that helped father establish the business were the paulbearers. The girls from the office took dictation of the services and as soon as the transcript is completed I will send you a copy. You can then get everything that was said and done in detail. You can imagine yourself in the Ward Chapel with us as everything on the program moves along. A picture was taken of the grave. Reed Biddulph took it and Bud will send one along to you as soon as they are out. It will show you the beautiful flowers that were received.

We had a wonderful mother, Ruthie, and she should be an inspiration to give us courage and strength as we meet the hard spots of life that are ahead. She loved her baby girl, very much, and spoke of you constantly. She had your picture with the children on her cedar chest before her all the time she was in bed. She looked forward to your letters and was so interested in hearing about Linda and Kennie. She was proud of Fred's progress and appreciated his kindness toward you. She seemed quite delighted to hear that another grandchild was on its way.

Mother knew that it was impossible for you to come home. She didn't want you to come. She wanted you to remember her as you last saw her and not as she lay suffering in a hospital. You were needed to care for your husband until you could come home with him and this was the way she wanted it. She told us that she wanted her apartment to remain just as it is until you came home. She did not want any of her personal belongings or possessions touched until you arrived. Uncle Bud will stay in mother's apartment and care for things until you come home. She wanted you to feel that you still had a home to come to and she did not want any property disposed of until we were all to gether and then she said she wanted it equally divided among all.

Mother did not want any of us to feel bad. She wants us to go right along with our daily problems and be just as fine as we can. She wanted us to know that she is happy with father now and we should have no further worry concerning her.

We have been concerned because we haven't heard from you for a long time. We hope there is non sickness or difficulties of any kind. Drop us a note and tell us how you are getting along. We want you to continue to keep in close touch with us. If at anytime you are in need of any help be sure to let us know.

May Heavenly Father be with you and bless you and comfort you. May you have good health and strength and may the Lord guide you and help you and grant you every good desire of your heart,

your loving brother,

Carl

Kiss Linda and Kennie for me. Maurine and the girls all send their love and best wishes.

FORM 8

RADIOGRAM

GLOBE WIRELESS

Telephone
59511 - 59512

Alakea and Hotel Streets

HONOLULU, T. H.

1947 FEB 17 PM 8:07

225SF/BN INTL WUX PROVO UTAH 22 17 829PM

LC MAJOR FRED D KARTCHNER
PC 147TH GENERAL HOSPITAL
TIPLER GENERALHOSPITAL
HONOLULU

MOTHER DIED MONDAY 11.45 AM FUNERAL FRIDAY LETTER FOLLOWING

CLARENCE

#53

Phoned

For fast, accurate service — reply **"VIA GLOBE"**

This message is received by Globe Wireless and delivered to the addressee subject to all of the terms and conditions set forth in the Tariffs on file with the regulatory body having jurisdiction thereof. All Globe Wireless tariffs are available for public inspection at each business office of the Company. Acceptance of this message constitutes agreement thereto.

No. 771323

To

Mrs Ruth T Kartchener
458 Grape St
Denver, Colorado
U S America

From

T/4 Clarence V Taylor
Service Co. 109th Inf. A.P.O. 28
% Postmaster New York, N.Y.

6 November 1943

Dear Ruth & Fred,

I wish you were here in Great Britain, so that I could take you for a tour of the old castle and grounds, which we temporarily call home.

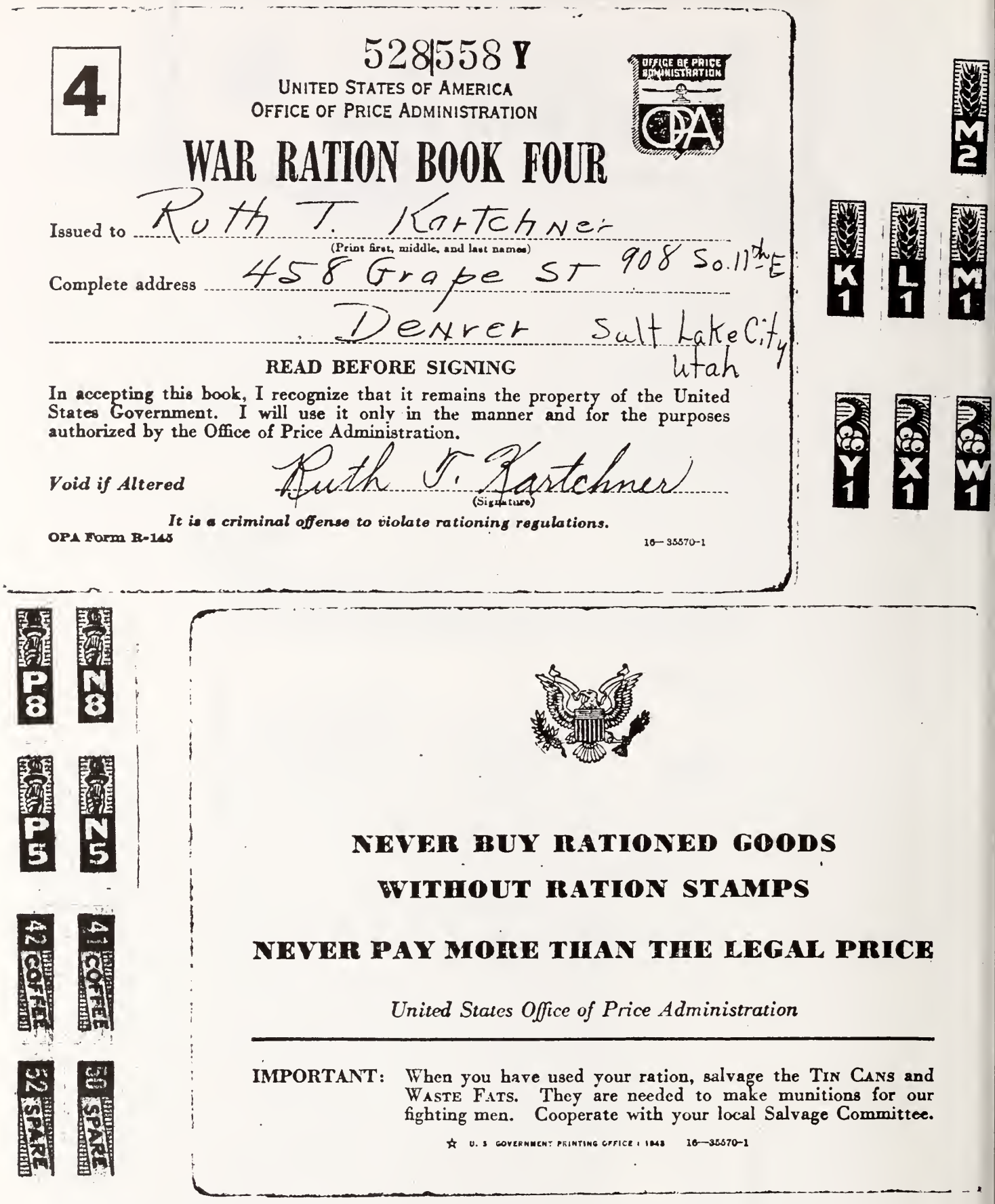
Your letter, one of four, which I received the first day of arrival, was very much enjoyed. I was so glad to hear that Fred was getting along so well in his studies, and nearing the completion of his formal education. Mother will certainly appreciate having her baby daughter and family home with her. I will certainly feel a lot better with someone living with her.

I really do appreciate hearing from you, and will try to be a little more consistent with my letters to you.

Best regards to all

Clarence

V-MAIL



4

528|558 Y

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

WAR RATION BOOK FOUR

Issued to Ruth T. Kartchner
(Print first, middle, and last names)

Complete address 458 Grape ST 908 So. 11th E
Denver Salt Lake City Utah

READ BEFORE SIGNING

In accepting this book, I recognize that it remains the property of the United States Government. I will use it only in the manner and for the purposes authorized by the Office of Price Administration.

Void if Altered Ruth T. Kartchner
(Signature)

It is a criminal offense to violate rationing regulations.

OPA Form R-145 16—35570-1

NEVER BUY RATIONED GOODS
WITHOUT RATION STAMPS

NEVER PAY MORE THAN THE LEGAL PRICE

United States Office of Price Administration

IMPORTANT: When you have used your ration, salvage the TIN CANS and WASTE FATS. They are needed to make munitions for our fighting men. Cooperate with your local Salvage Committee.

☆ U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : 1943 16—35570-1

During World War II, many commodities were scarce and every attempt was made to conserve resources. These are pages from ration books issued to Ruth, Linda, and Kenny while Fred was in the Army. The stamps shown were used for bread, flour, fresh fruit, and vegetables.

In Hawaii, July 1947. Ruth, Kenny, Rose Kartchner, Fred, Linda

Linda

"On the Beach": Ruth, Kenny, Linda

Linda Ellen Kenny

Lafayette Villa, Salt Lake City, during the last year of Fred's OB-GYN residency
1949

Ken Ellen Linda Richard Ruth

In 1950, this photo was published in the Provo Herald to announce our move to Provo and the establishment of Fred's practice in obstetrics and gynecology. The family moved into a home at 334 North 100 East, and the basement was remodeled to serve as an office.

David and Richard, 1954

Ellen, Richard, David, and Rosena, 1955

Ellen, Ken
Linda, Ruth, Rosena, Fred, Richard, David, 1956

Fred in basement office
334 North 1st East

Ellen, Rosena, Linda
Ruth, Mary Ann

Richard, David, Rosena
Ellen, Mary Ann, Ken, Ruth, Fred, Linda, 1964

Ellen, Richard, Mary Ann, David, Rosena
Fred, Ruth, Ken, Drew, Marianne, Heather, Mike, Linda, Jenny, Steve, Dan

Mary Ann

Ruth and Dixie Frampton
Maria Taylor's clothing fo
"History of Provo" progra

Ellen, Ruth, Rosena

Ruth and Ellen

FRED DIXON KARTCHNER

Linda Kartchner Tyler (1984)

"The only thing I have ever thought I wanted to be is a Doctor. In that profession a man can grow to the extent of his ability. There is no one over him to tell him how expert a surgeon he can become; how accurate a diagnostician he can be, how many lives and the amount of suffering he can save.

"Those things depend upon the man himself--his ideals, his intelligence, his powers. I am here tonight because I believe that in this democratic way of life in which it is my privilege to live that a person endowed with average intelligence can accomplish just what he wants to accomplish. That is, if his intestinal fortitude is what it should be. Regardless of the obstacles--time, money, sentiment. If this is my philosophy, someday I will be a Doctor of Medicine. If this were not true, there would be no great men in the past or present. There would be no progress in the world.

"Tomorrow I register. Then the work and excitement begins."

Fred Kartchner, a young man of 25, wrote this on the evening of September 29, 1940. He was about to embark on a test of the philosophy he wrote about. The youngest of five children, of Asael Wain and Rosena Heath Kartchner, he had been raised by a widowed mother, who had taken in others' laundry in order to provide for her young children.

Although life wasn't always easy in the Kartchner home there were many good times. Rose liked to keep her children at home where she could see what they were doing, and consequently most of the neighborhood played in her yard. If there were any problems among the children, Rose would call her children inside rather than send the others home.

The children, as they got older, were allowed some freedom. During the summers they would swim in Provo River, their dog Patsy always in tow, hike out to the Orem Bench to Uncle Mark Kartchner's farm where they played on a rope swing in the barn, jumped into large piles of hay, and rode on the horses and farm machinery.

Rose had a lovely soprano voice and sang at most of the funerals in Provo. While she was gone the children's favorite activity was playing in the attic, a practice that was not allowed when Mother was home. The older children were all tall enough to stand on a chair and then pull themselves up through the opening to the attic. Fred was not, and so was appointed look out. He would stand in the yard, and when his mother rounded the corner, run into the house to tell the others they better get down fast.

On one occasion Fred and his brother Ray had climbed up to the "Y" on the mountain above Provo. On their way down they found half of an old pipe, and decided it would be a great sled. They got going too fast, tumbled head over heals, and Fred broke his arm.

On another occasion, during the winter, Fred had been out playing in the snow and his only pair of shoes had become wet. In order to dry them out quickly he placed them in the oven. Dry they did; so completely that they burned to a crisp, and Fred had to walk barefoot, in the snow, to the shoe store where his mother bought him a new pair "on credit."

He was always anxious to please and help Rose. On one occasion, feeling his mother needed some help in the kitchen, he picked up apples from a neighbor's yard, cut them up and was standing on a stool, stirring the cooking apples when his mother returned from a funeral. He often delivered the clean laundry to his mother's customers, pulling the laundry in his wagon. On

one October 21, his mothers birthday, he showed up at Alma, his married brother's home, with all the makings for candy. He asked Melba, his sister-in-law, if he could make candy there as a surprise for his mother's birthday. One of the things Fred especially enjoyed was accompanying his mother on the piano. After six weeks of lessons he could read notes, and from then on practiced until he was a accomplished accompanist.

Fred worked from the time he was 12 years of age in order to have the money he needed, as well as to help his mother. A good deal of that time was at Leven's, a men's clothing store in Provo, where he made 10 cents an hour, a nickel of which he took home to his mother. He also did whatever odd jobs came along. He attended Timpanogos Elementary School, Brigham Young High School, and graduated from Brigham Young University in 1936.

During the summer of 1933, Fred, Tom and Jack Eastman, and the Eastman's cousin Evan traveled by car to Chicago. This was quite an adventure for young men barely 18 years of age. Fred did promise his mother to keep her informed as to their progress which he did. "I can already tell that we're going to have one wonderful time...we spent all day working on 'Ozzie', our car, and we are leaving Friday morning at 4 o'clock..."(Aug 4)

"...At this rate we will soon be in Chicago. We had but one flat today and that was because we ran over an old gate in order to see Ft. Bridger..(we) have seen enough dirty, brown, sage brushed Wyoming hills to founder a herd of buffaloes..."(August 5)

"...We had a wonderful sleep last night on the good old earth of Wyoming. The ground looked like clay, but felt more like cement. We have been traveling most of the day in Nebraska, and all we have seen has been corn and corn, and more corn. I don't see what they do with it..."(August 6)

"The farmers in this state must think more of their cows than they do of their kids. Every farm, no matter what the size, has large, modern, newly painted immaculately kept barns and outhouse, and to one side a small farm house made of lumber and painted white. Every person I see looks 'corn fed', short fat, and roly poly as a little pig..."(August 7)

"At last we are in Chicago, and I am so flabbergasted that I can't even think. We arrived yesterday afternoon after sliding into the back end of a guy by the name of J.G. Smyths to the tune of $1.25--half of the damages. We got onto Jackson Blvd and couldn't get off, so we went tearing up the street while cars zoomed past in all directions. We finally got located...It will cost us about $1.00 per day for board and room (we eat at restaurants) and car fare..." (August 9)

"I have been in Chicago now for two full days and haven't seen the same thing twice. I've seen thousands of faces and not one has repeated itself...Yesterday we took a bus on one of Chicago's thousands of streets and rode for 3 hours--heavens knows how long it would take to travel every street. We spent 9 hours at the fair yesterday and saw about one tenth of it." (August 11)

"...Badger and I saw a real burlesque yesterday--need I say more!--disgusting." (August 12) "We left Chicago yesterday about five-o-clock. We are heading home through Minnesota, South Dakota and Yellowstone...This week we spent at Chicago was the most new and interesting week of my life, but we were all glad to leave..." (August 16)

"The ground of Minnesota isn't half as hard as that of Wyoming or of Iowa. We slept last night just a little out of Austin. The farmer didn't come around so we pulled some hay and made a bed. I haven't slept so well since I left home..."(August 17)

Following Fred's graduation from Brigham Young University, he taught school for one year in Centerfield, Utah, and two years in Lyman,

Wyoming in order to have the money he needed for the first year of medical school. On September 30, he began his studies at the University of Utah Medical School in Salt Lake City.

"Registration day was no different from other such occasions, but to me it left a discouraged feeling. I spent over one hundred dollars on the first day. It was hard to part so quickly with money that was so slowly and laboriously saved. There's one saving thought, however, and that is the saying that nothing ventured is nothing gained, and this may prove the most profitable investment of my life--profitable not in a money sense, but in an effort to locate myself and find a place in this world in which I will be happy...

"On the very first day of school we went into the gross lab armed with a scrubbing brush, soap, a bucket, and a razor. With these implements we scrubbed the cadaver thoroughly. Removing all the slick, slimy red sediment of preserving tank and all the hair. On the second day, we made an incision down the back from the seventh cervical vertebrae to the coccyx and reflected the skin. From then on we are to study all nerves, blood vessels, muscles, etc...This will be the difficult task class, the BioChem and Histology will take care of themselves, I hope..." (October 13, 1940)

During the two years Fred spent in Lyman he became close friends with Arvid Larson, a fellow teacher form Cleveland, Utah. During that first year of medical school he missed Arvid a great deal, and perhaps even questioned why he had chosen school over continuing to teach.

"Arvid came down last week end. We saw the football game between the "U" and the "Y" and went to a show. Sunday we spent the entire day together with the exception of three hours spent in study Sunday morning with Jack (Jack Bills, his cadaver partner). Arvid had Sybil with him which spoiled things somewhat, but if he likes her well enough to 'tote' her around there's nothing I can say or do about it...

"After two weeks in medical school, I am determined to complete at least this one year. After that, if medicine is my field, I'll become a Doctor, if it is not I will at least continue in the teaching profession with the sure knowledge that it has been my own choice based upon personal experiences and personal desires. As far as Arvid is concerned, I know that I'll miss his association greatly, but realize also that if I were to continue running away from myself by going back to Lyman just to be with him, that the time would come when I wished I had taken advantage of this opportunity to attend a medical school. Here's to the future." (October 13, 1940)

"...Mother had a family dinner on her Birthday, October 21. The family excepting Ruth and Marion were there. Ruth Taylor came over and I certainly enjoyed her company...The last weekend of October was spent in Lyman. The Round-Up was very interesting and all the people made me feel very welcome. It's a good time to leave something when you're liked and seem to be on top...It was difficult to get on the bus and return to Salt Lake and it took several days for my feelings and sense of well-being to rise to normal...but after the school work takes my time and effort for a few days I realize that this is the thing I want to do and that the price must be paid if I expect to succeed.

"While I was in Lyman Ruth's brother died. I spent two hours trying to write to her and when the letter was finished, it was but a page long. Letters of condolence to someone you hate to see hurt seem deplorably weak and inadequate.

"I have written to her to see if she can come up for the Lawyer-Medic banquet and dance. It would be nice if she decides to come.

"Arvid has asked me down to Cleveland for the Thanksgiving Holiday. I am going, of course, and hope that when the vacation is over I will have had a good time and that leaving him again will not be as hard as the last times have been. I would be running away from myself if I refused to go on the ground that I couldn't stand the

separation. The best way to solve emotional maladjustments is to face them squarely and honestly." (November 16, 1940)

During the winter of 1941, the feeling of missing Arvid were replaced by a growing attachment to Ruth Taylor, a Provo native, who had grown up in a large family on 5th west.

"...I am going to work this quarter with a much healthier attitude. I miss Arvid still, of course, but have my emotions in regards to him more firmly under control.

"I spent every available moment during vacation with Ruth. We stayed out late practically every night and I certainly believe she is a completely lovely person." (January, 6, 1941)

"...The professors seem to be more pleasant and the work does not descend upon one's head in a dark deep blanket. As each day passes, I am more convinced that a medical career is the right career for me.

"Of course, I see times when I wish I were through. More because I'd like to see more of Ruth T. than I dare do now knowing what is ahead of me. There is one satisfaction, however, and that is that a start now is better than no start at all." (January 25, 1941)

"I have just finished one of the most enjoyable week-ends I have ever had. Friday night Ray and Gertrude and I went home. I called Ruth Taylor and we went to a show.

"Saturday I studied an hour or so and Saturday Ruth and I spent the evening at home. Mother was entertaining for a crowd of Aunt Sasie's friends. We sat in the kitchen with Ray and Gertrude and Ethel and Deb and had lots of fun...

"I certainly think a great deal of Ruth. It would be swell if I were through school instead of just starting...(February 9, 1941)

"Friday Ruth and I attended the brigadier Formal here in Salt Lake at the Hotel Newhouse. Ruth certainly looked lovely in a white formal. The program, the food, in fact, everything was unusually well done, but the loveliest and nicest thing about the whole affair was that Ruth was with me. In the first 26 1/4 years of my life, she is the first girl I have ever kissed---believe it or not!" (February 16, 1941)

The first year of medical school was exhilarating and exciting for Fred. He felt he had really proved what he had known all along, that "The only thing I ever thought I wanted to be was a doctor"

"...On the whole, however, the fellows at the University of Utah receive an excellent training...Volumes could be written about Hashimoto, the Japanese instructor of Anatomy who lectured while drawing simultaneously with both hands...the first Saturday I went to Gross Anatomy laboratory and unexpectedly lifted a dangling arm out of a preserving tank. It might just as well have been a head--the effect would have been the same. Pages could be written about the chicken colored meat of our cadaver, of the fat, melting in the sun as it shone through the window and oiling up books, clothes, face, hair, etc. as it melted. We became so inured to the smell and the work that we ate, studied, practically lived in the anatomy laboratory. I have seen fellows place a probe they were using in dissection in their mouths. I have even wondered (not seriously) how the chicken appearing cadaver meat would taste. I have ducked human hearts, lungs, slabs of gooey flesh and other portions of the human body upon many occasions and confess that I have been on the energy end of many tosses. Upon completion of the study of the abdomen, several of the fellows removed the intestines and used them for a jumping rope...Towards the end of the quarter, only the legs were left, the rest of the body having been removed, the bones saved for future students to study and the flesh burned in an incinerator..."(August 15, 1941)

Fred worked as a stenographer for Columbia Steel during the summer of 1941; in addition

"...The most wonderful thing of the summer is that I have fallen in love. I believe that happened before this summer, but at any rate the fact dawned upon me then.

I have been with Ruth constantly and have enjoyed swims, dances, shows, tennis, the canyon, and just plain talks practically every night. If I can obtain some part work in Salt Lake next winter so that I will finish the second year of school without debt, and if I land work next summer, we plan to be married..."(August 25, 1941)

He, even though in love, was aware and concerned with what was happening in Europe. Arvid had been drafted, and Fred received weekly letters about boot camp, and the fear of combat.

"...Hitler has overrun all of Europe, the Balkans, and is taking a shot at Russia. Believe it or not, communistic Russia and Democratic England and America are joining hands to route the common enemy--they hope. The U.S. has not declared war yet but then this is nothing, neither has Germany or many of the other countries. The war has been going two years now, and before its over, the whole world is likely to be involved. In my opinion the whole thing is due to poor judgement at Versailles after the First World War, and short sightedness since..." (August 25, 1941)

During the school year 1941-42, Fred taught night school at West High in Salt Lake City. He began teaching shorthand, a skill he had developed in order to work while he obtained his Bachelor's Degree. The second quarter he taught Chemistry and Physiology. "...It takes time and energy but the money does come in mighty handy." (January 18, 1942)

The war in Europe continued to escalate. "...On December 7th the United States declared war on Japan after Japan had, without warning, bombed Pearl Harbor in Hawaii on the day before. Of course the whole University hit high ceiling even though final examination week was in progress." (January 18, 1942)

He continued his work at the University. "...We had our first autopsy experiences. At first the odor of intestines, embalming fluid, the sight of comparatively fresh tissue is different enough to cause one to take notice, but after several, the procedure begins to become commonplace. Last week Jack Bills and I assisted at our first autopsis. We did surgery. The first one was on a rather obese negress and second on a tall Swede. The stitching on the Negress wasn't too neat but perhaps Father Divine won't care as much as Thor, or whoever the Norse god is." (January 18, 1942)

During the winter of 1942 Fred was accepted at the University of Colorado in Denver to continue his studies. As many of his friends and fellow students were drafted or joined the army and navy, Fred and Ruth planned their wedding and decided that Fred would join the army, who would in turn pay for his last two years of medical school, the clinical years of the medical course.

"...Tomorrow Ruth and I are getting our pre-marital examinations from Doctor Don C. Merrill. The date is set for June 8th and our plans are really becoming definite. School recesses here on June 6th, and Denver registers on June 12th. In the meantime Ruth and I must pack and ship our things, have her trousseau tea, and get married, calcimine the room in Denver and paint the floor and move in. Never did I suppose I'd be spending a honeymoon calcimining a basement room." (April 10, 1942)

Fred and Ruth were married and moved to Denver, where they lived in the basement of Alice and Roy Nelson's house on Grape Street. "...Alice and Roy were wonderful to us always. There were times though when differences of opinion and personalities rubbed in opposite directions, but for some happy reason no two individuals exploded at the same time. With all their retching and vomiting of pregnancy Ruth and Alice were the leveling forces. Neither would say or do anything knowingly to upset

the other, or anyone else for that matter, and Roy and I would dispense our irritation, he, in working on his garden or at the office, and I on the lawn or more likely on some poor patient at the hospital..." (December 23, 1944)

He spent his time during the school year of 1942-43 working directly with patients in the hospital. The students "were held responsible for the official histories and physical examinations, for the hospital records. In addition, the student is held responsible for the laboratory work--blood counts and urinalysis for his patients. The work has included clerkships in every major branch of medicine...

"Another highlight of my work in Denver has been the experience of working as a nurse in the Psychopathic hospital at the Medical School. My attitude towards the so-called "insane" has been placed upon a much more secure and accurate basis. Even though many of the patients have been enough out of contact to take a hefty poke at me, even though I am now a little bored at playing nursemaid to manic-depressives, schizophrenics, psycho-neurotics, senile-dementias, and every other personality and mental disturbance in the book; my knowledge of Psychiatry has been placed on a firm basis. I hope I can always remain as sympathetic towards people with disease as I now am as a result of my contacts there.

During the last quarter of the Junior year, the Junior class wrote and produced a play as an outgrowth of the Psychiatry course. The fellows asked me to direct the play which was written around Hitler's rise to power in Germany. It took a lot of time but everyone seemed pleased with the play. Dr. Ebaugh's secretary wrote him that the play was better than all other junior plays combined. As a result of my contribution, I became well-acquainted with most of the class members. They are a very likeable and hospitable group of students." (April 30, 1943)

During Fred's first year in Denver his personal life was also very fulfilling. "...The real purpose of this entry is to talk about Ruth. She is more lovable now than when we were married and every day we grow more completely together. Tomorrow she comes home from the hospital with Linda. Studying medicine does not complicate one's life enough, so we now have a baby." (April 30, 1943)

"...Having Linda to fuss over has been a wonderful experience. Before leaving the hospital in Denver, I vaccinated her for Smallpox and as a result was nearly excommunicated from the Taylor family. At least Aunt Rye, Alice and Uncle Roy frowned down upon the action disapprovingly. Even six year old Arthur contemptuously remarked that I was only a Medical student, with emphasis on the 'Student'." (December 23, 1944)

The second year in Denver was different than Fred's other years in medical school, not only because of his growing family but, "...The last six months at medical school were rather hectic. The army took the place over lock, stock and barrel on July 5th and spent the rest of the time until graduation trying to make us into privates while the school officials struggled in an effort to take the rough edges off our medical course...The army took us on hikes and showed us dummy guns and gave lectures--all of which didn't amount to much and once a month we all lined up for "short arm" inspection and collected our pay..." (December 23, 1944)

After Christmas in 1943, Fred and Ruth returned by train to Provo. They found a small two room apartment with a shared bathroom at 908 S. 11th East in Salt Lake, and Fred began an internship at the Salt Lake County Hospital where he worked for nine months before entering the army. He was activated on October 3, 1944 and was sent to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania where he spent six weeks.

"...The Field Medical Service School did its best to indoctrinate us into field medicine. We went on numerous hikes and covered completely the work to be expected of us including drilling and

how to drill troops. We even had two or three exercises with gas masks using actual gas..." (December 24, 1944)

Fred was sent to Mason General Hospital on Long Island, New York where he participated in a course in Army Neuro-psychiatry.

"...The hospital is rather isolated out here near Brentwood, Long Island and just across the field from some 60,000 patients in Pilgrim State Hospital. Clinical material is most abundant--army and civilian. Psycho-neurotic casualties constitute at least 33% of the war casualties, and the problem is far from solved. The Psychiatric problem is going to be a big problem of this war, and it looks as though I'll be right in the middle of it. Whether the knowledge gained will contribute to a successful post war practice remains to be seen..." (December 24, 1944)

"...On December 11 a telegram came from Utah. It contained the news for which I had been anxiously waiting for over two weeks--after a short two hour labor, Ruth gave birth to an 8 pound 5 oz boy in the Salt Lake County Hospital. His name is to be Kenneth Taylor Kartchner. The name was Ruth's suggestion and she even considerately wrote to Ethelyn to see if she objected to having a new addition named after her husband. No doubt Kenneth will be nicknamed 'Kenny' too and on second thought the suggestion is better than the one I made--that is 'Heath Taylor Kartchner'. With that name the poor little fellow would always have to spell the first name for everyone as well as the last..." (December 23, 1944)
Christmas during wartime was not as pleasant for Fred as many other Christmases he had spent with friends and family. This is evidenced by his writing in his journal two days in a row; a journal that often had an entire year between entries.

"...How I wish I could be there for Christmas! Instead I'll open my packages alone here in the officer's barracks tomorrow and prepare for school Monday morning--Christmas Day. That's war for you..." (December 23, 1944)

"...Since school is scheduled as usual tomorrow I have just opened my Christmas presents. I stacked the parcels upon the table and opened them in as much a Christmas style as possible...The radio music and wrappings help the spirit even if I am by myself...These adjustment and problems are the things that make life varied and interesting and tests ones soundness of personality..." (December 24, 1944)

Graduation from the Army Neuro-Psychiatric School was February 10, 1945. Orders trickled in for the graduates, but Fred and five of his fellow students were ordered back to Carlisle to await orders. Fred felt that probably this meant an overseas assignment without leave, and as he waited 12 days for those orders, tension mounted as to what his situation would be.

"...During war or peace people have to face problems of life and this separation even though a temporary one happens to be our problem at present. As long as we have each other's love and as long as we hold to our ideals and plans for the future and the kind of life we have chosen to live, this particular problem can be cheerfully faced..." (letter to Ruth, February 18, 1945)

When orders finally arrived Fred was assigned to the 94th Field Hospital, and ordered to travel by train to Seattle without leave.

"...The trip from Chicago to Seattle was the longest train ride I've ever taken to date. Before getting on the train I called Ruth. She thought I was calling to tell her I was on my way home on leave, and it was a great disappointment to learn that I was on my way overseas...we were both mighty close to tears..." (March 17, 1945)

On March 5, Fred boarded the 'General E.T. Collins' and "...watched the skyline of Seattle, Washington fade away. There were no great emotional feelings stirring within me as described by more prolific writers--just a feeling of emptiness, perhaps of wondering--not particularly of what was ahead of me, but of the

irrevocable happenings that had started back at Mason General at the completion of the course in Army Neuropsychiatry.

"As the ship crowded to the gills with units of every kind including infantry, military police, and the 94th Field Hospital, to which the five of us had been attached, moved smoothly up the Puget Sound I pictured rather abstractedly the skyline of New York, Chicago and Seattle--all of which I had seen within the past three months. I thought of Ruth and Linda and the new baby boy that I had not seen. We had been moved out of Carlisle Barracks where we had been assigned to a pool sans leave. As all these things came to mind, I sickened as I realized that two years away from home was a conservative estimate. It might even be longer..." (March 12, 1945)

The trip to Honolulu took six days and was uneventful except "...Tuesday morning I awoke, put my feet to the floor and by the time I had finished dressing had to run for the head...to regurgitate vigorously. I was seasick--and remained seasick until the fourth day out..." (March 12, 1945)

"The morning of the second day out was a morn to remember. Every few feet on the deck was the vomitus from some upset soldier, and the rails and buckets provided for the purpose were kept busy. The greenish pallor of the faces was such to put an internist into raptures..." (letter to Ruth, March 8, 1945)

During his short stay in Honolulu, Fred spent a day with Ruth's nephew Kent Taylor. They saw the sights, went shopping and ate "a fine steak dinner..." (letter to Ruth from Kent, March 15, 1945). On March 19, they embarked into the Pacific on the 'Franklin Bell' with orders not to write locations, dates, etc. on any letters they wrote. Fred was not seasick on this trip, and reported that the food was good. They had showers, which he often took cold, because it was extremely hot on the ship. His only real concern seemed to be his thoughts of home and Ruth.

"...Tonight I am thinking very much of home, of Ruth and the babies. Surely we are headed West into more dangerous seas. The danger of losing life is not hypothetical or too far away, and I do not want to die. Ruth and I have too much to look forward to in the future. There is too much to live for. The prospects of death are not pleasant to survey...(March 17, 1945)

"...Today is Ruth's birthday. I would very much like to be where I could take her in my arms, kiss her and wish her a happy birthday. Instead, I am again out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean traveling west..." (March 20, 1945)

On March 30, the 'Franklin Bell' pulled into the harbor of Saipan, one of the Marianne Islands in the South Pacific, which had been captured from the Japanese in some of the bloodiest fighting of World War II. Saipan, the main island, fell in July 1944. It was from the island of Tinian that the Enola Gay took off in August 1945 to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

"...For two days now we have been sitting out in the harbor of Saipan. This small island is our destination and from the harbor appears very much like one of the Hawaiian Islands--about five miles by fifteen miles with a mountain approximately 1100 feet above sea level in the center. There are still Jap snipers on the island who are purported to hide in caves. Perhaps I'll find use for my carbine...

It is hard to realize that today is Easter Sunday. The Chaplain held services on deck, gave a well prepared sermon but I missed the Mormon hymns and have been humming them to myself all day. It is difficult to realize that this is a combat area, that there are perhaps 75 ships of war waiting in the harbor to wage war and destruction on the Japanese, that late evening we watched 100 or more B-29's return from a bombing mission--that this is Easter...We are scheduled to go ashore at 9 A.M. tomorrow. Whatever waits on Saipan for us I hope mail is included." (April 1, 1945)

On April 19, the 94th received their first

patients. 450 men were sent to the island in a two-day period. Fred was assigned 68 men in his section of the neuropsychiatric ward. "...The stories of men seeing buddies blown to bits, seeing heads fly through the air, and hearing screams and groans of the dying fill every chart. One fellow 'blanked out' when he was hit in the stomach by the head of his best friend who had been blasted from an adjoining fox hole. Such experiences are traumatizing... On the ward now men jump and cry out in fright like animals at any slight sudden noise sounding anything like a retort of a gun. They have battle dreams at night, writhe in bed, cry out in their sleep and wake up with pounding hearts, a feeling of restriction in the chest, and drenched with perspiration...I am going to become sympathetic and develop an understanding of the frailties of the human being or else become as hard as the proverbial nail." (April 29, 1945)

During his stint on Saipan, Fred along with Ija Korner, a clinical psychologist, used an approach that was new in the field of psychiatry, hypnosis. As time and experience proved, hypnosis was excellent therapy for patients with traumatic battle experiences who otherwise had a normal psychological development. Hypnosis alleviated neurotic symptoms by allowing integration of the battle experiences into the patients memory, so that adjustments to the conflicts could be resolved.

"...We have handled well over 1200 patients to date and they keep on coming...We are becoming experts in group psychotherapy, narcosyntheses, and hypnosis. The latter is proving most valuable in dissolving amnesia from the combat experience. It's amazing what can be done by suggestion. I am getting the best results by first explaining the procedure and its indications to the patient then placing the patient in a trance, suggesting pleasant sensations and feelings. After this the patient cooperates in subsequent periods and amnesia, anxiety, etc. can be dissolved..." (June 2, 1945)

"...I have been working again tonight on a few selected patients with hypnotism. Honestly, honey, it's amazing what you can do with it when it is used properly. One sergeant who has had a bad stutter since combat experiences which produced a 12 hour amnesia, under hypnosis remembered every detail of events during the amnesia and relived the moment the stutter started. I gave him a post hypnotic suggestion that he would remember and not stutter when he awakened. He is now apparently recovered and what's more important, understands the cause of his difficulty. We are not only saving the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars in disability payments that these men would collect if sent home sick, but more important we are showing the fellow that he can return home normal rather than psychoneurotic..." (letter to Ruth, June 4, 1945)

"This is the day everyone has been looking forward to. Just 3 years, 8 months, 7 days after Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, she surrendered unconditionally to the United Nations.

I was on one of my wards when the announcement came over the radio. For a long second after the speaker announced the war's end the silence was absolute--then there was a loud shout from the patients--loud, joyous and in unison. There were more than one hard, tough combat soldiers who had to leave the ward to keep his buddies from seeing the tears in his eyes..." (August 15, 1945)

The war was over, but Fred and the 94th General did not go home. "...We have become the psychiatric center for the Mariannas, and are receiving patients from all over the area. However, those of us who did the work with the acute combat reactions, who worked out the program are at present in a slump. We did do an exceptional piece of work, in fact we've been asked to prepare a special report for the Surgeon General and have had several men sent here to observe and pick up the material available. The patients now being sent are turning out to be the '8 balls' from other hospitals and this spot is becoming a convenient dumping ground for

unresponsive and undesirable men in the service..." (August 30, 1945)

Fred also had a few interesting social experiences during this period of time. "...Some two months ago I decided to satisfy a long standing curiosity of mine--how it feels to be drunk and have a hangover. I managed to accomplish both and believe me once is enough for any man who values his sense of well being.

"Fries, Higgins, Major Fox, Gilbert, Ilam and several others, and I just decided one night that this was as good a time as any. I tried what is called a boiler maker first--a gulp of beer, an ounce of whisky and another gulp of beer. The first one practically galvanized my esophagus and breathing was difficult for the next ten minutes. After three more of these I tasted nothing else. I then downed a glass of rum and coca cola, one of scotch and water and to keep from insulting Gilbert tried one glass of straight stuff from his bottle.

"It took just 30 minutes for the chairs and tables to multiply and divide and after mumbling some insane purposeless thoughts tottering off for the barracks--with John's help.

"We stopped once at the corner of the club just long enough to empty my stomach by 3 long spasms and then we made it to the barracks. I remember undressing and falling into bed but nothing more until the morning. A hangover is really indescribable. Until afternoon or evening you don't know whether to struggle on or just lie down and die. At least that's the way I felt...Being drunk and having a hangover is an interesting experience and my curiosity is most adequately satisfied...

"Last week the 94th did another unusual thing. The Colonel wrote a minstrel and variety show and patients, enlisted men, and officers were in it. Fries, Higgins, and I sang in the chorus--at the Colonel's request, which amounts to an order of the war department..." (August 30, 1945)

The 94th Hospital was disbanded in early November, but because Fred had only been on Saipan for a year he was transferred to the 148th and assigned the psychotic ward. The work was difficult because staff were few and basic maintenance had not been done. He was promised another assignment with a promotion, but "...What I really want is to go home--and to get out of this army...last night I was so acutely homesick again I felt like taking up residence on the ward. My how I longed for Ruth!..." (September 27, 1945)

The first of December Fred was assigned to the 219th General Hospital at Schofield Barracks on Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands. "...I caught the 0800 hour plane, a C-46 from Saipan and it took just 45 minutes to fly the 150 miles to Guam. Saipan looked really beautiful from the air and as Mt. Tapotchau faded away I thought that unless something peculiar and unusual happens in my life I'll likely never see the "gem of the Pacific" again..." (January 8, 1946)

He was assigned to be head of the psychiatric ward of the 147th General Hospital at Schofield Barracks on Oahu. In March of that year Ruth, Linda, and Kenny travelled by troop ship to Hawaii. The six-day trip was difficult for Ruth as she was seasick most of the time. The ship had only short railings, not used for the purpose of safety. Because of this and her seasickness, Ruth spent all of every day walking the decks, which were tarred, and so extremely dirty, holding one child in each hand. When the ship finally reached Oahu Ruth was very thankful to leave the ship, and Fred was very anxious to have his family with him again. The reunion was wonderful, but Ruth, after six days of sickness and the constant companionship of a three year old and a 15 month old, could only say "Here are your children. Take them."

They settled into an old barracks apartment on base. These apartments had not been used since World War I and were in need of repair. They were being repaired and painted by Japanese prisoners of war, and when finished were rather comfortable. There were two large

bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs with a screened porch that ran the entire length of the apartment. The first floor consisted of a kitchen, a Butler's kitchen, a dining room, and living room, and the screened porch.

The time in Hawaii was almost like a vacation. Fred worked regular hours at the hospital. There was time for swimming on the beach and playing tennis. He decided to grow a garden, because it was difficult to obtain fresh vegetables. He marked off the rows with old sticks he found lying in the yard, and planted several rows of vegetable seeds. The vegetables didn't do extremely well, but the sticks, used as markers, leafed and blossomed into the most beautiful poinsettia plants around. During the spring of 1947, he felt that discharge from the army would be coming very soon, and so sent for his mother to come and spend the last month or two with them in Hawaii.

Fred and Ruth talked a good deal about what Fred's professional plans for the future should be. "...We haven't decided yet about the future. If I can obtain an appointment at the University for additional training, that would be the wisest thing. I have thought a little of going to Chicago or New York and obtaining a year's additional training in Psychoanalytic Psychiatry, but that would mean that I would have to settle down in such a large place that neither Ruth nor I would be too happy. The work I am doing in the Army would bring me from $25 to $50 an hour in civilian practice and no one in Utah has that much money. We'll just have to wait to see what happens..."(letter to Ethel and Deb Tregeagle, February 1, 1947)

On another occasion Fred wrote: "...The work in the hospital goes on about the same. I am cutting down the work in Psychiatry and am doing a little bit of the O.B. work. Obstetrics is very much easier than psychiatry any old day. The only disadvantage as far as I am concerned is the night work and if I ever get my boards, perhaps I'll be able to make enough on one case to restrict my O.B. work to a reasonable number a month and spend the rest of the time with Gynecology and a little psychiatry. However, that's sometime in the future, so we'll just wait..." (letter to Ethel and Deb, May 31, 1947)

Fred and Ruth attended the Wahiawa Branch of the Church while they were stationed at Schofield Barracks. The Chapel was a one room lumber building built on stilts. It was the building that had been built by the very first saints and missionaries to live in Hawaii. Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting were held, not in the building itself, but underneath the building which had been latticed in. A piano sat on the dirt floor, and benches surrounded it. Fred played the piano for the branch, and the children went barefoot to Church.

He became a popular speaker in several different Church's in and around Honolulu. "...This afternoon and evening I have to go into Honolulu to lead a discussion at the Church of the Crossroads. I was out there a couple of weeks ago and thought that would suffice, but they asked me to come again and discuss the problems of Preparing for Marriage. The task is a little difficult because it is a non-sectarian group and composed of every racial group on the Island. I know practically nothing of the customs of the Japanese, Chinese, etc., and only hope that they are far enough removed form their ancestors to have adopted a few of the Western ideas regarding the habit..." (letter to Ethel and Deb Tregeagle, February 1, 1947)

In late fall of 1946, Ruth received letters from home indicating that her mother, Maria Taylor, had not been well. She entered the hospital and was diagnosed as having bone cancer that was in the advanced stages. Fred tried at that time to be reassigned to the States on the grounds that his Mother-in-law was terminally ill, and his wife four months pregnant. This request was denied, and on February 17, 1947 Maria passed away in Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City.

Rather than being released or reassigned, Fred was declared essential and reassigned to Tripler General in Honolulu. It was at Tripler General

that Ruth gave birth to their third child, Elaine. Elaine was born with a cleft pallet, hair lip, and a heart defect which was not diagnosed immediately. Fred was devastated with the condition of his third child.

"I have just returned from the hospital. Ruth and the baby are fine. The labor was an extremely easy one--5 hours and everything went as well as could be expected.

"However, I have some rather bad news. Unfortunately the baby has quite a severe congenital deformity. There is a bilateral hair lip (one in each side of the upper lip) with a complete absence of the palatal bone. I am so disturbed that it is difficult for me to write. Ruth and Linda have been talking for days about having a nice, sweet, new baby sister, and we are happy to have her, but there is some sorrow along with joy. Ruth has been looking forward to having a new small baby to cuddle and nurse and this is going to be difficult for her. She is such a sweet, wonderful person and mother that I can't bear to have her hurt. Our biggest problems right now will be a feeding one. Unless we can fashion some sort of palatal bone and shield for the entire upper lip, we will have to tube feed the baby. In that case, early return home will be impossible. If the baby can not nurse, return home via army transport will be out of the question--then Ruth and the baby will probably fly home. I will keep you informed and pull myself together so that I will be some comfort and help to Ruth tomorrow when she learns of the deformity.

"The dental surgeons have seen the baby and tomorrow are going to attempt making some sort of a palate in an effort to make nursing possible. No one here has done such a thing but I suggested it, and certainly it can do no harm.

"The first thing indicated is rather early surgery to the upper lip. There is no one on the Islands who does such plastic surgery. I know, and the surgeon here tells me that the eventual cosmetic outcome should be good, and while such procedure require repeated surgery of an expensive type, being in the medical profession will cut the expense some. I am contacting one of the men at the medical school for suggestions as to available surgery in Salt Lake or the coast. The best thing, perhaps would be to have the first work done on the coast as we are returning home.

"We would appreciate it if you could let the folks in Salt Lake know of the situation. It will make it easier for Ruth when she returns. This, plus her mother's being gone is going to make her home coming difficult.

"This letter is undoubtedly a bit confused, but I'm sure you'll understand.

"By morning, and after we have accustomed ourselves to our problem, I am sure things will not seem quite so bad. It is unfortunate that things are the way they are, but we know that they just happen more or less unexplainably, are not the result of anything that the parents have done, not the result of illness, vomiting, heredity, etc. We also know that while there will be some difficulties in feeding, operations to face, etc., that now days eventual repair and restoration is the rule. With the Lord's blessings and the love we have for each other, we will be able to make our adjustments to the problem and provide a normal and happy future for our new baby." (letter to Ethel Tregeagle, June 26, 1847)

Fred arranged with a fellow doctor in Hawaii, Dr. Connie Bricca, to contact his father, a physician in San Francisco, who in turn contacted a colleague of his who was an authority on this type of birth defect. This physician promised to look at the baby and see what could be done. Fred flew immediately, with the baby to San Francisco where, after a long wait with a crying baby, had Elaine admitted to Letterman General Hospital. He had to fly back to Hawaii to resume his duties at Tripler.

Finally, on the 22 of July Ruth, Fred, Rose, and the children left Hawaii on a ship which docked

in San Francisco five days later. Ruth and Fred stayed in Palo Alto with Fred's brother, Alma, for about a month, visiting Elaine in the hospital daily. During that period of time, four operations were done which gradually closed the lip. It was at Letterman General that the heart defect was diagnosed.

He was separated from the army in late July, and received notice that he was accepted as a resident in Obstetrics and Gynecology at Thomas Dee Memorial Hospital in Ogden Utah, with a monthly allowance of $90.00 which would be paid by the government.

Fred arranged for Elaine to be released from Letterman General and admitted to Salt Lake General Hospital. He, Ruth, and all three children travelled by train to Salt Lake City. He went to Ogden to start his residency and looked for an apartment; the baby stayed in the hospital in Salt Lake, and Ruth, Linda and Ken went to Provo to wait until Fred found an apartment.

Fred kept in close touch with the doctors in Salt Lake General, and the last few times he saw Elaine he knew that she would not survive. On October 21, 1947 she died. Ruth was in Price visiting with her brother Elton, and his family. It was there that he called to tell her of Elaine's death.

He eventually found an apartment in Ogden on 26th Street. He practiced under Dr. Ward, who was Chief of Staff of the Obstetrical Department of the hospital. He worked a day, a night, and a day, and then had a night off. Much of the work he did was with welfare patients who came into the hospital for delivery, and he felt he received excellent training at Dee Memorial, as well as at St. Benedick's General Hopital where he was able to dome psychiatric consulting work. Child number four, Ellen, was born while Ruth and Fred were in Ogden.

The last year of his residency was spent in Salt Lake City at Salt Lake General. Salt Lake General was a much larger hospital than the Dee and many of its patrons were also welfare recipients. He continued his work with obstetrics, but many of his deliveries were done in homes. On one occasion, which was not too dissimilar from many others, he was called to the home of a large black woman who lived in a one room house with what seemed like scores of children. As flies and children swarmed around (and Fred tried to be as aseptic as possible) this woman pushed, with apparently no effort, yet another child into the world.

They lived in Lafayette Villa while in Salt Lake. This large home, reminiscent of an Italian villa, was located on 10th East and 4th South. Fred, Ruth, Linda, Kenny, and Ellen lived on the bottom floor. Upstairs were two apartments, one occupied by a single woman with two daughters, the other by a male couple who were dancers and owned boxer dogs. One of the male couple loved to cook and traded recipes with Ruth. He loved her pumpkin pie, and had her teach him how to make it.

In April of 1950, child #5, Richard Taylor, made his appearance, and in July of that year Fred and Ruth moved to Provo to open his practice of medicine in Obstetrics and Gynecology. They bought a house at 334 North 1st East with the intention of using the basement for an office. The basement was a disaster, but with the help of Marion Hammond it was remodeled and became a fairly comfortable office space. For that first year Ruth acted as receptionist, nurse, and laundress while Rose Kartchner watched the children. Fred, fresh from an academic environment, was anxious to try new methods with his patients. Other doctors and the hospital were not so willing to hear his innovative ideas. He agitated long and hard for sitz baths in the hospital, to no avail. He gave prenatal lectures in the living room of his home for his patients and their husbands. Ruth served punch and cookies for added incentive.

In July of 1950 he published "A Study of the Emotional Reactions During Labor" in the American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology. He was traveling to Salt Lake two or three times a week to teach at the medical school there, and

his practice was beginning to grow when a devastating car accident occurred which had a profound effect on Fred and all those close to him. He was injured severely and in a great deal of pain. A new drug, Demoral, was administered to him while he was in the hospital, and as a result he became addicted to this new form of narcotic. He was eventually released from the hospital, but unable to discontinue his use of the drug. For almost a year and a half Fred and Ruth fought this addiction, but finally through a great deal of faith and prayer the decision was made to do whatever was necessary to rid himself of the addiction.

In September of 1953, he left his family, travelled to Lexington, Kentucky and checked himself into a Public Health Service hospital, the only one in the country at that time, for drug rehabilitation. As he approached the admitting desk, he was asked who was admitting him. He answered he was admitting himself. That was a first in the history of the hospital.

Fred remained in the hospital in Lexington for four and a half months. During that time he and another physician were the first participants in a study done on Demerol addiction. Fred participated in all the activities the hospital offered, as he felt this would speed his recovery. He often spoke at the group meetings for both men and women. He edited The Key, a weekly newsletter for the patients. This newsletter always contained the twelve steps of Addicts Anonymous in addition to other notes, letters, reports of meetings, etc.

"This work is more to my liking than any job offered me. They do attempt to assign the physicians to work of their request, and if they desire, to the medical wards. However, there, the physician can not have any responsibility, is allowed to make rounds with the staff physician, if he cares to, but more or less function as something a little less than an aide. Most of us do not adjust well to such situations, especially when some of the physicians here are interns or residents. I stayed in the Research Department until I had seen enough of the drug addiction withdrawal syndrome to become thoroughly acquainted with the problem, and to see a sufficient number of addicts, to gain a better understanding of why I felt as I did. Believe me, it was an education that I wished I had had prior to my accident. I don't think the problem would have persisted as long as it has if I had known more about the addiction problem in general. Actually, the medical profession is existing in abysmal ignorance when it comes to an understanding of the problem and especially to understanding the addict himself.

"I feel that the Addicts Anonymous has as much to offer the addict as the Alcoholics Anonymous offers the alcoholic. The factors producing both illnesses are identical. I was deeply depressed for the first month here, but this program has been a positive influence. The work which is handling the correspondence that comes in from former addicts who have been cured by the program, and in editing and writing some of the material is more to my liking than the other available job assignments. This actually constitutes my occupational therapy.

"I have not yet adjusted to the fact that such a problem could come along. However, with the aid of the analyses which I started a year ago, this hospitalization, and most of all Ruth's encouragement and love and the help of the Lord, I feel that everything should come out satisfactorily for us..." (letter to Ethelyn Taylor, November 4, 1953).

Fred's optimism and outlook continued to improve the longer he stayed hospitalized.

"...The longer I'm staying, the more I feel that everything is working out. I feel that the work done with Norm is beginning to take form and gel and am more and more confident that neither of us are going to have to worry about any more hospitalizations.

"I no longer teach the course in English Grammar. Another patient, formerly a school teacher checked into the Hospital, and he is now

taking it over. I'm not unhappy about it at all since I was doing it in the late afternoons and evenings and only because it was more or less 'strapped onto me.' I had made some caustic remarks about the amount of education going on, fitting beneath a postage stamp, and felt that I should not be unwilling to help a little to make it otherwise. The new man told me today that he was so disgusted that he was going to request a transfer, but that he would continue the class. That I am glad about because I didn't want to do it..." (letter to Ruth, November 27, 1953).

Fred had quite a bit of spare time, too. "...The football game was exciting. I was playing Bridge when one of the fellows who works up on the surgical ward came down and told me that BYU and Utah were on television. I hardly believed them, but went up. The reception was excellent, and you know what the game was like. The shots of the mountains that they flashed on the screen two or three times during the game made me really homesick. No one from this part of the Country knows much about what real mountains are supposed to look like..." (letter to Ruth, December 2, 1953).

As he did throughout his life, Fred continued to express his love and appreciation to Ruth. "...I am forever grateful to you. More and more I'm realizing how favored I have been to have married you. You will never know how much you have helped me during the past two years. Sometimes I haven't even realized myself how much you have done, and how wise you have been, but thank the Lord, anyway. My roommate, the surgeon from Selma, Alabama is kept constantly upset by his wife. I suppose she is trying to help, but with each letter, he becomes more and more upset about his home situation, and about the addiction. She keeps haranguing him about all that he has done to her and their boy, and how sorry he must feel, and wonders why he doesn't feel more sorry, ad infinitum. Tonight, he says he believes he'll join the Trappists Order. When I see how other wives are, it makes me appreciate you all the more..." (letter to Ruth, December 2, 1953).

Fred continued his work on The Key. "...The work on The Key is apparently going along fairly well. We have had a request from someone in Richmond, Virginia who wants to collect the interpretations of the Twelve Steps that I have been doing and put them into a booklet form so that others away from the Hospital might have access to them. I don't know that they have too much to offer. I sometimes struggle to think up anything to write, but it does seem pleasant to feel that it can be done. In the recent past, I have wondered if I were going to be able to accomplish anything ever again..." (letter to Ruth, December 2, 1953)

In his last issue as editor he wrote:

"My time at 'Narco' has been relatively short, but I hope that The Key has been a little better for my having been here. It was my good fortune as a Boy Scout to have a well-known and wise Scoutmaster. He was Dean at the University, an internationally recognized Physicist, and a leader in Church and Community affairs. Near the end of my first yearly summer encampment he called the boys together and said: 'Fellows, you never want to leave a place without its being better for your having been there.'

"We then decided that a bridge across the stream which coursed through the campground would improve the area. He encouraged us to construct a strong bridge that would last. One that would not sag under the weight of heavy winter snows, and one that would withstand the treatment given it by rough and energetic boys who would use the bridge in years to come. I never returned to summer camp, nor walked over the bridge, without a feeling of pride and satisfaction. Many years passed before it occurred to me that the wise Scoutmaster was building men as well as bridges, and that we who worked on the project received more benefit than those who used it. So it is with The Key. What little good I might have done cannot compare to that which I have received form the work, and from the AA Program which is its motivation. I shall always be grateful for

my 'job assignment' as temporary Editor of The Key. . .As I prepare to leave the Hospital, I want to express my appreciation to the United States Public Health Service for the Lexington, Kentucky Institution; and to the personnel at the Hospital, most of whom do exceptionally well in working with a difficult problem. But most of all, I thank God for introducing me to the AA Program. With Its help and with the influence of a Power greater than myself, my days of drug addiction will be over."

Fred was released from the hospital the first of February, 1954, returned to Utah, and immediately went with Ruth for a weeks' vacation in order to renew and cement their relationship and desire to go forward with a productive, happy life.

He resumed his practice in Provo in the basement office. Deon Webb left the hospital to become his nurse and receptionist. He was able to institute the use of sitz baths into the hospital, and he continued with his prenatal lectures, still the only doctor in the area to use that form of prenatal education. In 1956 he was elected president of the Utah State Obstetrical and Gynecological Society. His practice grew rapidly as word spread about the care he gave his patients. In 1958, Dr. James Webster invited Fred to enter a joint partnership. He accepted and moved to an office shared with Dr. Webster on 1st East between 1st and 2nd North.

In 1957, Fred and Ruth built a lovely home on the foothills of the Wasatch Mountains. Most of the work was done by Marion Hammond and Ray Kartchner. The workman ship was excellent, and at last there was enough room for everyone. Ruth even had enough cupboards to keep some of them empty for awhile.

Because Ruth had been deprived of her uterus in an untimely manner at the birth of Rosena, she had often mentioned to Fred a feeling of incompleteness. He asked her at one time about having another baby, and when she said she would love one, he started looking. One late November day in 1958, Fred called and told Ruth a lawyer and his secretary would appear on her doorstep in a short while with a baby girl. Ruth, being without a baby for several years, hurried to buy a few diapers, bottle, etc.; and shortly child #8, Mary Ann, was delivered without any labor at all.

In 1960 Fred and Jim Webster moved their office to 1275 North University Ave, a new building complex for doctor's offices. Their joint practice continued to expand and for the next two decades Fred worked and worked and worked, delivering thousand of babies to grateful women who came from all over Utah for his services. He seemed to sense in his patients their individual needs for information, comfort, or empathy, in a way that made these patients eternally grateful for his help.

"...We appreciate your attitude and skill and especially all the extra help you gave us with Christy. We know you have been inspired to help us in just the way that was needed..." (note from Claudia Goodman)

"...You made that whole experience for me a very special one. I've thought of you often and your 'series of lectures' you gave Larry and Me. I have such a special love in my heart for you..." (October 29, 1976 letter from Anne Allred)

"...Words can't express how very grateful we are that you were in the hospital the evening of October 26, and for your help. You are very special to us--and we appreciate your special concern..." (note from Karen Hahne)

"...It was as though I had been sitting for quite some time surrounded by a haze in which there was no one, and then all at once an old, glowing figure appeared and walked quietly toward me. As it came nearer I saw that it's life force was truth-simple, indestructible, free and vibrantly alive.

"Thus do I see you standing out in 'the crowd', Dr. Kartchner. I was and continue to be deeply moved by your piercing perceptivity, your depth

and warmth of spirit, your attitude of tolerance, and goodwill, and by your buoyant and mischievous sense of humor..." (October 5, 1972, letter from Linda Chan)

"I want to thank you for delivering my baby last Saturday for Dr. Dick...I have to admit I was a bit apprehensive about Dr. Dick not being there, but out of my three deliveries this was by far the easiest for me...I really appreciate the confidence you inspired in me and I want to thank you for making the experience of bearing our new son so happy and truly enjoyable..." (October 18, 1973, letter from Louise Brown)

During these years Fred delivered 10 of his grandchildren: Mike Tyler, Drew Kartchner, Mark, Keriann, Kelli and Taylor Kartchner, Maria and Amy Heal, and Jeff and Ben Kartchner, as well as countless nieces, nephews and cousins.

Fred gave a premarital exam that was a bit out of the ordinary. In addition to the usual blood tests, he sat down with the couple for an hour, or in some cases several hours, and talked about marriage.

"I just never thought I'd get this old but the cycle has come full circle. Twenty-one years ago you counseled Gordon and I. I have blessed you many times since then for that counsel. One of the important things you told us about was consideration for each other in intercourse. You personally challenged Gordon that he be considerate enough of me that I have a climax almost always...Gordon took that challenge and even when he was not always considerate in other areas, he was in this area...We are so glad that you will consent now to counsel with our daughter and this beautiful but young new son-in-law." (letter from Carolyn Casper)

Fred used his natural abilities as a teacher in countless meetings and classes in Utah county. During the early 1960's he, along with Dr. Thales Smith and Dr. Dick Clark, presented panel discussions concerning sex education to most of the PTA's in Utah Valley. He spoke at high schools, junior high schools, and at the University; girl scout meetings, church youth groups, and women's organizations. His ability to tell stories and then make good, sound points was excellent.

He literally worked day and night through these years, and was so conscientious that his children remember many times being ready to leave for an outing or trip, having the telephone ring, and then having to wait either at home, or sometimes in the parking lot of the hospital for just this "one important patient" to deliver. Every patient was that "one important patient."

It wasn't just the patients that were important to Fred; he was always aware of the conditions of his fellowmen. There were bicycles that showed up under our tree for some neighborhood child, "Santa Claus must have made a little mistake"; missionaries that were supported; and countless acts of kindness. An example: When Fred's neighbor Betty Ashworth was ill with cancer and not accepting any visitors, he had an intuitive feeling that Betty needed something from him. He went up to the Ashworths; was told she wasn't seeing anyone; pushed into the house anyway, and played Christmas songs on her organ. It was exactly what Betty needed at that time. He had an innate sense of what other souls yearned for and needed, and he often put himself in the position to fulfill those needs.

He often had intuitive feelings surrounding the people he interacted with. Perhaps one of the most dramatic happened with the birth of his seventh child, Rosena. Ruth was due, and had been having intermittent contractions during the day. When Fred was called out in the late evening to the hospital, he told her to call as soon as the contractions became more regular. He had finished one delivery, and was waiting for another which was about to begin, when he had strong feelings that he should go home. He thought to himself that he would just finish this next delivery and then go, but the feelings persisted, and he listened. He went immediately home, and found Ruth in such pain that she couldn't even call the hospital. He

called for an ambulance, and went with Ruth to the hospital where a Caesarean Section was performed, a procedure that was the necessary treatment for a placenta abrupto. The baby had been in great stress, and following the delivery Ruth hemorrhaged to such an extent that a hysterectomy was performed. His intuition actually saved the life of both his wife and daughter.

This intuition often served him well in his professional life. Many times he just felt it was time for him to go to the hospital, and would arrive about the time the hospital staff realized they had an emergency. In the mid 60's he was in the process of delivering what he thought were twins; as the contractions proceeded, he was preparing for a normal delivery, when he felt that something wasn't quite right. For no apparent reason, at the last minute, he said, "We're going to do a section." The hospital staff was a bit surprised, because a section was usually a last resort for Dr. Kartchner. He performed the section, and discovered that these twins were joined at the abdomen. A normal birth would have pulled the twins apart, and surely caused their death.
He also showed an interesting sense of humor when dealing with patients. It was not unusual for women to call him at home because they were bleeding to a greater or lesser degree. His family often heard him say over the telephone: "Well, how much are you bleeding; is it a teaspoon, a tablespoon? How about a cup?, a quart?" Those listening to the one-sided conversation on Fred's end, would wager where he would stop, at the cup, the quart, or perhaps the gallon. On one particular occasion a very new mother had called several times because her baby was crying, and she couldn't get it to stop. He asked all the routine questions about when the baby had eaten last, if it had dry pants, etc., etc., and finally said, "Well, if you stick the baby's head in the toilet for five minutes it won't cry anymore."

Fred was happy to dispense medicine to all available when he thought it necessary. When the new Salk vaccine was discovered he brought home a large bottle of serum and everyone who walked through the door received the required dosage whether they wanted it or not. He always carried jelly beans in his pocket, available for patient's children, and his own children and grandchildren. However, before the jelly beans were dispensed a ritual had to be followed. Fred would say, "Open your mouth, and close your eyes, and I'll give you something to make you wise." The recipient, of course, complied and received the reward.

The only way he could ever relax was to go completely away from Provo. For this reason his family had many fun vacations. They all learned quickly that Yellowstone was on the way to anywhere else in the country that would be thier eventual destination. He usually slept the first day of these vacations, and by the third day was relaxed enough to start enjoying himself.

His love for music continued throughout his life. He loved singing in the ward choir. Often he would let his work at the hospital act as an excuse for his lack of desire to participate in some function or other, but not the choir. Many times he would be in such a hurry to attend choir practice that he would come straight from the hospital still in his scrub suit. His other joy was playing the organ for priesthood meeting. He practiced the hymns religiously, and especially enjoyed playing prelude and postlude numbers.

In his new home he had a sound chamber built into the ceiling of the living room, and a beautiful organ was installed. One of his methods of relaxation was playing that organ, and he did that anytime of the night or day. He was especially fond of Bach, and when he really got going the chandeliers would literally quiver. One particular warm summer evening Fred had returned home late from the hospital, and as was his usual custom had started playing the organ full blast. He played for a half hour or so and then stopped and turned off the organ He heard a great deal of applause coming through the open windows. The "parkers" on the hill

across the gully had all left their cars and were extending the common reward for a well-delivered concert.

Fred had a love and appreciation for anything of beauty, whether it was his garden, which was another major source of his relaxation, or his collection of objects d'art. In the spring of 1960, he commissioned Cornelis C. Zwaan, a Dutch portrait painter then residing in Detroit, to travel to Utah to paint a portrait of both his wife and mother. Mr. Zwaan stayed with Fred and Ruth through the spring and early summer while he painted a portrait of Ruth and Rosena, and Rose Kartchner. Fred sometimes wrote poetry.

He Talked To Me Today

She is only three.
Today, she laid her doll aside,
Looked up, and said,
"Mama, do you know what?"
"What?" I replied.

"When I was up in Heaven,
I looked down, and looked,
And looked, and looked
All over the World
To find a mama just like you
To born me."

She is only three,
And in a way,
Jesus talked to me today.

Fred was good at giving "lectures" to his children. He liked expounding on his philosophy of life and the world around him. Many nights were spent around the kitchen table with his children and their friends in conversations in which both important and perhaps not so important ideas and concepts were hashed over from many different perspectives. Friends loved to come and listen to Dr. Kartchner, maybe because it was a bit different than what they heard at home.

In addition to the long talks, many evenings were spent playing charades. When a charade game was planned the next activity was to come up with names of books, songs, and movies that couldn't possibly be guessed by the opposite team. Everyone became very proficient in signs, symbols, etc. so their team could win. On one occasion Fred, Richard and David were on one team, with Ruth and the girls on another. Fred had to act out 'Waltzing Matilda', which didn't seem like a difficult task, until he realized the Richard and David had never heard of the song. They got waltzing just fine, but when he attempted to act out Matilda to no avail, he resorted to doing just the "mat" part by engaging in a wrestling match with himself. While everyone laughed until tears rolled, and stomach's ached, he contorted his body into impossible shapes.

Fred and Ruth taught all their children to work. A quote from a letter Richard wrote: "Do you remember having Dave and I pull weeds <u>all around the yard</u>? Then it seemed like a monumental task. We did it though, and we learned. We learned how to use a hoe, how to sweat and love the feeling after a job is done well. I have incorporated much into my personality that you have exampled to me..." A letter from David: "...I'm especially grateful to you for the standards and ideals you have brought me up under. I'm glad to know what kind of future I want and what I must do to obtain it. From associating with the loggers, who have no morals or standards whatsoever, I'm glad to have been raised to know that satisfying immediate wants and desires...is not the smart thing to do. For being the father you have been, are and will be I will always love you." A note from Ken: June, 1972: ...To you I owe a love for work that helps me do whatever is required. To you I owe too a pattern of facing problems as they arise. The results here, as in your life, have been predictably miraculous."

In June of 1964, Ken was called on a mission to Argentina. Fred spoke at the farewell, expressing thanks to the many people who had helped Ken mature into the person he was. He talked about the fact that none of us live alone, and are not islands unto ourselves, but that each

human being is born with something distinctive that he is responsible for developing and sharing with others. He believed and lived that concept, willing to share part of himself and his experiences with others.

In June of 1965, Linda was married to Steven Tyler, and from that point on the house population either swelled or diminished according to the circumstances. Ken married Marianne Davis in September of 1968, and in October of 1969 Richard left on a mission to the Florida Spanish speaking mission. One year later, David left for the Philippine mission. Richard returned in 1971, but not before he had sent three of his missionary companions home ahead of him to live with Fred and Ruth while they went to school. The house was very full for several years even after the barrage of marriages started. Richard, Ellen, David, and Rosena were all married within the space of a year. Richard in April of 1973, Ellen in February of 1974, Rosena in April and David in August. Mary Ann married Steve Warner in May of 1979.

During this period of time Fred and Ruth were able to do a good deal of travelling. They travelled to Argentina at the end of Ken's mission, to Florida at the end of Richard's, and took all the children still at home to the Philippines and throughout the Far East at the end of David's mission. In 1970, they were asked to travel as chaperons with the BYU Folk Dancers on their European Tour. Fred and Ruth developed a wonderful rapport with these young people, and at the end of the tour as the bus travelled back to Nice, the dancers asked the bus driver to stop by the side of the road. "They asked everyone to get off the bus...We all walked out onto an isolated beach beside the Mediterranean Sea with that beautiful moon and soft breeze. Then came the surprise! They asked Dad and me to stand in front and then sang to us "Let there be Peace on Earth", and "God be with you till we meet Again." Then they had a line-up. The girls kissed Dad and the boys kissed me...And as each one came, they expressed their love and appreciation to us." (from An Incident, written by Ruth Kartchner)
In 1979, Fred, Ruth, Mary Ann, Ruth Hammond, Al and Melba Kartchner, and Loan Kartchner travelled to Russia. This was the last large trip Fred took, but he enjoyed the unusual experience of being in the USSR, as well as the time spent with his family.

In 1978, Fred published an article in the Utah Medical Bulletin entitled "Hypnosis in Obstetrics". In the article he discussed the renewed interest in hypnosis following its successful use with combat reactions during the Second World War. He discussed both the advantages and the disadvantages of using hypnosis during labor. This article brought Fred's career full circle. His first published article dealt with hypnosis and so did his last.

He retired from his practice on June 30th, 1979, and prepared to relax and enjoy life. That fall he enrolled in BYU taking German, writing, and swimming classes. He also volunteered to work in the Student Health Center. On October 2, a reception was held for him at Utah Valley Hospital in honor of his 30 years of service to that institution.

New Years Day, 1980, he suffered a heart attack from which he never fully recovered. On March 16 of that year, he passed away in the Utah Valley Hospital, the place he had spent the majority of his time for the past 30 years. A viewing was held on Wednesday night at the Berg Mortuary. Hundreds of friends, relatives, and patients came to express their condolences. There were many there who none of the family knew, but those people felt the need to express the help, comfort, and understanding Fred had added to their lives.

He was buried on March 20, 1980 in the Provo cemetery. He was a man of high expectations, courage and conviction; he had lived a life of service and dedication to his fellow man. He had fulfilled those dreams, and that philosophy he held as a young man of 25: "Those things depend upon the man himself - his ideals, his intelligence, his powers. . .I believe. . .that a

person endowed with average intelligence can accomplish just what he wants to accomplish. . regardless of the obstacles - time, money, sentiment. . .If this were not true, there would be no great men in the past or present. There would be no progress in the world. . ."

Ruth, his sweetheart and companion through the mountains and valleys of his life had been his strength and his salvation, and it was that relationship that was the most important in his life.

When my last leaf, dry and wrinkled
falls to earth,
I do not want crowds, cliches, nor
accolades;
Give me by my side, someone
With whom I have loved through
Spring, and Summer and Fall,
Who will hold my hand tenderly
And with peaceful faith
Cheer me on my way.

FDK, 1975.

Obituaries

Dr. Fred Dixon Kartchner

Berg Mortuary Services
373-1841

Dr. Fred Dixon Kartchner
Funeral services will be held Thursday 12:00 noon at the Oak Hills 6th Ward LDS Chapel, 2000 North 1500 East, Provo. Friends may call at the Berg Mortuary Provo Wednesday evening 6-8 p.m. or at the Ward Chapel Thursday prior to services. Interment Provo City Cemetery.

Funeral services for Dr. Fred Dixon Kartchner, 65, prominent physician and surgeon, of 2025 N. 1220 E., Provo, who died of a heart attack Sunday, March 16, 1980 at Utah Valley Hospital, will be Thursday at noon in the Oak Hills Sixth LDS Ward Chapel, 2000 N. 1500 E., Provo.

He was born Dec. 6, 1914 in Provo to Asael Wain and Rosenea Heath Kartchner. He married Ruth Elaine Taylor on June 8, 1942 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple.

Dr. Kartchner attended Provo City schools, was a graduate of BY High School and Brigham Young University and taught school in Centerfield, Sanpete County, and Lyman, Wyo., for six years before entering University of Utah Medical School.

He attended there for two years and then went to University of Colorado at Denver Medical School for his final two years of training. He interned at Salt Lake General Hospital, took his residency in obstetrics and gynecology at U of U and the Dee Memorial Hospital in Ogden.

During World War II, Dr. Kartchner served as chief of psychiatric services at Schofield Barracks and Tripler General Hospital in Hawaii. He practiced OB-GYN in Provo for 30 years, retiring in July, 1979.

He was an Eagle Scout and at the time of his death a high priest, priesthood organist and choir member in Oak Hills Sixth Ward.

He was a member of the American Medical Association, Utah State Medical Society, past president of Utah State OB-GYN Society and member of Utah Valley Hospital staff.

He had published numerous articles in medical journals and for many years gave lectures in his specialty areas throughout the state.

Survivors include his wife, three sons and four daughters, Kenneth T. Kartchner and Richard T. Kartchner, both of Orem; Mrs. Alan (Rosena) Heal, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Steven (Linda) Tyler, Monte Vista, Colo.; David T. Kartchner, Denver, Mrs. Rand (Ellen) Farrer, Eugene, Ore.; Mrs. Steven (Mary Ann) Warner, Santa Monica, Calif.; 18 grandchildren; two brothers and one sister, Alma Kartchner, Palo Alto, Calif.; Ray Kartchner, Bountiful, and Mrs. Marion (Ruth) Hammond, Salt Lake City.

He was preceded in death by one child.

Friends may call at Berg Mortuary Wednesday from 6 to 8 p.m. or Thursday at the ward chapel prior to services. Burial will be in Provo City Cemetery.

The family suggests contributions to Primary Children's Hospital, Salt Lake City.

Many Guests View Trousseau At Lovely Afternoon Fun

One of the most complete and be[illegible] seaus shown this nuptial season, was t[illegible]th Taylor, who became the bride of Fred [illegible]ner today in the Salt Lake temple.

Four-hundred or more guests attended the charming trousseau tea given by the bride's mother, Mrs. Arthur N. Taylor, Saturday afternoon at her home, and next door, at the residence of her son, Arthur D. Taylor.

Mrs. Victor I. Cartwright (Fay Clark) was at the door, and the guests were received informally by the bride and her mother. Also, Mrs. Rose Kartchner, mother of the bridegroom, and Mrs. Elroy Nelson (Alice Taylor) of Denver, Colo., the bride's sister.

The bride was pretty in a gown of robin egg blue jersey. Mrs. Cartwright wore periwinkle blue, with gardenia corsage, the two mothers were in navy blue, and Mrs. Nelson in flowered white jersey.

The rooms throughout were pretty with iris, peonies, columbines, tiger lilies and lemon lilies, in great profusion.

Mrs. Celestia Taylor sang, accompanied by Mrs. Ruth S. Colvin, Mrs. Kartchner, mother of the groom, sang also, with the groom accompanying at the piano. A group of the bride's students from the Franklin school sang four numbers, and the Misses Amy and Stella Dixon sang three duets, with Mrs. Edna Ballif at the piano. Lovely string music was played all afternoon.

Guests were served before leaving to view the trousseau at the Arthur D. Taylor home. The table was lace covered and held a centerpiece of columbines. Tiny doctor's sachels were clever as announcements. Mr. Kartchner has completed two years of medicine at the U. of U. and will continue his studies at Denver university.

Mrs. Elton Taylor was in charge of the dining room. Those pouring were Mrs. Henry Taylor, Miss Margaret Johnson, Miss Jennie Freckleton, Mrs. Ruth K. Hammond, Mrs. Ethel B. Tregeagle, Miss Alice Dixon, Miss Amy Dixon and Mrs. Rhea Reeve. Serving were Miss Dixie Taylor, Miss Nancy Taylor, Miss Julia Taylor and Miss Elaine Taylor.

Mrs. Arthur D. Taylor welcomed the guests at her home, and was assisted by Mrs. Lynn Taylor, Mrs. Elton Taylor and Mrs. Henry Taylor.

Peonies, Iris and other beautiful flowers of the season added to the charm of the rooms.

* * *

To Wed In Temple

PROVO—Rites in the Salt Lake Temple Monday will marriage Ruth Taylor [illegible] D. Kartchner.

The bride-elect is a [illegible] of Mrs. Arthur N. Taylor and Mr. Kartchner is a son of Mrs. Rose Kartchner of this city.

Miss Taylor is a graduate of Brigham Young University, and has been teaching at the Franklin School. She is a member of the O. S. social unit and Beta Sigma Phi.

Mr. Kartchner is also a BYU graduate and has completed two years at the U of U medical school. He plans to enter the medical school of the University of Colorado at Denver. He was affiliated with the Brigadiers.

A trousseau tea is being held this afternoon at the Taylor home, 256 North Fifth West Street.

* * *

PROVO—Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Kartchner (Ruth Taylor) who were wed in the Salt Lake Temple on Monday, left Tuesday to make their home in Denver, where Mr. Kartchner will study medicine at the University of Colorado.

Pres. Stephen L. Chipman performed the ceremony.

On their return to Provo Monday evening, a wedding dinner honored the newlyweds at the Taylor home.

* * *

Saturday, June [illegible]

From Provo this week comes word of the engagement of Miss Ruth Taylor (left) to Fred D. Kartchner, and the announcement of the marriage of Miss Iola Jensen (right), who is now Mrs. Gene G. Martin.

SUNDAY, JUNE 3, 1956
Utah County, Utah
SUNDAY HERALD

B-2— Sunday, February 6, 1949

Care of Children Stressed in Talk

OGDEN — Treat your baby as an individual, Dr. Fred Kartchner advised members of the Association for Childhood Education Saturday.

Urging parents to tender their offspring respect, sincerity, and truthfulness as well as love, he said emotional stability in the ault has its taproots in infant life.

"Because the infant is completely dependent upon its environment for emotional stability, it is of prime importance that pareots strive to provide security and healthy surroundings for very young children."

"Development of emotions in the infant and child" was the topic discussed by Dr. Kartchner, psychiatrist, at the Utah Power and Light Company auditorium Saturday. A brief discussion followed the lecture.

Resident physician-surgeon for the University of Utah Medical School and the Thomas Dee Memorial Hospital, Dr. Kartchner served as chief of psychiatry services in Army hospitals during the war. He was stationed at the Tripler General Hospital in Honolulu and spent a year in combat psychiatry at Saipan.

PRESIDENT — Dr. Fred D. Kartchner, new president of Utah State Obstetrical and Gynecological Society.

Provo Physician Heads State Unit

Dr. Fred D. Kartchner, Provo, has been elected president of Utah State Obstetrical and Gynecological Society, and Dr. J. Z. Brown, Salt Lake City, president-elect.

Dr. Kartchner was installed in office last week at the annual spring meeting of the society in Ogden.

Dr. James Webster, Provo, was voted a new member of the state society.

Other officers elected included: Dr. Crail Smith, secretary, and Dr Andrew Lattier, treasurer.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1951
Provo, Utah County, Utah
DAILY HERALD

Provo Doctor Hurt When Car Overturns

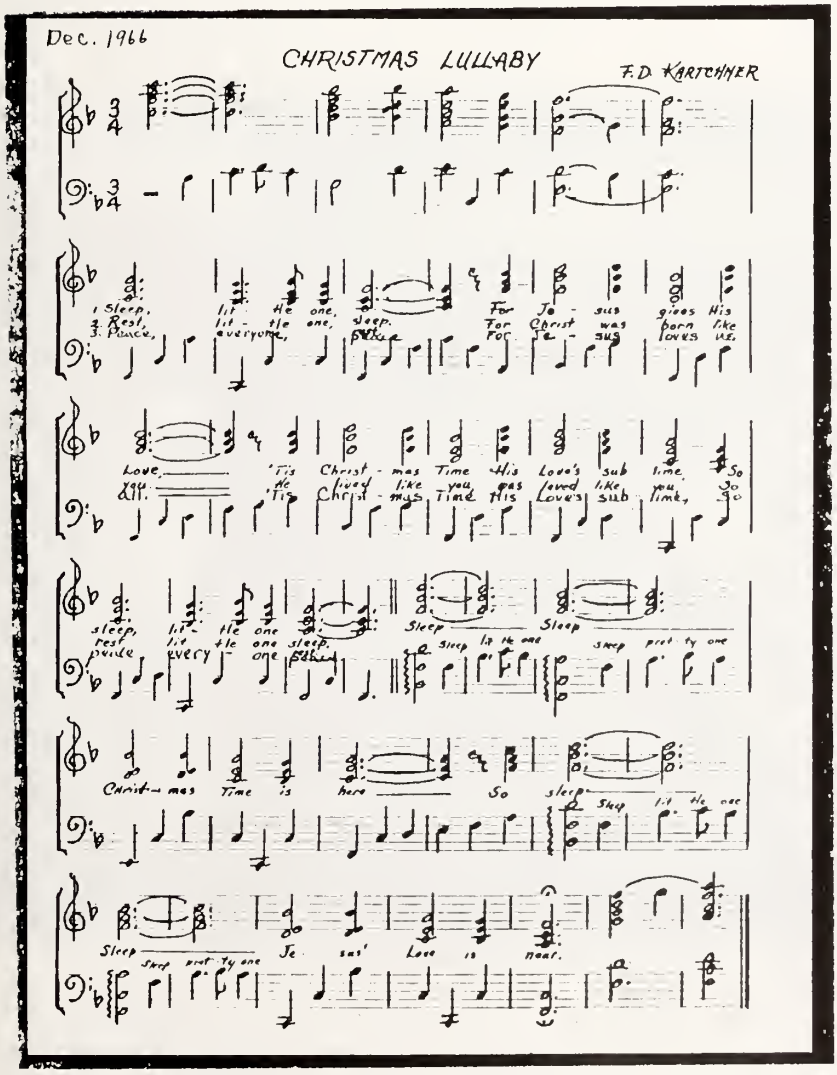
Dr. Fred Kartchner, 37, Provo physician, was in "fairly good" condition at the St. Marks hospital in Salt Lake City today suffering from injuries received Tuesday morning when his car overturned in a canal bed enroute to Salt Lake.

His mother, Mrs. Rose Kartchner, said today he has a broken arm, knee injuries and face lacerations but no internal injuries so far as can be determined. His car was demolished. The accident happened on U. S. 91 between Sandy and the Jordan high school.

Dr. Kartchner apparently dozed at the wheel, according to reports of the accident. He was driving alone and no other car was involved. His mother said he had been up all the previous night on cases, including his wife who gave birth to a son at 6 a.m. Tuesday in the Utah Valley hospital. He left about 8:30 a.m. for the Salt Lake General hospital, his mother said, where he had appointments to meet.

Salt Lake county police said the car struck the bank of the canal and rebounded one complete turn in the air, landing on its wheels in the canal bed.

Ellen, Fred, Rosena, Rose, Richard, Ruth, Mary Ann, Ken, David



After a long night at the hospital, Fred returned home, sat down at the piano and composed the music and words to this lullaby. The family, accompanied by Fred on the piano, sang the song in a Sacrament Meeting of the Oak Hills 4th Ward in December of 1966.

Ruth and Fred
Utah Valley Hospital Retirement Reception
September 1979

In July of 1979 Fred retired after thirty years of practice and the delivery of thousands of babies into this world. He died in March of 1980 after suffering a severe heart attack on January 1. Ruth continues to give love and joy to all her family and friends and has enriched many lives with her generous heart and loving spirit.

Ruth, 1992

Ellen, Mary Ann, Linda, Rosena
Richard, Ken, Ruth, David, 1993

Ruth Tyler, Kenny Kartchner, Jared Heal, Keriann Kartchner, Maria Heal, Ben Kartchner, Mark Galbraith, Nathan Kartchner, Taylor Kartchner, David Farrer
4th Row: Rand Farrer, Marianne Kartchner, Kathy Kartchner, Joyce Kartchner, Dan Tyler, Steve Tyler, Alan Heal, Kevan McCollum
3rd Row: Ellen Farrer, Ken Kartchner, Richard Kartchner, David Kartchner, Ruth T. Kartchner, Linda Tyler, Rosena Heal, Mary Ann McCollum
2nd Row: Lindsey Kartchner, Missy Farrer, Jenny Galbraith, Amy Heal, Kelli Kartchner, Hilary Farrer, Brittany Kartchner

GREAT MOMENTS

ELLEN'S BIRTH

Fred D. Kartchner, M.D. (1975)

Wives, at times, can be calmly subtle--even sneaky. One morning last Spring, my wife, Ruth, quietly asked, "If you were to choose two memorable experiences we have had together since being married, which two would you choose?" After a moments thought, I mentioned the rather hectic birth of our fourth child, which occurred at home on the floor of a pea-sized toilet room; and the second moment, a most sacred one, in which a prayer literally saved my life.

"That's interesting," she said, "I have been thinking of the same two happenings. My club has as its theme for the year 'Great Moments In History' and we have heard 'Et u Brutus?', 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do', 'I only regret that I have but one life to give for my Country!', 'Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!', 'The only thing we have to fear is Fear itself' until they are becoming rather threadbare."

At this point in the conversation, I became a little suspicious, but she continued on, smoothly ignoring the slight change in my attitude.

"Great moments in history are but experiences in the lives of individuals," she continued, "and I think we all have memorable experiences that are not only good to remember ourselves, but if told to others will add substance to an approach to their own lives."

Then, she dropped the bomb. In her subtle, feminine way, she had led me by the nose to the crux of the conversation.

"I'm glad you agree with me," she said, "Because next month I have to give the program at club, and if you will just write down those two experiences for me, I'll read them to the ladies, make my point, and at least the program will be a little different."

Here then, are two Great Moments in my own life. The first, while exciting at its happening, caused much merriment and some groaning, especially among the women, at its retelling; the second, a Moment of grief and heartache, but still a Moment for which I will forever be humbly grateful, for because of it, I have been a better husband, a more understanding parent, and a more compassionate physician.

The first event occurred in Ogden, Utah. The time, after midnight in the early hours of October the thirteenth, nineteen hundred and forty-eight. Our fourth baby had been expected any hour for two weeks past. My wife's uterus, exhibiting a familial trait of never parting with anything of value, had harbored the infant long past the estimated day of confinement. It just would not contract--as though reluctant to part with the precious mass of protoplasm which it had nurtured for the past forty-two weeks.

The apartment in which we lived was inadequate. We had hunted the City over for a place in which to live, and for which we could afford to pay, out of the seventy-five dollars a month upon which we must exist. We found it, not in the best neighborhood, just two blocks from notorious twenty-fifth Street, and next door to a mortuary. The building was composed of eight small individual unites in one large, red, brick, structure which abutted onto the sidewalk and which had been built some fifty or sixty years before.

The arrangement of the rooms of our unit was as inconvenient and old-fashioned as the building itself. When you opened the front door, you looked twenty-four feet down a dark, narrow hall into a small bedroom. To the right, a door opened into a twelve by twelve foot front room. Ten feet down the hall and to the left was a door which opened into a toilet room. This room was just large enough for the commode. The water tank was of the early

pioneer variety; wooden, fastened to the wall above your head, and flushed when a chain was pulled. It was difficult to peacefully function while sitting, because water from the tank dripped constantly on your head, and the door shut against your knees.

Opposite the toilet niche, a door opened to the right into a second twelve by twelve foot so-called Dining Room. Eight feet further down the hall, and to the right was a small room just large enough to house a miniature bath-tub; and beyond this, to the right of the bedroom, was a small kitchen. From the kitchen door, along the back of the entire building was a narrow, wooden porch. The only daylight to the apartment entered from one large window in the front, and two small windows in the kitchen and bedroom at the back.

Ruth and the two children spent their days and nights in these darkened rooms. She hung a piece of bright, red, velvet drapery in the front hall, and behind it squeezed two bunk beds, one on top of the other, in which the children slept. The beds barely fit into the width of the hall, and she was forever exhibiting bruises and abrasions on her shins; for it was difficult, in her advanced stage of pregnancy, to climb up and over the ends of the beds to smooth out the sheets and tuck in the blankets, without slipping.

I spent my days and nights at the hospital. In fact, the night that this Great Event occurred, I was chatting with Louise, one of my wife's numerous cousins, who was in labor at the hospital. I was up, dressed, and awake when the telephone rang. If I had had to awaken, and dress, I would have missed the entire exciting episode.

Louise had just commented that it would be fun for Ruth to have her baby this same night, when the nurse called me to the telephone.

"Hello, Fred?" questioningly--urgently.

"Yes." It was my wife.

"I just woke up, and I don't know whether I'm in labor, or whether I just have diarrhea." This she said rather hurriedly and tensely, as though she was having some kind of difficulty.

"Good Heavens, honey," I answered. "It's your fourth child, and if you don't know whether or not you're in labor, who does?"

"Well, I don't know," she said rather agitatedly and hurriedly, "and I can't talk anymore--I've got to go." Her voice trailed off in a rising crescendo and ended in a grunting, pushing sound that moans only one thing to an obstetrician, and to a woman in the last moments of childbirth.

"Wasn't that your wife?" the nurse asked.

"Yes, that was my wife. She thinks she has diarrhea--or something. Louise won't deliver for awhile. I'll go home and see what's going on." I picked up a sterile glove as I walked out past the nurse's station, thinking that I would need it, not realizing that what was to follow was destined to be a bare-handed job.

There was no traffic in the early morning hours, and I drove quickly to the apartment. The building was clothed in darkness. The entire neighborhood was as quiet and stilled as the mortuary next door. I stumbled onto the narrow front porch, turned the doorknob--the door was locked. No sound nor light came from within. I knocked on the door once, twice--then pounded with my fist. Still no noise. I beat upon the door again. Then, I heard a slight rustling from the hall--but still no light. The door opened, almost as if by its own volition. Still no sound--no motion.

"Ruth?" I called. No answer. "Where the Devil is she?" I thought. I groped my way to the right, through the front room into the middle room. Stumbled on a chair. Swore. Pushed the chair aside and turned left into the hall. Then, I heard a hard, firm, grunting, pushing sound coming from the toilet room. No moaning, no cry, no word--just a steady,

pressing, straining-down noise. I thought to myself, "She's been hit over the head by a denizen of Twenty-fifth Street, or else she's about the have this baby--one or the other."

"Where in the Hell are you, and what in the name of Heaven is going on!" I cried. "Where's the light switch?" I muttered as I pawed at the wall.

I found the switch, turned on the light, and there she was sitting on the toilet as naked as the day she was born. Cold water dripped onto her from the water tank above, and she was leaning forward, bearing down for all she was worth.

"What in Hell are you doing there!" I yelled--as if I couldn't tell from a glance. In only one human event does a woman strain with her abdominal muscles downward onto the rectum in this manner, and that is when her baby's head is about to extend over the perineum. In the dim light from the hall I could see Ruth's extended legs, her distended perineum, and a large surface of the baby's presenting head.
"Get off of there!" I snapped.

The uterine contraction started to ease.

"I don't know what's happening," she gasped, "and I can't get up."

"Good grief!" I thought to myself, "there's absolutely no equipment in this place necessary in the birth of an infant. We'll have nothing but a damned big mess."

"Where are the children?" I asked--as if I didn't know.

"They're asleep in the bunk-beds. I haven't had time to check."

"Where's Mrs. Wild?" I asked. Mrs. Wild lived in the next apartment and had promised to look after the children in case Ruth went to the hospital in the middle of the night.

"I don't know," Ruth answered. "She went to Salt Lake City yesterday and hasn't come back yet. Besides, I haven't had time to call her."

At this point, the uterus started another contraction. The only thing I could think was that this baby was coming right now--right here in this pea-sized toilet room--with cold water from the tank dripping down on everything--and that there would be a mighty big mess--smack dab on the floor.

"Don't push, don't push!" I barked; and with one herculean effort, I lifted her from the commode, and in some miraculous way, without dropping her, laid her on the floor--her head alongside the toilet bowl, water from the tank dripping into her face, the small of her back laid over the door-stop, and her legs, outspread, into the hall.

"Don't push, don't push," I repeated over and over as I ran down the short hall into the bedroom, snatched a sheet from the bed, ran back into the hall, placed the sheet under her buttocks just as the baby's head extended over the perineum and rotated externally to the side. The infant's shoulders and trunk quickly emerged, and a beautiful, pink, healthy, seven pound, eight ounce girl puckered up her face and started to cry.

Our third child had been a frail, congenitally abnormal infant, who had died just a year before, and the first same thought came to both of us.

"Is she all right?" Ruth asked.

"Yes, she's a nice and healthy, pink, normal female," I answered. I knelt on the floor between her outstretched legs, she remained flat on her back, head alongside the toilet bowl, water dripping in her face--and we laughed.

However, the laughter soon stopped. There were yet other things to happen. The umbilical cord had to be tied. The placenta must be delivered. I needed help.

A young girl living in one of the other apartments had been friendly with the children. I knew that I would have five to ten minutes before the placenta delivered. I ran out the back door, down the back steps to the rear door of her apartment and pounded on the door. After what seemed an interminable time, she answered. I called to her that Ruth had had her baby upstairs, and that I would appreciate her help, and would she watch the children until Ruth's sister could come from Salt Lake City later in the day to pick them up. She sleepily stumbled up the stairs behind me.

Ruth had not moved. The placenta was still within the uterus and the baby was lying on the floor between her legs screaming bloody murder.

"Where's some string?" I asked.

"String? What do you want string for?" she queried.

"To tie the cord! To tie the cord! What else?" I answered.

The uterus was contracting again. More blood was oozing about the baby and spreading onto the sheet. I had to hurry. I ran into the kitchen, frantically looking here and there for some kind of string, or thread, or something. No string. No thread. Into the middle room, into the front room. Back into the hall.

"Where the Hell's some string?" I shouted excitedly.

"There might be some in the sewing basket."

"Where's the basket? Where's the basket?" I called, rummaging here and there about the rooms.

"In the dining room, behind the door."

"Behind what door, where...where?" all the time frantically searching.

Finally, the sewing basket was located, string and scissors obtained. Back into the hall. "Merthiolate," I thought.
"Sterile technique--must have something to frighten the germs." I turned, looked up at the young girl to ask her to get the merthiolate from the shelf in the bath-tub room just in time to see her eyes glaze, to hear a moan ooze from her lips as she slumped down the wall in a dead faint.

"Oh, Hell!" I thought. "Not now--not now--now is not the time to faint!" But faint she did. I raised from the floor just in time to catch her limp body. What to do--what to do--the placenta was coming. Ruth was grunting and pushing again. The baby was screaming. More blood was flowing onto the sheet--and this chick had to faint.

With much tugging, I dragged her limp form down the hall, lifted it onto a chair in the kitchen, pushed her chest onto the table hoping her ample bosoms would keep her from toppling to the floor, ran back to my wife, tied the cord twice, severed it, poured merthiolate somewhat indiscriminately over everything, picked up the baby, stepped to the bedroom door, and tossed her onto the bed--as bare naked as her mother.

At this point another sound entered my consciousness. It was five year old Linda calling. How long she had been awake on the top bunk-bed, looking directly down onto the entire proceedings, I did not know.

"Daddy, Daddy," she was calling.

I looked up. "What do you want?"

"I need to go to the toilet."

"Well, all right, climb down and go."

She slid over the end of the beds, stepped over her mother, sat on the commode; and after the appropriate tinkling sound, edged off the commode, and as she stepped over her mother the second time, looked down and asked.

"What you doing there, Mama?"

"Your Mother has had her baby, and we didn't have time to get to the hospital. Do you want to see the new baby?"

"Yes," she answered, and as she looked at the squalling, pink mass, wanted to know, "Where are all her clothes?"

"Good grief, they don't come that way!" I answered.

As Linda climbed back into bed, another voice was heard. This one from Kenneth, the three year old, supposedly asleep in the bottom bunk-bed.

"Daddy, Daddy," he called. "I need to go the bathroom."

The same procedure was followed, only Kenneth did not want to see the new baby and ran into a corner to hide.

By this time, the show was over. Ruth rather shakily got up from the floor. I threw a housecoat around her, gathered together my last bit of strength, carried her out to the car, ran back for the baby, back again for the suitcase, got into the car, drove to the hospital where her physician met us to take over.

To this day I do not know how long the young girl remained in the dead faint, or whether ornot her bosoms kept her from falling to the floor; how long Kenneth remained in the corner, nor how much of the facts of life Linda observed from her vantage point on the top bunk-bed. I do know that our fourth child, Ellen, sent out her own birth announcements which read:

Ogden, Utah
October 13, 1948

Greetings,
From the bathroom floor.

Precipitously yours,
Ellen Kartchner

A PRAYER OF FAITH

Fred D. Kartchner, M.D. (1975)

It was a short prayer. It was a humble prayer--and the love and faith with which it was said saved my life.

In an earlier time, I used to lie on the soft warm grass and relax. There was no praying, no meditating, because the World was good, and the need for succor was not as apparent as it was at a later time. The mountains to the East, rising abruptly upward into the sky, formed great, rugged walls of protection which encouraged a comfortable feeling of safety; and the sky was sufficiently clear and expansive as to allow imagination and vague, formless hopes and ambitions to soar unencumbered. The quiet murmurings of nature provided background music--and Time stood still. That was a time in my youth. Before the horrors of a sickening, emotionally and physically crippling automobile crash, and the following despair and humiliation of drug addiction. Before the frenzied activity, unconsciously motivated, to negate feelings of helplessness, insecurity, inadequacy, and hostility. Before the loss of loved ones--and the fear of losing others. Before the forgetting of the needs of fellowmen in the reaching for personal achievements -- and before the realization that the force of a Greater Power can have no influence unless one "lies on the soft, warm grass" and meditates.

The whole horrible nightmare had its beginning the day David, our fifth child, was born. I had started the practice of Obstetrics and Gynecology eight months before, after having completed the three years of Residency training required for Specialty status. The Residency had been completed in a blaze of glory. Original research papers had been published in the national medical literature. I was trained to achieve the standards in the practice of Obstetrics and Gynecology and had a burning desire to do so.

After much consideration and careful thought together, my wife and I returned to our home town to practice medicine, to rear our family, and to be happy. We purchased a home, stepped into the basement apartment which was to become an office. This was the first of several ego-shattering experiences, occurring one after another, the sum total of which, all but completely unhorsed me.

The place looked less like the office of a well-trained, competent physician than Barbara Striesand looks like Elizabeth Taylor. The crumbling walls had been painted a dirty, brownish-green. The floor of unpainted wood showed the ravages of time, and was covered by a threadbare, unrecognizable carpet, frayed at the edges. A small dingy bedroom was to become an examination room. There were no sinks, and one had to pass through the furnace room to reach a cramped bathroom, which contained an old, white enamel tub tottering on rusty legs, a leaky toilet, and a brown-stained hand basin. Wet, curling linoleum covered a sagging floor. We sat down in the middle of the room and wept.

However, things were not as bad as they first appeared. With the assistance of two brother-in-laws--one an interior decorator and the other a contractor, the place was remodeled into a more nearly adequate-appearing office. I consoled myself with the thoughts borrowed from Shakespeare that "all that glistens is not gold" and from Arrowsmith that good medicine did not derive from fancy office space and ankle deep carpets.

But pride-eroding experiences came one after another. It was discouraging to discover that patients did not knock the office door down to seek my ministrations. It was frustrating to learn that well-established colleagues did not

view my working in their midst as a total blessing. They had their sound, effective ways of caring for patients, ways which were adequate but just a little different from those of one recently removed from the ivory towers of academic medicine. I retained my Title at the Medical School of Assistant Clinical Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology, and returned to the school one day each week to teach, and, without realizing it, to shore up my self-confidence.

This as what I was doing when the accident happened. I had spent until midnight the evening before at the hospital, had just finished a delivery, and was preparing to return home, when my wife called, informing me that she was in labor. I went home, gathered together my wife, the usual pre-packed maternity suitcase, and returned with them to the hospital. She labored in her usually peaceful manner the rest of the night, and David, a squalling eight-pound infant was born at six-thirty in the morning.

It was a Monday morning, and I was scheduled to give the opening lecture in a three day refresher course in Obstetrics at the Medical School forty-five miles away. I was tired, and if wisdom had been evident, I would have gone home, gone to bed, and slept. Instead, I returned home, shaved, changed clothes, wearily climbed behind the steering wheel of the car, drove to the highway, and headed North. From this moment until one week later, for me, Time stood still. Except for momentary flashes of awareness, my memory has remained blank for events that occurred during that week. Details of what happened at the time of the accident and during the week that followed have been told by others who were involved.

I knew I was dozing at the wheel, and remember vaguely turning into American Fork, stopping at an early morning Cafe and drinking a cup of coffee. The caffeine would keep me awake - I thought. I returned to the car and headed North again.

The Director of the State Road Commission, also driving to Salt Lake City, was in the car directly behind me, and reported afterwards that he deliberately stayed behind partly fearing an accident, and partly because of the excessive speed at which I was traveling.

Through Lehi, past the Point of the Mountain the car lunged. At the foot of the hill moving onto the plateau upon which the Jordan High School is located, he reached for his radio communication and called frantically for a patrol car and an ambulance; for I had apparently fallen completely asleep and my car, tearing up the road at seventy miles an hour, had drifted across the midline of the highway, skimmed between a tree and bridge abutment, and crashed headlong into an empty irrigation canal.

People gathered quickly. I was in a precarious situation and they feared for my life. The car engine, jerked from its moorings, had smashed backwards into the front seat of the car, all but amputating both legs at the knee joints. My right arm, crushed, dangled between the steering wheel and the dashboard. My body was pushed far to the right. A wrecker and an acetylene torch were required to free my body from the wreckage. Only the pre-crash radio call brought help sufficiently soon to preserve the spark of life that was ebbing away. I remember only regaining consciousness briefly, and murmuring to those trying to free my body, "Leave me alone. Leave me alone. It hurts! It hurts!"

Consciousness returned one week later. Confusedly at first, I struggled up only to be pushed back onto the bed. Someone was saying, "You are going to have a scar from your forehead to your chin. Lie still!"

Gradually, I became more aware, scrutinized the ceiling, tried to move my legs, but they would not move; attempted to move my right arm, but it would not.

"I'm going to have a scar from the top of my head to my chin," I moaned, "My God, what happened? Where am I?"

"You've had an accident. You're in the hospital. Quit worrying about scars. What are a few scars between relatives and friends? They are not sure, yet, but the doctors think they'll be able to save your legs. The lacerations on your scalp and face will heal. You have a skull fracture, a broken neck, and a fractured right arm which will heal, but it might be paralyzed. You're too ornery to let a little accident do you in, and you have given us all a bad, bad time. Now is there anything else you want to know before the nurse gives you another shot to knock you out again?" This was my sister talking, camouflaging her anxiety and concern by answering my questions straight from the shoulder.

The following six-week period was a nightmare of mixed emotions and pain. Two major surgical procedures designed to save the legs and the right arm each lasting over six hours in duration were carried out. However, these injuries, the operations, the skull fracture, and the broken neck were the least items of concern.

Anxieties and doubts of a different tenure crowded my thoughts at every wakeful moment. From where would the money come to provide for my family, if I could not work? Who was caring for the patients whom I had unwittingly abandoned? Would the radial nerve injury of my right arm recover sufficiently to innervate the muscles of the arm and hand? If not, how was I to practice medicine? My right hand was my surgical hand. How could I do surgery, if it remained paralyzed?

Death, himself, had leered at me, had stretched his clawing fingers towards me, and all but crushed me in their grasp. The fear of annihilation was morally devastating. Blessed relief from the emotional turmoil as much as from the physical pain was found only with shots of Demerol. A vicious cycle developed--pain, headache, leg-ache, arm ache, neck ache--Demerol--euphoria--relief. Worry, anxiety, fear, resentment--Demerol--euphoria, relief. Day after day, week after week, until pain and emotion fused together--unrelieved except by another shot of Demerol. That was the tragedy--confusion, unintended, by both physician and patient. Unwittingly, I had become addicted to Demerol. Unknowingly, I left the hospital addicted.

The eighteen months following release from the hospital were destined to become months of struggle, a battle between intense suffering from pain and a desire for relief from self-administered Demerol; between a need for self-confidence and the fear of failure; between a pathological yearning for love and the dark, enveloping dread of rejection; between acceptance for one's-self and pressure to think, feel, and be like others; between memories and nightmares of childhood catastrophes and current happenings of a similar content; between the effort to perform adequately in my profession and the horror of making a mistake in diagnosis or surgical procedure while under the influence of the drug.

Day into night and season into season the conflict raged, inching me ever nearer the narrow line separating existence from non-existence; pushing me ever closer to that brink over which one looks into a bottomless pit of blackness, of emptiness; into a well of nothingness. Oh! God! Why was it that only the Drug could bring relief?

To function as a human being became an hour-to-hour grapple. In order to avoid mistreating patients or making procedural mistakes, I held off taking medication until the office work was done for the day, or until a delivery was completed and the mother and infant were safely in their beds. As a result, every waking hour was spent in pain and misery. At first, part of this discomfort was due to the physical injuries from the accident, but unwarily, this gradually subsided and was replaced by the pain of drug withdrawal. As the hours of the day passed, intense, grinding backache increased. Nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, profuse sweating became unbearable and were relieved only by more drug. Every body cell adapted to the presence of the narcotic and refused to function physiologically unless the dosage was not only

maintained, but gradually increased. Attempts to stop the drug would produce complete physical incapacitation.

This physical incapacitation was not the only problem. The greater the amount of drug self-administered, the more likely would I "go on the nod." The physical, emotional, and mental torture would then be replaced by a state of unawareness, of semi-stupor, a state from which I could be aroused, but in which, if left undisturbed, all problems were obliviated.

Once, after completing a delivery, and after leaving the hospital, I jerked suddenly to consciousness to find myself behind the wheel of the car, off the road, and headed directly towards the river. The front wheels of the car stopped just at the river's edge. Just exactly where I was, how I had arrived there, or the time of night, I did not know.

Another time, I awakened abruptly, and found myself in a similar situation, only this time, the car was but a few feet from crashing into the engine of a freight train crossing the road. I can only suppose that the frantic warning whistle of the train roused me in time to slam on the brakes and prevent a head-on crash.

Upon another occasion, I found myself high upon the foothills. There was no road leading to the spot, and how the car had maneuvered the gullies and washes and boulder, I could not say. It was necessary to leave the car, re-orient myself by locating the lights of University Avenue and Center Street, get back into the car and return to the road inch by inch. Some Power greater than myself must have had his arms about my shoulders on those occasions.
There were other problems. Man's inhumanity to Man can be real and destructive. There exists in every society, the iconoclast, who because of his own unrecognized emotional conflicts, falls into the trap of building himself up by pointing to the deficiencies and difficulties of others. There was the young woman, who, after an unusually successful and satisfying pregnancy and delivery, sat in my office, wept, and said, "Doctor _____ told me that you were a 'dope fiend' and that you just sat and watched your patients die." There was the one who said, "We don't care about you. We are only concerned that your wife and children will not have the Degree of Glory in Heaven which they deserve - because of you." And, still another, "He will never recover. He will become nothing but a no-good bum and derelict, and when that time comes, do not expect us to take care of him." Gossip? Said? Not said? Imagined? I could not say. By this time, I was not thinking straight, nor reacting rationally - only fighting to maintain some semblance of self-respect and self-identity.

To be attacked through religion and through my family ravaged my morale. Bitterness, resentment, hate, entered my soul. The mental mechanism of projection functioned at full force, and I accused my wife of rejection, lack of love, lack of cooperation. Dear God! How could I be so confused! Why did relief come only with the drug?

How did my wife stand up under such pressure? How did she manage from day to day - caring for five small children, performing as President of the Church Ward Primary organization, helping in the office, paying the bills, making a home for a physically and emotionally ill husband - a husband, yet not a husband? How she endured, I did not know.

I found out one warm August night. Ruth and the children were staying for a few days in the family cabin in Provo Canyon. It was late, I had finished with a delivery at the hospital and had given myself what was destined to be the last shot of self-administered drug. I left the hospital, climbed into the car, started the engine, and went promptly "on the nod." I remember nothing of driving fourteen miles into the Canyon, nor of leaving the car, nor of entering the cabin, nor of sitting at the kitchen table with my head and chest leaning forward. I suddenly became aware of her presence behind me. I looked up and gazed dazedly into a face filled with compassion and grief, the like of

which I had never seen before. Her eyes were alight with an expression of love mingled with fear, and they were tear-filled to the brim. I stood, reached for her outstretched hand as she said, "Come, Fred. We're going to pray."

She led me into the bedroom, we kneeled together, and with her arms about my shoulders, she prayed.

"Dear God, help us! Help us understand the illness which Fred has. Show us the way! Show us - so that he can become the husband, the father, and the physician that we know he is capable of being!"

That was all. Slowly a stirring began in the depths of my very soul, and as it welled upward, it increased in intensity and passed my lips in a great, convulsing, uncontrollable cry of anguish. The protective coverings of my most inviolate subconsciousness were thrown aside. The cover to the well of blackness, of nothingness, was lifted. I was helpless. Stripped bare. I could do nothing but rest my head in her arms and sob. All the horrors of the present mingled with memories and fears from my earliest childhood crowded to consciousness. Insight after insight swirled upward from the abyss of my inner self and became dissipated.

Dawn had arrived when the weeping ceased. I had wept the night through. As the weeping ebbed, also vanished confusion, hate, misunderstanding, feelings of insecurity, inferiority, rejection, and of being un-loved. A blessed peace and calmness settled over the room, and I became aware of the warmth and softness of her breasts - mindful of the strength in her arms about my shoulders. Holding me tightly she was murmuring, as to a child softly, "It's all right, it's all right," and as I looked, the well of nothingness was filled with the tears of her love. I looked again, and started up the path to recovery.

It was a short prayer. It was a humble prayer - and the Faith and Love with which it was said, saved my life.

Great Moments in History? Such are but moments in the life of man - and they do happen to everyone of us.

MY REACTION TO A DIFFICULT TIME

Ruth Taylor Kartchner (1992)

This incident left such a strong, deep, emotional impact upon me that even now after 40 years it brings tears.

April 3, 1951:
I had just delivered our 6th baby, our 3rd having died at 4 months of age. This new baby was a boy, to be named David. Dr. Henry Theurer from Salt Lake had been a good friend, a resident at the Old Salt Lake General Hospital with Fred. He came down to Provo to deliver me. He and Fred visited through the night while I labored. I finally delivered at about 6 AM.

Fred was to give a lecture to the students at the S.L General that morning. Henry went back to Salt Lake, and Fred went home to tell the children and Mother Kartchner, who was staying with them, they had a new baby brother. He then bathed, dressed and left for Salt Lake.

He became real sleepy by the time he was in the north portion of Utah Valley. He stopped to buy a cup of coffee in American Fork thinking it would help keep him awake. He drove on until just on the other side of the point of the mountain he fell completely asleep and drove off the road into a cement abutment of a culvert. The car driving immediately behind him had seen him weaving and followed. As Fred's car veered off the road, the man was right there to call for help. The car was demolished, and Fred pinned in. They had to pry the door open and work for some time to be able to remove him. He seemed more dead than alive, but he was lucid enough to be aware of being taken to the Salt Lake General Hospital. There they tried to determine the extent of his injuries. There were many. Knees severely cut and smashed so that they weren't sure they could save the leg on one side, a bad break of the right arm, cuts on the face, and severe bruises everywhere. Those were the immediate, visible injuries. As they ripped and cut the trouser legs, in order to get to his knees, he objected severely as he had just eked out enough money to buy a new pair. He also demanded that no one touch him except Dr. Holmstrom, who was the Chief of Staff of Obstetrics, and Fred had worked under him when he had specialized at Salt Lake General. It really brought a smile to everyone's face to have an Obstetrician called for such an accident. The next thing Fred insisted upon was to call the hospital in Provo and talk to me. They wheeled me down to the nurses station to take the call. Fred said, "Honey, I've had a little accident. I'm at the hospital in Salt Lake, and will have to stay awhile." My heart sank, but he kept assuring me it wasn't too bad. Later Fred never had a single memory of making that call.

As he was evaluated, and the extent of his injuries found, we realized that the accident had been very serious indeed. They moved him to St. Mark's Hospital where he had to stay for many weeks.

A week after I had delivered I wanted to go to Salt Lake to be with Fred. Alice, who was living there at the time, wanted me to stay with her. So I took the baby with me (I can't remember if I took any of the others or not now). When I first saw Fred in casts and traction with cuts on his forehead, etc. my heart sank, and I began to get an inkling of idea of just how badly he had been injured. He was in severe pain and very miserable. A new drug had just come out called Demerol, which they claimed had absolutely no addictive elements to it, and it relaxed and gave him a great deal of comfort.

After about a week, they let him go home to Alice's where I took care of him, administering the shot of Demerol as needed and prescribed by the doctor. Alice and Roy and family were wonderful to us and met our every need, but we

knew we needed to get back to the family and home. Because we had no car now, Bud came up and drove us back to Provo. It was good to all be back together again. Mother Kartchner was a jewel, and I would never had made it without her and the support of others.

It was going to be a long recovery, and Fred began to fret about getting back to work. He knew he had a family to support, but he was far from well. As time went on, I began to suspect that he was asking too frequently for a shot. He would lay back and be so relaxed, and wanted the children to snuggle up with him on the bed. I finally was convinced the drug was addictive no matter what the literature and medical people said, so one day, after voicing my concern many times previously, I refused to give Fred the shot. He became extremely angry with me, and said if I wouldn't give it to him, he would give it to himself. I tried to convince him it was not good for him, but he took the medicine and gave himself the shots in spite of all my pleadings. I soon began to be aware of his personality changing. As time went on, I could always tell when he had taken it. His speech became slurred, and sometimes at night, I would find him downstairs in the office standing in a stupor, with the needle still sticking in his arm, leg, or wherever.

Through it all, he tried doing a little of his practice, often delivering babies with his arm still in the cast. He was always very careful not to take the Demoral when he was in the office with patients, or going to a delivery. But his work began to suffer, and it became apparent to the hospital and other doctors. About four of them came to the house to see me one day and said they were going to have to take Fred's hospital privileges away until he could handle his problem.

In the meantime, a few months over a year, I was ready to deliver our next little baby. It was a difficult time, and Fred was struggling with his problem as well as he could, but the addiction had really taken hold. He had gone to the Veterans Hospital for a few days a couple of times to try to handle his problem, but never been far enough away from his worries and practice to fuliy recover, and as soon as he returned home, he was back on the Demoral in order to get through his work and worry. He was still delivering babies and caring for patients and doing an amazing job of it, in spite of his problem. I am convinced it was because he had such very good training, besides being brilliant and determined to be successful. A lesser man could never have made it.

In the very early hours of July 14, 1952, he was at the hospital waiting for a patient to deliver when he had a very strong impression that he needed to get home. He told the nurses he had to go home, but would be right back. In the meantime, I had awakened with very severe pain in my abdomen. It was so gripping, I couldn't even roll to the side of the bed where the telephone was sitting on the night stand. The pain and pressure did not let up; it gripped my entire body. The three children across the hall were very young and couldn't hear me, nor could Linda or Ken who had very makeshift bedrooms downstairs. Ken's room was the converted coal bin behind the furnace, and Linda's a small room that had once served as old Dr. Kelly's make-shift office. All I could do was pray as hard as I could that somehow help would come. I will forever remember the complete relief I felt as I heard the front door open and Fred walked in in his scrub suit to find me. He evaluated the situation, called the hospital to tell them we were coming, called an ambulance to take me on the stretcher, and called Mother Kartchner to come stay with the children.

I was in pain the entire time. When we reached the hospital Fred tried to tell them it was imperative I have a C-section, as he was sure it was placenta abruptio, and I couldn't deliver naturally. It should be done quickly to save the baby, and perhaps myself. He couldn't get those in charge to listen, and some of the other doctors felt it could wait. Fred finally became so desperate that he told them if they weren't willing to take care of me, he could call the

medical school in Salt Lake and have me in the operating room in no time. I suppose it got their attention, because Dr. Webster came to my rescue and readied things for me to have the C-section, after I'd waited far too long. I didn't remember anything for some time after that, because I was under anesthesia. They successfully were able to get a live baby girl and thought all was well, until I started to hemorrhage badly. They couldn't get the bleeding stopped, and eventually had to make the decision to perform a hysterectomy in order to save my life. They did this, and after my recovery from the anesthesia I was very weak and was sure I would never recover. I had a terrible premonition that I was going to die, and I couldn't bear the thought of leaving all those little children. I did survive and went home to try to struggle with Fred's continuing drug problem, plus a new baby. It was all a most difficult period of time.

Fred continued delivering babies and seeing patients in the office. He was seeing Norman Anderson, a psychiatrist, to try to resolve his problem, and resisting any suggestion that he go back to Lexington, Kentucky to the U.S. Narcotics and Alcohol Treatment Center. He was sure he could do it on his own. I continued to drive him to Salt Lake once a week to see Norm Anderson. I drove Bud's jeep, an old Army surplus vehicle. Fred would eventually end up trying to sleep as he sprawled as best he could in the back of this old open air jeep. I would wait outside during his hour appointment then drive back to Provo. He wasn't sure Norm was helping him as he became even more hostile and angry, but through his counseling, many childhood experiences and bad times were brought to the surface. He was struggling.

Fred started back to his work far too soon. He knew he had to have transportation to the hospital, so somehow we bought a second hand station wagon, which we would need for our growing family. After a few more months of struggling with his practice, receiving counseling, feeling a great deal of responsibility toward his family, and pushing himself far too hard, it became impossible for him to quit the drug, even though he knew it had to be done. It was at this point that enough actions on his part had occurred at the hospital, that the group of doctors came to me to tell me they were taking his hospital privileges away.

Again he was angry, resentful and frustrated. But I knew his real worth, and I was determined we would get through this together. My tears and worry gave me little relief, and I had written our good friends Oscar and Lattie Noel in Tennessee to vent my frustrations and concerns. They had been dear and close friends of ours at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii when Fred returned from Saipan. They wrote me a note that gave me encouragement and assured me it was not my doing that Fred was having this problem. Ija Korner, a Clinical Psychologist, who had known Fred on Saipan as well as in Hawaii, also wrote me and assured me it was Fred's problem, and above all I should not feel guilty in any way. These were comforting words, even if they didn't solve our problem. Fred and I even made a visit back to Nashville to visit the Noels. They drove Fred over to the Drug Center in Lexington to try to convince him it was where he could get help. Fred still was not yet ready for that. He was sure if he tried hard enough he could handle his problem alone. He and I continued to work it out by going to the Homestead in Midway for a few days, or he would go back to the Vet's hospital, but as always he would hit home again, and the responsibilities and pressure would drive him back to the only relief he knew.

After they took his hospital privileges away it seemed to make him realize he couldn't do it on his own, and he told Norm Anderson he was ready to go back to Lexington for the treatment. I didn't seem to bounce back from my C-section and had taken Rosena and gone to our old cabin in Wildwood to see if I couldn't get back on my feet. Our various relatives took the other children to keep them for a while. It was while I was at Wildwood, late one night, that Fred drove up the canyon in a semi-stupor. I never knew when he left home if he would ever make it back. As he walked in the cabin he was

expressing how he loved all of us, and how he realized he must get help, but felt helpless in doing it. With tears in my eyes for this man I loved, I took him by the hand and led him into the bedroom and had him kneel down with me by the side of the bed. I knew there was only one help left. That prayer seemed to touch way down in the recesses of Fred's soul, and he determined from then on he was going to beat his problem. He drove back down the canyon and the next day called Norm Anderson to make arrangements for him to go to the Hospital in Lexington.

I felt I should go back with him to get him admitted, but he refused. He said I needed to stay with the family. Norm offered to go with him, as did other doctors, but he refused them all, saying this was his problem, and he would take care of it. As he left alone, I wondered if he would make it, or if I would ever see him again.

He told me later that as they had a change of planes in Chicago, he went into the men's room, took out his syringe, needle, and took the last bit of Demoral left in the bottle, then threw them all in the waste basket and went out to his plane for Lexington. As he entered the hospital they asked who was with him and who was admitting him. He said there was no one. He was alone. They couldn't believe he could have come so far on his own. This was another indication of his strength of character. They admitted him, and his treatment began immediately. Dr. Anderson called me from Salt Lake to tell me he had made it to the hospital and if at any time he could help me, he would be happy to do so. I was extremely relieved to know he was there.

His experience there with the withdrawal and subsequent healing and activities are written by himself in a paper that is very precious to me. After he began to come out of the severe withdrawal, he spent his time in the library and became the editor of The Key, a weekly publication put out by Addiction Anonymous. He wrote beautifully, and each issue carried one of his editorials. He also had other addicts write their feelings. The organization of A.A. met each period to reaffirm each of their desires to overcome their problem. It was a wonderful support system. Fred was held in high esteem by the other patients, and when he left they had all his issues of The Key bound for him.

In the meantime, I was very faithful in writing to him at least weekly, and also had those children who could, write to him. I kept positive in my remarks, telling him of happenings and people who wanted to be remembered. Dr. Holmstrom at the medical school had arranged for Residents to come to the office two times a week, to handle Fred's practice, hoping to keep it viable until his return, but we eventually had to give it up. They were wonderful young men, and I will forever be grateful for their help.

In the meantime, I was President of the Primary, and each week would have Linda or Ken push the buggy with Rosena and David, and I would pull our little wagon with the other young kids over to church. We dropped Rosena off at a cousins of mine, Nancy Armstrong, who cared for her while we were at Primary. It was hard, but a good thing because it kept me from thinking too much about having Fred away.

The doctors at the hospital where Fred was were extremely interested in his case because it was rare to have a patient come in who had been addicted to only one drug and had never taken any others. They were excited about his case. The treatment period was set for four months and 15-20 days to assure recovery. When Christmas time came Fred wanted so badly to come home. When I talked to the doctor he said it would be best for him to stay his full time. I wrote, pleading for his willingness to finish the entire period because there was only a few weeks left. We would all have loved to have had him home for Christmas, but I knew the importance of his staying. He finally consented. It was because it was his first time at the hospital and he had voluntarily admitted himself, that he even had the option to make the decision. It was that Christmas that I

received the anonymous and beautiful Christmas card with $50.00 in it. It looked like millions to me, under the circumstances, and although to this day I've never found out the sender, I will always be eternally grateful.

It was late January or early February when Fred was finally released, with the blessings and good will of many at the hospital. Through letters we had decided it would be a good plan for he and I to spend a week by ourselves before he hit home again and started to put his life back together. Mother Kartchner and Ethel and Deb went with me to the airport where we met his plane, and he had a chance to see some of his family. Then he and I left in our car, which I had driven up, heading for California. It proved to be the best thing, as it seemed as though we had to almost renew our relationship again in spite of the letters. He told me the continual correspondence and encouragement from me had kept him going and made it possible for his recovery. He said everyone else he had associated with felt rejected by their families and did not have the right support from them. Most of the wives had filed or had already divorced them. The doctors had felt Fred would be their classic case of success for several reasons. He had been addicted to only one drug; he had encouragement and support from his family, and he had a strong desire to be well enough again to function in the field he had chosen from his early days.

When we arrived back home the children were happy to have their Daddy back. The one thing I had long since determined to do was be honest and forthright about Fred's problem and say how proud I was of him to think he had recognized what had to be done and then had done it. It shut up the gossips immediately. We once again started to build up the practice, and because of Fred's dedication to his work, it wasn't long until he had an overwhelming number of good patients, all of whom learned to love and trust him, as well as appreciate him for his honest counseling and real caring.

All this was done with the unmentioned help of many of our family. There were some who did not understand the problem, but those who did were invaluable. My brothers Arthur D. and Bud never missed a day all the time Fred was gone to come see me and see what they could do for me. Alice and Roy were most helpful even though they lived in Salt Lake. Dear Mother Kartchner and Ethel and Deb, as well as many others not mentioned, gave wonderful service to us.

I will forever be grateful for this experience. It proved to be a wonderful success, as well a means of developing a deeper love and appreciation between Fred and me.

ANECDOTES

MY FOLKS ON FIFTH WEST

Rulon Sterling Dixon (ca. 1960)

Aldous was up last night and we were talking about Dad and I just happened to think you kids never did know him. You have read in the History of Utah about his political life, but to know him was really a joy. I haven't the ability to describe him but in my feeble way will try to give you what he was like. I think the best way would be to take a trip from our home in Provo to the Bank, about six and a half blocks.

Pop told me one noon to stick around as he wanted me to go down to John T's with him to pick up some groceries. I knew something was up as we didn't buy groceries at John T. Taylors unless it was special. He had the best store in Provo and was a director of the bank and Dad's close friend but they decided it best for us to buy at our next door grocery as "he needed the business and he banked with us". As soon as Dad was up from his nap (he always took thirty minutes after lunch) he went into the kitchen and I heard him say to Mother that he thought the Lord would forgive them for sending Aunt Annie tea and it would make a grand old lady very happy. I knew the reason now for my trip to John T.'s, as he was the only store that carried "English Breakfast Tea"; also no one would know about it.

Mother said she had some Date Nut Bread and a Pie for sister Brown and for us to drop it off on our way to the Bank. Mother told Dad to get home early and we would go to the show. Now back to Aunt Annie; she was not our aunt, a lovely character about 75 years old that was converted to the Church in England and "a spot of tea was her life". She knew it was wicked but it was for "medicinal purposes only".

As we started out Uncle Roy, Dad's brother that lived next door, called to Dad that he would drop by the bank later. You didn't know Uncle Roy but he was a man liked by every one, had terrific drive and while he died in his very early forties he had been Mayor of Provo two or three terms, owned the Dixon Real Estate Co., The Provo Ice and Cold Storage, several buildings on Main street and raised fine Jersey Cattle and Horses. He had been President of all the service clubs, a fine athlete and everyone said he was a sure shot for Governor.

The next house Aldous had built and Dad asked me if I shouldn't bring another pony down from the farm for his kids, also check on their roller skates (nothing too good for the grandkids).

In the next block was Uncle Tom Taylor's home; he was Pres. of the bank, Pres. of the Stake, Pres. of Taylor Bros., and defeated for Governor on the Democratic ticket. He was Dad's business associate and close friend. He wasn't really our uncle, but his brother Arthur had married Dad's sister.

We crossed the street to make our delivery to Mrs. Brown. Dad's brother, Uncle Charles lived on the corner. He ran the Dixon Cattle Co., was a great horseman and the worst disposition of any human I think I ever met. Next to Mrs. Brown lived Aunt Rene. She was Dad's brother Arthur's widow. Uncle Art was a great fisher and hunter and a very fine contractor. He built most of the fine homes and buildings in Provo. He had some of the best "cutter racing horses in the west". His one real fault was that he was a very heavy drinker. It was said he had married Aunt Rene when he was in his "cups". She was the daughter of the local whisky maker. He had just completed the building for the Murdock Power Plant above Heber, and was starting for home when they asked him and one of his men to help them lift a small generator. Uncle Art and his man had one side and the electricians the other. They had failed to shut off a wire and the juice went through the machine, killing Uncle Art and his man. He and Aunt Rene never had any children, that is, until about six years after his death, but then Aunt Rene had a son, Raymond Dixon, and was she proud of him. I was always led to think that Aunt Rene found him under a bush or grew him under the weeping willow tree. Any way, he was extra "activity". You kids likely know Aunt Rene as

she is still going strong and as Mother used to say, "she had a heart of gold, but wasn't very smart".

We crossed back over the street as all the "small fry" was waiting for Uncle John. It was always the same. Dad would say that he had just happened to go in Sam Kopp's (the local candy store) and had a pocket full of jelly beans, licorice and "jaw breakers" and each kid would get his favorite. He never missed and was Uncle John to every kid on the street. (Hereafter I am printing the document exactly as Rulon wrote it, with no paragraphs, so you can get the flavor of his way of writing. RTK). Grandma's Dixon's old home was in this block, Uncle Arnold, Dad's youngest brother, lived in it, he worked in the Bank with Dad. He was a very good boxer and spent a lot of time with us kids in a little gym he had in the barn. He gave me the first bantams I ever had. Uncle Art Taylor lived next to him (Henry, Lynn, and Art Taylor's Dad) he married Dad's sister and they owned the 8 Dixon-Taylor-Russell Stores. In the same block was Aunt Louie, Dad's brother Walters widow. (Buck and Sanky's Dad) Dad checked to see if everything was under control. Aunt Louie was a very fine woman but a very poor manager. Uncle Walt died when a very young man. If a vote had been taken he was an easy winner as the best liked man in Provo. He was bookkeeper at Taylor Bros. Had been a star athlete, a camera fan and wrote to everyone on birthdays etc. including a picture of them or their kids, generally hand colored with a little verse he had written for the occasion. The verses just dripped with good old fashioned sentiment, but did people love it.

The Catholic Church (a basement at this time) was having its face lifted, a regular bee hive of activity. Father Delaire was directing the onslaught but stopped when he saw Dad. Dad asked him how he ever got so many out to work and the good father said he had showed the boys the errors of their ways and if they didn't repent where they would go, and how the Lord would like to see the grass grow around His Church. He then thanked Dad for sending him the seed to plant, as they couldn't have been able to buy it. I kidded Dad "Well, weren't they Christians and if we didn't see alike there was no reason why they shouldn't have a nice lawn, and the way it looked before it was a black eye to the street and if I ever mentioned it he would break my neck". A little way up the street we met a couple and Dad gave me the high sign to make my self scarce, you know I wouldn't snoop but I did hear a little, how glad they were that they didn't run away to get married and thanked Dad for getting all together and working things out. The kids were happy and the parents were happy and Dad was happy. As near as I could get the details it was a deal about like this (one guy said to the other "whatever got into Jones to marry the Redhead and his pal answered "buckshot"). We now were approaching main street (he meant center street) and covered 4 1/2 blocks (without incident) when Dad spotted a Dixon Coal and Ice Co. (yes he and Uncle Roy owned it) loading coal and stopped the driver. He said Jake, when you get time take some coal and kindling over to Brother Jones, tell them you was hauling a load up to Dixons and John had asked him to dump a little off (just 2 tons), well hadn't Bro. Jones been sick for a long time and didn't he and Uncle Roy have a good coal year). We finally made main street (Center St.) and the first place of business was the Blumenthal Plumbing Co. a large building and Henry B. had a very large business (he was a Mason, and didn't bank at the bank). Henry stopped Dad and told him he was bringing the visiting big shot of the Masons to meet Dad that afternoon. Next was Ducketts Barber shop; Dad asked me if I was still getting my hair cut there (what if Brother D. did put a bowl over your head, it was just to keep you hair line even, and wasn't to keep from cutting your ears off as I had insisted). Didn't Bro. D. need all the trade he could get as he was a recent convert from England and didn't he bank with the bank; and after all in two weeks time no one would know if it was a good or bad hair cut). Next is Sam Kopps and his daughter Clara came out to tell Dad that she and Jerry (her boy friend) were going to be married and thanked Dad for speaking to her Paw in Jerrys behalf. It seemed

every time "Clarie" had a boy friend that Sam would chase him away "as none of them was good enough for Clarie" and Clara was no spring chicken. Dad had it doped that Sam just didn't want to lose a clerk that was for free, so Dad pointed out that Jerry was off Saturday and Sunday and it was Sams two big days and he could pinch hit for Sam and Dad said he needed the rest and he would not only make "Clarie" happy but have another clerk for free. When you open the Kopps store door you nearly passed out unless you were German and then it was another world. Not only the best assortment of penny candy this side of Denver but open 10 gallon barrels of pickled pig feet, pickled herring, dill pickles, sweet and sour pickles; cabbage in red, mixed, sour kraut, dried fish etc. In the case every kind of cheese or cold cuts you can think of direct from the "fatherland" and in the back I heard he sold "schnapps" and dirty paperback books. All in all Sam owned half of main street, on the west end that is. We then passed Bro. Andersons meat market (what if his meat was a little tough and the shop, a little dirty, the understatement of all time, didn't he need the business and didn't he bank with the bank, and wasn't the bank going to let him have the money to remodel if he would just stock first grade meat and clean up the joint). On the corner Louie Guadio races out and puts a cigar in Dads pocket for number twelve (the strongest kid you ever saw) so says Louie and asks Dad if he couldn't stand just one "snort of Dago Red" real stuff as he had made it himself. Louie ran the "Shoes Best Friend", a new heel or a retread all material the best. We pass the next two as they didn't belong to the Church or bank at the bank.

As we start to pass Steve Bees (the local saddler) Steve tells, it just so happens this very morning he took a used harness in on a trade and he just knew Johnny could use it on the farm. We looked it over and boy had this harness "ever had it" but with a little repair work Steve said it would be as good as new (and would cost as much as a new one). I finally talked Dad out of it. If I could get Dad by Al Vans, he sold Saxon cars and he had a used one that Dad could buy to take the parts off it to keep the other running (you always purchased Saxons in pairs, one to pull the other home), but Al wasn't around but we did look at the car and was it "a fugitive from the junk yard). Our local blacksmith called us to come over and look at a new Saddle Horse that Will Knight had just purchased in Kentucky, and was it ever a beauty. Mr. Knights stableman put him through his paces; he was really something. By the time we got out of the blacksmith shop Dad had purchased a used plow and cultivator (it just so happened he had Johnnie in mind when he took them in. I told Dad it just so happened he had us in mind and we were TAKEN IN, but Dad said he had an invalid wife and he banked at the bank didn't he?)

The last was Dotties Shoppes. Dot had "elegant what nots for the ladies". The bank rented her the building and just had it re-decorated for her and nothing would do but for us to look it over. Mother would tell you (with lifted eyebrows) that Dot was a "Sport" in fact it was said that she went out with the "drummers" that sold her stock and she had been seen in the back room of Sam Kopps imbibing schnapps, but then as Dad used to tell Mom she took good care of her sick mother and paid her bills and Mom said, "Who couldn't pay their bills with boy friends like Dot's?" As we arrived at the bank we met Big Al and his wife Lucy, they thanked Dad for paying Big Als fine and he promised never to touch another drop. Dad asked him where he got the black eye and he nearly "busted with pride" when he told us Lucy had socked him; now Al was a 250 pounder and the best hod carrier in Provo and Lucy weighed about 90 pounds dripping wet and was she sorry she had to sock Big Al but he was shaking her something shameful, but then the neighbors had to call to get the cop as it was just a "friendly spat". At this point Dad's steno called to him that the Governor was waiting in the directors room for him so he said, "Sterl, be on your way to John T's." He always called me Sterl when he wasn't mad at me; when he was mad, I was called other things). As I passed the Sutton-Chase Drug Store they called me in to see two

game fighting cocks that they had just shipped in from the deep south. We took them out of their boxes and they were real nice ones. By the way, I had a very select group of these birds, but I didn't fight them. That is not since Mom and Dad, returning from conference one time, caught us having "a main" (a cock fight to you) in our living room. As I pointed out to my irate parents, we couldn't hold it in the back yard or we would have all landed in the "pokey." As we were going to the show that night and I was passing "The Ellen" I looked to see what was being shown. When we went to the "show" it meant an early dinner then Dad, Mom, Sis and I would walk (we always walked) to the show. Before leaving home we would decide the show we wanted to see but we all knew it would be at the "Ellen" (wasn't the Epperson boys that owned it having a hard time to make it, and didn't they bank with the bank). Also the other shows were owned by "outsiders" and none of them banked with us. We would take our time and window shop and greet all our friends. When we got to the Ellen Dad would say this looks pretty good so in we would go, the film made no difference to Dad or Mom as they were both asleep in five minutes, no matter how hard they thumped the piano (they followed the picture and made up the music to fit the scenes) didn't even disturb them. When Dad had slept for about an hour we would shake him and tell him the show (if it happened to be dull) was over and then we would walk up to Corys. Mr. Cory had a pop corn and peanut wagon on the corner of Main & University. One of those glassed in jobs that would have just enough for him to get in on stormy nights. Now Mothers passion was fresh roasted peanuts,roasted to a delicate tan, & Cory was the only one in town that could do. If it was fall or winter Dad would ask Sis & me if we didn't want to get a meat pie or a tamale, boy when he opened up that boiler and the odor hit the night air it was the best. If you had a pie Cory had a big can with a spout on it that contained the "magic liquid" and he would give the pie a couple of squirts of this. If you were really daring you would get a tamale; they were in heavy corn husks and you would peel them like a banana, and it was a real trick to eat them. I never could remember if they had hot dogs or hamburgers in those days but I think not. We would now start home and I would run in Hansens Candy Store and get "four bits" worth of Coconut delights for Mom or if it was summer we would all go in.

Now Hansens made a "Golden West" that was a sight to behold. Don't be so crass as to think it was just a banana split, it started out that way but from there on out any similarity was just accidental. A split banana, a scoop of strawberry ice cream, one of vanilla, and one of chocolate, with your choice of syrups. Around the banana brandied fruit with a cherry on top, this was the plain one but the (de-luxie one) at a slightly higher price was "smothered with pecan halves, with a rosette of whipped cream on the ice cream and a candle stuck in the strawberry & chocolate and an American flag in the center of vanilla. When they served it they would light the candles with a flourish and everyone around you would look on with envy, really a thing of beauty (and about 2000 calories and about as many nightmares in each one) but I loved every spoonful. Then on home. Dad & Mom used the sleeping porch winter & summer no matter how cold. Mom always had at least one foot out of the covers, "she just seemed smothered if she didn't". When I stopped day dreaming, I went into John Ts. and he had fixed up the groceries in a basket. Was it ever a beauty; he added another "tin" of English Breakfast Tea" as it was hard to get. Mom had ordered assorted goodies all from the "old soo", he had added a fruit cake, fruit etc. and as Lee Chings Noodle Parlor he had included a few slices of chicken and some roast beef. He told me to tell Aunt Annie to be sure and eat the meat before it spoiled. As the basket was heavy he had the driver of his delivery wagon take us to Aunt Annies. Also Mom had called for a few groceries as he and the Governor were dropping in for a snack a little later. Dad never did take anyone out to lunch, wasn't Sarah the best darned cook in the State? and if it was one or a dozen it didn't seem to bother Mom.

I know this is a weak attempt to give you a little peek at your Grandpa. He would no doubt have spoiled you, because he knew what kids dreams were made of and as far as he could he made them come true. You would have had the (mostest and the bestest) as didn't we have any toy, basket balls, bicycles, etc. at Taylor Bros. and the finest ponies in the State on the farm.

When he died it was a fact that they put out special editions of the paper, that the flag was at half mast on the State Capitol, that they closed all business houses during his funeral, that hundreds packed the tabernacle and hundreds turned out (likely the largest funeral Provo ever had) the many offices that he held from a city commissioner at 21 years of age until he was asked to run for Governor, but as one paper put it "hundreds from EVERY WALK of life, paid their respects to John De Grey Dixon. It was "every walk of life" that best described him, from the town drunk to a Governor they were his friends, and in Dad you had a man, of boundless energy, great ability, tremendous loyalty, and as one paper put it stood like the rock of Gibraltar asking no quarter, and giving no quarter if he thought he was right. In dealing with people as one man put it "he just oozed the milk of human kindness" but for himself he had a code of ethics that it would take a saint to live by, he was a true christian not because it was expected of him but because he wanted it that way. If he had a fault (besides his yen for second hand bargains) it was that he thought there was good in everyone and they sometimes let him down. If you had asked him what inspired him most he would have said his wife Sarah. What did I like about him best? It was "that Sarah was his 'best girl' until the day he died". What a guy.

It was at Dads funeral, one of the really tragic days of my life. There are two things I can recall. First the hundreds of people that filled the Tabernacle and the other hundreds on the outside and the second as we stood to go out after the service was over I looked for a fraction of a second at the hundreds of people I saw "my friend Erma" she was in the gallery the full length of the Tabernacle from me with her brother Roy, and I was so very happy I knew her. I thought I might have been seeing things so I asked her if that was where she was sitting and it was. In this life if you look in the right place at the right time you can find something or someone that will
soften the blow.

AUNT RENE ON FIFTH WEST

Ruth Taylor Kartchner (1993)

Aunt Rene was married to my mother's brother Art. She was widowed early on, because Uncle Art was electrocuted by a live wire in the Heber Area while repairing a power plant there. Her father was the local whiskey maker. Uncle Art had the problem of being a heavy drinker, and it was said he married Aunt Rene when he was in his "cups". He and Aunt Rene had never had any children, that is until as one of my cousins stated, about six years after his death, and then Aunt Rene had a son, which carries a story of its own. I only know Aunt Rene was a real character and one of the biggest hearted, kindest persons on our street.

Although Raymond was a year or so younger than me, he played with all of us like any other cousin. I have fond memories of going to Aunt Rene's and eating new bread that was hot out of the oven and smothered with butter and jam. It was always a thing of wonder to me how she baked her bread in round, rather than flat loaves, and when slicing it would pick up a knife, holding the bread in the other hand and against her body and then slice TOWARD her. The wonder was that she never slipped and cut herself wide open with that big knife. She did many compassionate acts to all those about her, and really looked after Uncle Charles' family after Aunt Virginia died following childbirth.

Another wonder about Aunt Rene was that she always seemed to have kid curlers in her hair, that is until afternoon when she would remove them, comb her hair out to a fuzzy bush, put on make-up, clean dress, take her black umbrella and make her daily visit and walk "down town". She seldom bought anything, but it was a real ritual. She had a high, cackling laugh which anyone would recognize immediately.

One of our choice recreations was to wrap a burlap sack around our bottoms and slide down the swift water from the "main ditch" which ran in front of our house. Aunt Rene always kept a sharp look-out for any or all of the kids when then were "swimming" in the ditch. More than once, she saved a life of some kid who couldn't get out before being swept under the bridge. She would do her "dash", grab that child, and pull him or her to safety. It was usually the new-comers that had this problem. Most of the rest of us were real 'pros' at the task, knowing at just what point to get out.

She visited Aunt Lou, every day. Aunt Lou lived on the same side of Fifth West as we did and had been widowed also. To get to Aunt Lou's she had to cross the street. I remember watching Aunt Rene leap across that main ditch as gracefully as any gazelle and dodge any cars that might be passing by. That "leap" was another of the things we all admired about Aunt Rene. She truly had a "heart of gold" to anyone in need, and perhaps her earlier life was part of the charm and endearment that so many of us kids felt.

There were many such endearing and grand people I was fortunate enough to be raised around, and I'm grateful for it.

MUSIC AND FRED

Ruth Taylor Kartchner (1994)

Fred must have been born with an innate love and talent for music. As a very young child he often heard his Mother singing. Due to their humble circumstances, there was not much opportunity for lessons, even though he had shown a talent for playing the piano at an early age. His Mother took in washing to earn a living for her family, and through an arrangement she made with one of her customers, a music teacher, she washed and ironed for that customer in return for a few piano lessons for Fred. He took lessons for only a few weeks, but it was enough to give him the start he needed. As he improved himself, he often played as an accompanist for his mother as she sang at funerals or other functions.

After graduation from the BYU, he got a job teaching in a grade school in Centerfield, Utah. A music teacher used to come through that part of the state once a month giving lessons to the far-out little communities. Fred took advantage of this and once again was able to perfect his innate talent for the piano.

The following three years he taught grade school in Lyman, Wyoming. Again, he had to have an outlet for his music, and put on several operas and operettas using both his school children and members of the community as well. He played at every opportunity he could, and would practice for hours on his own.

When it was our good fortune to build our new home on the hill, Fred had the architect, Willard Nelson, design a large sound chamber above the living room for the organ he had been saving for for several years. It was installed, and was the means of hundreds of hours of enjoyment for Fred, as well as others who listened.

Across the gully, on the north side of our house was a vacant lot, where many young lover's came to spend hours over-looking the city lights, as well as enjoying one another's companionship. It became known as "Passion Flats". One Sunday afternoon, as we were relaxing in our living room, Richard, looked out of the window and asked, "Why are there so many cars parked over there? What are they doing?" His Dad said, "Why don't you go ask them?" Promptly, Richard being, quite young, but very inquisitive, marched over as we all watched from the window. He walked up to one car and knocked on the window. Two heads shot up into view. Through the car window, a conversation was going on between Richard and the fellow. Then Richard turned around and trudged on over home again. His Dad asked, "Did you find out what they were doing?" "They said they were doing nuthin', but they were really a-huggin".

The organ proved to be a means of relaxation for Fred. It was not uncommon for him to come home at wee hours in the morning, and before retiring play the organ. During the summer our doors would be open to catch the evening breeze from the canyon. Many evenings, after several pieces had been played, we could hear applause from several of the cars parked on "Passion Flats". Many of the neighbors have mentioned to me often, of how much they enjoyed hearing Fred play the organ, as it drifted around the hill.

As has been mentioned, Fred loved singing in the choir, and they loved having him. He seemed to keep things lively, and between him and Bobby Allen, in both Priesthood meeting and the choir, one could always expect the unexpected. Often Fred would have just finished delivering a baby, and rather than take the time to get into his "civies", he would arrive at choir practice in either a white or green scrub suit so he could sing. It was just one of the

things members of the choir eventually took for granted. Fred even wrote his own Christmas Lullaby, inspired by one of his patients' small child.

Following are some remarks made about Fred by Lalah Matheson in a Sacrament Meeting dedicated to Ida Lee Beckham, another great musician that was a member of the Oak Hills Sixth Ward.

> Fred Kartchner sang tenor in "my" Oak Hills Fourth Ward Choir in 1968-1978. We met for rehearsal at 7:00 on Saturday mornings. It always truly amazed me and the other members of the choir to see Fred in his white scrub suit walking into the chapel on his way home from the hospital after delivering a baby.
>
> Music was very important to Fred and it was a part of his busy life. He loved to participate. He told me that when he was a little boy, his mother would gather the children around her and the family piano. She would play many songs such as "Sing Me To Sleep", and the Latter Day Saint hymns. They would sing and sing! I could tell that this was a very tender and special memory for Fred. It was the beginning of his great appreciation for good music.
>
> He grew up to be a fine Obstetrician and Gynecologist, but he was also a fine musician. At times he purchased music for the choir. "I Walked In God's Garden", was one of these numbers, and was a favorite of Fred's.
>
> Ruth sang in the choir with Fred. It was such a joy and a pleasing memory to have these two wonderful people contribute their talents and share the experience with me of making good music for the people of the our Ward.
>
> "Beautiful music enables us to climb the spiritual mountain top of oneness with God--that we may light again the candles of our spirits and return as new to the valley and our work."

The above was given to me by Lalah, after I requested a few of her remarks on music that she had given in a Sacrament Meeting dedicated to Ida Lee Beckham, another great musician-member of our who ward had recently passed away. Ida Lee was the organist for Lalah's choir, as well as a faithful member of other choirs in the Oak Hills Sixth Ward.

WORLD WAR II EXPERIENCE:SAIPAN

Excerpted from the Journal of Fred Dixon Kartchner

During WWII Fred and a few other physicians were called to experiment with some of the acute battle reactions of the servicemen in the South Pacific. Selected entries of his diary graphically and poignantly describe some of his experiences. He wrote that the ultimate purpose and function of their unit was to set up a neuro-psychiatric center for men with acute battle reactions created by their fighting on the front lines. They were expected to respond to treatment with the new theory hypnosis and group therapy. This is only a small part of his journal.

April 7-12, 1945

Almost two weeks on Saipan. I never thought a few months or even weeks ago, that I would ever spend time on this Island in the Mariannas.

We did leave the ship on the morning of the second, carrying all our gear and valpacks down the ladder to the small boats that carry 50-75 at a time to shore. Picking the way between mines and boats took a good 30 to 45 minutes to get to the partially constructed dock.

From the docks we were driven across the island to the Magicienne Bay on the Eastern side of the Island, and deposited in a quonset hut in which we will stay until our quarters are finished. Along the road were growing coconut, banana, and breadfruit trees. There is also much Papaya.

We have not been able to function as a hospital and have had much free time. We have examined the two native villages, really cities of 6,000 and 12,000 which were completely destroyed when the Island was taken. Only bare walls and shattered foundations remain. Everywhere, particularly along the beaches are wrecked Japanese and American tanks and amphibious boats. Occasionally dried bones can be found. The Island was taken at a price.

There are at least three American cemeteries on the Southwest shore. The white crosses are neat and evenly placed, each with a name, rank, and serial number inscribed on them. There are many labelled, "unknown". These are most sobering. There are some 20,000 Jap native civilians interned and kept in a camp near the cemeteries----off bounds, of course.

There are still some Japanese snipers on the Island. Mostly at the northern end in the numerous caves. However, as long as we stay in our area, especially at night, there's not much to worry about.

The hospital is to function as a station hospital, handling medical and neuro-psychiatric casualties from the Island and from the Rijukyiis campaign. A hospital ship is on the way from Okinawa now and we are being crowded to open up, although there are still no lights, or water, or mess facilities ready yet.

April 29, 1945

Just ten days ago today, we received our first patients - 250 at one time, followed by 200 the following day.

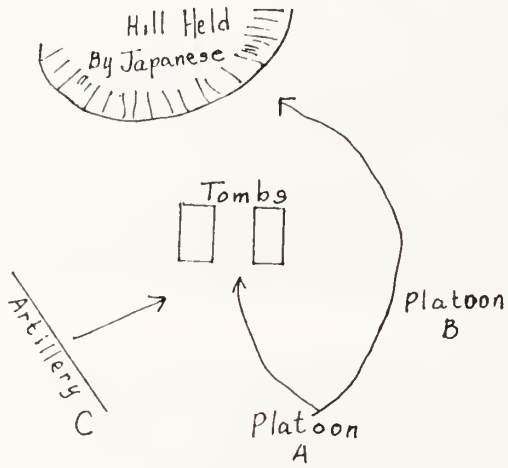
Needless to say everyone has been working like mad since. Just last night, I made written notes on the last chart and today have had a little less to do.

Because of the course at Mason General (Long Island, N.Y.), I have been assigned to the neuropsychiatric wards and almost two thirds of our patients are N.P. casualties. My share of the patients mounted up to sixty-eight patients and that many in two days is an over-whelming load. The patients most acutely ill, I put on sedation and the rest I wrote some routine

orders. Each morning I have been seeing each man on rounds, picking out the more seriously upset patients, taking care of them first, and then as time allowed, have worked up the remaining.

The Okinawa campaign is being more difficult than we dare officially admit at this time. D-Day was April first, Easter Sunday, and for four days there was very little resistance--and then suddenly all Hell broke loose. The Japs had "zeroed" in artillery placements and were ready to blow up American positions by previous calculations. Besides a new, black "Baka" bomb about the size of a man was introduced by them and took our men quite by surprise. No campaign to date has had the severe artillery and "Baka" bomb resistance.

The patients I have are men who broke completely and acutely following six to ten days of this type of resistance. The stories they can tell indicate the severity of the battle. One fellow said he got along well until his platoon was almost entirely wiped out by his own artillery fire who had been ordered to fire by a replacement officer after the company's original officer had been killed. This crude drawing may help to show the condition.



Members of platoon A were to go to the catacombs and hold the position. B was to attack from the right. Some 40 men of platoon A had reached the tombs and all but 8 were killed, by the fire from C. Such a situation is enough cause to break a man's spirit.

The stories of men seeing buddies blown to bits, seeing heads fly through the air, and hearing screams and groans of the dying fill every chart.One fellow "blanked out" when he was hit in the stomach by the head of his best friend, who had been blasted from an adjoining fox hole. Such experiences are traumatizing.

Most of these men are fundamentally well adjusted, healthy individuals, some have been in four and five campaigns and have experienced the ravages of debilitating tropical diseases - they are tired, and need rest and some pleasant thought. Of course there are always those that are slackers and will do anything to get out.
We are here to conserve the fighting strength and to prevent this experience from making the soldier neurotic for the rest of his life. On the wards now the men jump and cry out in fright like animals at any slight sudden noise sounding anything like a report of a gun. They have battle dreams at night, writhe in bed, cry out in their sleep, and wake up with pounding hearts, a feeling of restriction in the chest and drenched with perspiration. Along with these men are the slackers just bucking to get out of an unpleasant situation. All in all the problems that arise are exasperating and at the same time heart rendering. I am going to become sympathetic and develop an understanding of the frailties of the human being or else become as hard as the proverbial nail.

Last Thursday one of my ward men came running to me at the mess hall and reported that one of my patients was trying to burn down the ward. Sure enough, investigation revealed that he had quietly obtained two quarts of gasoline, spread it on the floor, and was asking for a match to "burn the disease out." He also was seeing snakes and refusing to eat because of "bugs in the food". We are even getting acute Schizophrenic episodes.

I am still drinking from Lyster bags, shaving, washing, and cleaning clothes out of my helmet. We do have showers now and sheets on the cots, so life isn't too uncomfortable.

The stage setting, again, was most beautiful. It had as a backdrop huge, well-trimmed palms that were spot-lighted just right. It was a large stage which made dancing for them easy. As they turned the stage lights off after each nations' performance, it left only the lighted palms, plus a gorgeous three-quarters moon, along with a soft warm, night. Beautiful!

Following the performance, we boarded our bus and started back to our hotel, singing all kinds of songs. About mid-way back to Nice, they had the bus driver stop and pull over to the side of the road, then asked everyone to get off the bus. I couldn't imagine what was happening. We all walked out on an isolated beach beside the Mediterranean Sea with that beautiful moon and soft breeze. Then came the surprise! They asked Dad and me to stand in front, while they stood a little apart as a group and sang "Let There Be Peace," and "God Be With You." I stood there with Dad, the tears just gushing. It was one of the loveliest moments of my life. Then they had a "line up." The girls kissed Dad and the boys kissed me. I thought my ribs would crack on a few of them. Many of the girls also came to me. And as each one came, they expressed their love and appreciation to us. They are truly wonderful young people with high ideals, and what a blessing to us all. I felt how privileged we were to have such wonderful children of our own as well as being associated with these young people.

For the rest of the way home, we sang and played a game we had learned from the Czech dancers at Santarem, Portugal. It was I:45 A.M. when we arrived back at our hotel. We had just gone to our room, when a knock came on our door, and outside in the large hall by our room was all the crew. They wanted us to join them in family prayer. We all knelt down. They asked Dad to give the prayer, which he did so beautifully. What a fitting way to end an unforgettable day!

7-21 JUNE 1970
SANTAREM, PORTUGAL

MEMORIES OF THE THIRD WARD CIRCUS

Ruth Taylor Kartchner (1993)

I spent over two hours with Uncle Bud yesterday and found out some most interesting material, some of which I had never heard because it happened before I was born. We laughed until the tears rolled down our cheeks as we recalled "the circus" held in the old amusement hall of the Third Ward, and because I was very young at the time, many of those memories were rather vague in my mind, so Uncle Bud refreshed the details.

The amusement hall had not been finished. The circus was to be a means of helping to get some money to finish it off. It still had the dirt floor, and no easy way to get in. They arranged it so that you would have to slide down a chute from the Relief Society rooms which were on the second floor to get to the circus. In the basement were all the side shows and other entertainment. In a cage they had Will Norman (a partner of my Father's in organizing D.T.R's) all dressed up as The Wild Man from Borneo. He looked fierce! Then my brother Elton, who was also in a cage, with a big bear skin rug over him to represent a bear. (he nearly smothered to death). Sanky Dixon, my cousin, was the "two-legged calf." He stood behind a curtain, with only his bare legs--the calves--showing. The kids would reach under the booth and put their ice-cream cones against his bare legs, and they nearly froze him to death. These stories went on and on, and we had a wonderful time recalling old happenings of the Ward.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MOTHER'S DAY

In May, 1947, we were living in the old Kalihi Ward in Honolulu. We had just recently been transferred down to Honolulu from Schofield Barracks, which was in Wahiawa. In February of that year I had received word that my mother had died of Cancer. I wanted so desperately to go home for the funeral, but the Army would not give me permission to leave. I was pregnant with our baby Elaine, and things had not gone too well with the pregnancy. It was a difficult time for me, but with the love and concern of Fred and our many good friends there, I was able to adjust to not going home at that time.

In the Kahili Ward, they had all the mothers sitting in the choir seats. It was an old, but beautiful chapel, perhaps one of the earliest in the city. I can even remember the dress I was wearing--a turquoise, with pearls at the neckline, and the most beautiful pink lei you can imagine that Fred had given me. It was my first year without my Mother on Mother's Day, and as the beautiful words and music were given, the tears flowed down my cheeks as I remembered what a wonderful influence my Mother had been, and how much she had given me in the special home I grew up in. I was blessed indeed!

GUIDE PATROL

Ruth was the Primary's Guide Patrol program for many years. Below are a few accounts by some of her scouts, as well as others, of her years of service.

18 June 1968

It was getting dark like it does in the summer at about 7:00, and ten young "guide patrollers" were impatiently waiting out by the foundations of the church for things to get started. They were hungry and anxious to try out their new skills in fire building and cooking. It took a good while to construct a fire because it had to be done right. With painstaking care they built a carefully planned structure so they could be real scouts and light it with only one match. Triumphantly they watched it really catch fire. Each then proudly produced his own self-prepared, boy scout manual recipe, tin-foil wrapped, leaky, messy, raw supper. They looked at the fire, then at their tinfoil packages, then a little hesitantly back at the fire. With a gulp and a reassuring look from their smiling leader, they gingerly inched their dinners into the fire. The crucial wait began. Every 30 seconds someone would ask "Now?" "Not yet," came the seasoned reply. Trust in experience began to wax thin, but finally she said "They should be done now." The eternal law that "things that have just been in a fire are hot" was flagrantly ignored at first, but rapidly and loudly reaffirmed giving them yet another chance to employ new skills--this time first aid. Never before have hamburgers and baked potatoes. that tasted so much like dust and ashes, been eaten with so much relish (no pun intended). Thusly those 10 guide patrollers started on the road that would lead them to many more memorable scouting experiences and a love of nature that will never cease to grow.

But those little boys received much more from Sister Kartchner that just that. They were taught that the meaning, the real meaning of the scout law, can only be found by living it. They were given an example of respect and love that will never be forgotten. They were taught the gospel principles by seeing them in action. In effect they were given a necessary, strong but gentle push along the road to becoming a son of God. The Lord said something like this:

> ... when you are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God ... for ... verily I say unto you that inasmuch as ye had done it unto the least of these my (guide-patrollers) ye have done it unto me.

Those 10 guide patrollers didn't know all this at the time. Their only opinion was if not vocally expressed, expressed in their eyes, "Gee Sister Kartchner, you're a swell guy!"

I ought to know--I'm one of the many who owe you a great debt, Sister Kartchner. May I just take this opportunity to express my profound thanks to you for a job well done.

One of your "sons"
Scott Bowen

Aunt Ruth is one of the best teachers I have ever had. She taught me more about cooking, hiking, first aid and all the other things I learned from that class, than anyone else has taught me. When she was teaching, nearly every boy who graduated from the Guide Patrol had his Second Class. When I was in the Guide Patrol we went on many hikes and cookouts that were especially fun. In class we learned many things such as first aid, map making and much more. Class was never dull; it was always very interesting. Upon graduating she would give you your choice of a knife, compass or scout handbook. Although the Guide Patrol was not supposed to go on overnights, once each year she would take the boys up to her cabin and

sleep out. I am very grateful to Aunt Ruth for all the things she has taught me.

Brent T. Stewart

In Tribute to Sister Kartchner:

I am convinced that there are very few people who have the devotion, love and patience that it takes to be a guide patrol teacher. And it is even rare among guide patrol teachers to find one who can "take it" for eleven years. I can remember when I was eleven and I was certainly no angel. It took a lot of love and patience to keep from rebelling against all types of authority, but Sister Kartchner helped me to out grow such rebellion and learn to love and respect my parents and church leaders.

Buckley Mine Hike, April 1967
Ruth Kartchner, Mark Wallace, David Bullack, Scott Clegg, Richard Kartchner, Susan Wade, Jimmy Wilson, Rosena Kartchner, Scott Anderson, Michael Balliff, Mark Dayton, Kim Stewart, Norman Johnson, Randy Wade, Kevin Peterson, David Kartchner

I can remember getting up at five in the morning and hiking up to Maple Flats to pass of some requirement or other. What patience it must have taken to stand by and watch me try to cook breakfast, but Sister Kartchner was willing to let me do it and learn through my mistakes.

I am now serving a full-time mission for the church, and I am sure that it is due in part to my faithful guide patrol teacher who cared enough to help me remain active and obedient at a very difficult age. I am very thankful and grateful that I was blessed so much as to have Sister Kartchner for my guide patrol teacher. May the Lord bless her for her unselfish service.

A Thankful Guide
Robert Ridge

Dear Sister Kartchner,

I would like to take this opportunity to express gratitude to you for the countless, many choice experiences you made available to me. I know I will never forget the early morning hikes and the scouting cookouts we had. Thank you very much.

A Grateful Person,
Richard Hayward

May 22, 1968

The thing I remember most about Mrs. Kartchner was how she did everything the boys did. The best example of this was the annual hike to Maple Flats(about 10 miles up the mountain and back). She would come all the way up and back and would rest only when the boys did.

I don't think any of the boys that she taught will forget her and I know I won't.

Doug Wiest

I am probably more fortunate than any of the others who may write in this booklet, for not only did my boy have the opportunity of being a member of Ruth's Guide Patrol class, but I have had the privilege of very close association with Aunt Ruth all my life.

I want her to know what a very special person I think she is. I have often wanted to tell her how much I admire and love her, but somehow this is a very hard thing to do, because emotions seem to get in the way.

Ruth, I admire your concern for all people and your kindness to them. I enjoy so much your humor and your sweet smile. Your willingness to do much more than your share in any undertaking is so appreciated, but most of all your wholesome, wonderful attitude toward life and its problems, and the way you tackle them, makes you the loved person you are.

I'm so grateful for my association with you, and that Brent has also had this privilege. You have given much to the boys over the years which will make them better boys and men.

Thank You,
Nan

DICK GUNN

And yet, ordinary things to them still had an extraordinary flavor. The children grew up often visiting Devil's Kitchen in Rock Canyon back of our home. It was just part of their neighborhood and yet as far away as the other side of the world. I doubt if any other children in all of Provo visited this rock cracked canyon more often, but it never lost its wonderment, it never became common, it was always a place of drama to them that never tired, especially Ricky and he loved showing it to Candy. In the future of their own children there may not be a Devil's Kitchen so close to their own homes, or a rocky canyon, but every child should have some place for adventure dreaming. It could be a local library instead of a canyon. It could be a shack in a tree or a hole in the ground such as Ricky dug and covered with old boards and newspapers to keep the top cover of dirt from sifting through. A hole in the ground big enough for two kids to sit in with a twist turn in the entrance passage for mystery could be a Treasure Island or a Versailles. Another special place could be a "reading loft in a Rock Canyon School" or a canvas hood in a corner of a basement. Having so much of the out-of-doors around for a childhood background, instead of being crimped into such an environment as a New York alleyway was a definite plus in my book. New York kids knew nothing of "dugouts" but Ricky always remembered digging dugouts in the wide spaces of the hill with George Terry Taylor and Jim Calder as a special event in his youth. The space of Taylor hill and mountains, space to breathe, to explore; a dugout to create, to wrap around a small space, to synthesize, to evaluate--schooling comes in many forms.

One of the great plus events of Ricky's life was Ruth Kartchner. having reached eleven, he was now a member of Ruth's Guide Patrol. Every boy in the patrol loved this devoted woman and she taught them with her heart more scouting skills than they would probably learn the rest of their lives. Ruth was not a tell-er as much as a show-er and she enthusiastically led her boys all over the canyons, into mines, across rivers and into her home for treats not found around campfires.

Ruth is one of those second-mile people with children. She was always taking the kids on hikes to places like Devil's Kitchen, abandoned mines, Maple Flats and she created many teaching moments along the way. Ricky fairly flew out of the house when it was time to go on one of Ruth's adventures. As the eager youngsters assembled themselves, Ruth would check their gear, send some dashing back for key items and then off they would go with cheers and songs.

Mary Peterson found a verse from those days with Ruth;

It's time to go on our five-mile hike,
"Hurray!" screams the guide Patrol.
"Bring the canteens, apple or orange if you like,
Tall shoes, and socks that won't roll."
And promptly at one on Saturday came,
Unkempt, but loaded for bear,
The troops, with their sling-shots,
Slickers for rain, three doughnuts,

a chocolate eclair!"
"We hike single file, now get back in line!"
They scrambled o'er rocks and up trees,
Exploring, meandering, forgetting the time,
With blisters and cuts and scraped knees.
Though dirty and hot, they managed tired smiles,
And returned to their homes filled with pride.
They'd proven they'd hiked down a trail five miles,
(And eleven, from side to side.)

Although Shakespeare didn't say it this way, Ruth felt that it was typical, but it "didn't say it all by any means."

Many years later as Ruth reflected on these days with Ricky she wrote; "When it came time for Rick to pass off his knot-tying skills for his 2nd class badge, I was involved in doing something that needed to be finished at the time, so while I was around, listening, I had my son Ken do the actual checking on the knot skills. He didn't seem to feel Rick knew his knots quite as well as he should, so Ken asked him to work a little more on them and come back to try again. I could tell Rick wasn't too happy about it, but felt I should also not interfere. He left, and I worried that he would become bitter or resentful toward Ken, because he was asking for a better performance.

"I was most relieved to have Ricky return the next day, and do his knots again, which were very well done, and I felt he really had learned them. I so admired his willingness to rise above what might have been a sad disappointment.

"I always admired Rick's honesty of expression, which was forcibly brought to my attention at the time of his mission report. He was so straightforward in letting us know his experiences and feelings, and I felt it was very healthy, even though I could see it had been a difficult experience in many ways.

"I'll never forget how pleased I was to have him drive up the Provo Canyon [when Rick returned home from the East Coast many years later] to find me at my Wildwood cabin to say "Hello" to me. I realized how limited and precious his time was on his short visit to Utah. It was something I'll always remember. he is a special boy, now a man, and I regard him highly."

Ricky always carried that admiration for her too. When he became a scoutmaster of a troop in Virginia, he wrote home and said his best scouting skills were learned from Ruth and he felt any success he had with the boys in his own troop was in remembering the lessons Ruth had inspired in him.

Two of the big plus marks for moving on The Hill was the opportunity for our children to visit the rocky spooks in the Devil's Kitchen of Rock Canyon and to visit the golden angel in the Kartchner kitchen of The Hill. Ruth's kitchen served tongue treats to eager kids, but she also served life lessons with subtle food for thought. When the Kartchners moved on The Hill it proved "There was gold in them thar hills." We didn't need to dig for it. Ruth was there in plain sight.

Ricky wanted to share his hiking skills with any of his siblings or Beckhams who wanted to go on a hike; he was ready to be their Ruth Kartchner. He led them in single file along the old irrigation ditch on the north edge of the hill to the original Liechty road where Pinegars later would build their home. This narrow wagonway led down to the mouth of the canyon. In winter time of the earliest days, this was the horse drawn bobsled route for the Liechtys to reach the hill.

SURPRISE FACE CREAM

Ruth Taylor Kartchner (1993)

Nan and I were adult leaders at Girls Camp that year. It was held in Fairview Canyon, where a new camp had just been established. It was called Camp Shalome. It was in a very beautiful mountain area with many aspen and pine trees.

They had not yet built any kind of barrack type buildings, and our camp site was on a very steep hillside. We were living in tents and cooking over open camp fires.

That summer, during our time there, it was colder than usual and we had lots of rain which made for difficulty in keeping things dry and keeping us warm. Nevertheless we always had lots of fun and the girls found it a real experience.

One cold, wet morning Nan and I awoke in our tent. It was still dark, but we needed to get up and start the fire. Because of the weather we were dressing inside the tent and were still partially in our sleeping bags. I started to get dressed. To clean my face I had cleansing cream. I picked out this jar of what I was sure was the cleansing cream. It seemed rather sticky and began to make my skin tingle. I found the flashlight and searched out what I was using. To my amazement I was giving my face a bath in deodorant. We had a wonderful chuckle over it all.

The next couple of days it dried out and then we found a new challenge. We cooked on the steep hillside where we had leveled off a space to put our fire and grill. It didn't take long for the fine mountain soil to become a very fine dust. We had bacon and eggs cooking on the grill when several of the girls rushed down to the area to get breakfast. With them came clouds of fine dust all over the grill and its contents. But it didn't dampen their appetites in the least.

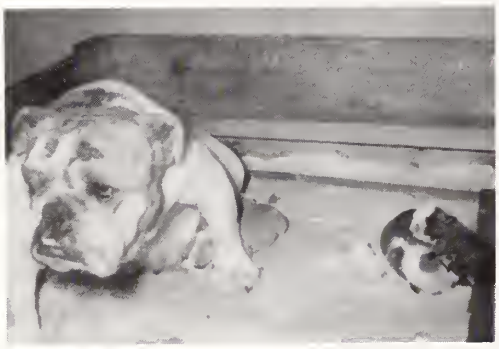
WHY I HAVE NO PETS

Ruth Taylor Kartchner

Our first home in Provo was a small bungalow on First East. It became the home of parents, six children, two mature English Bulldogs, eight puppies, one parakeet, one canary, fish, a Siamese cat and a doctor's office which used most of the downstairs. But the downstairs also held a make-shift room for Linda, the oldest, and another "room" for Ken, the oldest son. His room was a former coal bin behind the furnace. The other four children shared a small upstairs bedroom, holding a bunk bed, a single bed, and a crib, later replaced by another bunk bed, and a very small closet. This necessitated a great many things being stored under beds. The parents had the other bedroom.

The birds scattered bird seed; the cat climbed on everything, and when she was in heat literally climbed the walls and walked on the ceiling. The fish were well behaved and quiet and my favorites. Linda had the eight puppies in her room in a box.

Susie and pupples



The "Mom" bulldog was a notoriously careless parent who would easily roll on her pups and smother them. So they had to be kept separate and required nursing from the Mom about every two hours, night and day for several weeks.

As Fred was an Obstetrician and not home much, I would take the pups to their mother, sit and watch until they were filled and then take them back to their box. Our small baby had to be fed at least once during the night during this period of time. Sleep became a prized commodity.

Boy, Ruth and Peter, 1958-59

Fred loved dogs and felt sure the older children would benefit and enjoy their company, as well as learn to care for and show them at dog shows. The dog shows were a great outlet and relaxation for Fred. Linda and Ken did some "showing", but didn't take to the dogs as their Dad had anticipated. The younger children enjoyed them to a degree, but were too small to be involved in their care.

As the puppies grew up, they were able to avoid being laid on, but then decided the rockers on the rocking chairs were wonderful "teething rings". So the "gnawed-on" wood became our newest decor. Eventually we fenced the back yard and the "pups" moved outside. But the abundant droppings forced the children to play elsewhere. Eventually, the dogs were sold or given away.

Perhaps it had not been the most successful venture, but one tried and tested. I decided I loved taking care of the children, but drew the line on animals. I had had my fill.

THE BOOKS

A few years ago on my Birthday I received a very special book. It's title was "The Grandma Book". The title had been cross stitched on a specially made cloth and sewn onto a padded cover by Heather. When my first grandchild, Michael Tyler, was almost six I got this brain storm to make a special 'book' for each grandchild as they had their sixth birthday. My main motivation was to encourage them to read. I tried to make each book simple enough for six year olds to understand and enjoy. At the time I hadn't reckoned on what I had started. The first three or four were very crudely made and done on flimsy paper which were bound to fall apart with very little use. As the time wore on I realized I needed to get better paper and holders. Each year that I did another book they became more involved and had many more pages. I told them as THEIR story, using pictures and my own illustrations. I told their story from the day they were born; their family, any events happening in their lives as the years rolled on. Their parents were pretty good at sending me pictures of each child through the years, but because young parents become so involved and busy I bought a little camera of my own and took pictures whenever I was around any of them, but I still relied upon the parents for little incidences in their lives and, of course, they could take more pictures than I, because some of them lived far away.

I now have thirty four grandchildren, two of which joined our family several years after their sixth birthday, and I lacked material to suit their years, but they are loved just as much as the remaining thirty two. As of this date, I have made thirty books and will finish the thirty first one this year with Ethan, then only Claire, who is now three years old, remains. How I love all these grandchildren! And realize how blessed I am to have them. Many of them are now older, going to college, on missions, and even a few married, but all are wonderful children.

Heather had requested a copy and in the future others may be interested, so I include in my history the short incidences that my children remembered of me and wrote for the "Grandma Book." I haven't included the grandchildren's remembrances, which were every bit as dear to me, but have mentioned some of things the grandchildren have remembered also. Several were not yet born, and others extremely young, so they drew pictures instead.

LINDA

When I think about Mom a warm, calm feeling fills my heart. Mom has always given her love, concern, and care to me just as she has to all the other people that enter her life. Her ability to give a feeling of calmness to those around her is a great gift.

Each summer, as a teenager, I and several of my friends spent a few days in the canyon at the ANT cabin. We always looked forward to those times; much planning went into what we would wear, eat, do, etc. One of the activities that usually had top priority was talking. We talked about clothes, school, other girls, but mostly about boys, and all that went with that all-consuming subject.

We often spent the days by ourselves, then Mom would come up in the evenings (after she fed, bathed, etc., all the other kids - I never thought about that at the time) and spend the nights with us. I remember one night we had progressed to the subject of having babies. Everyone had a conception of what childbirth was like, and none of those conceptions were very reassuring. Mom arrived with the discussion in full swing, and everyone felt comfortable enough with her to let her enter the discussion. Her calm attitude prevailed. I still remember what she said; that having a baby was a good experience. The feelings were not pain as much as a great deal of pressure, and that it was an experience we could all look forward to.

That feeling of calmness that Mom gave off around the subject of childbirth stayed with me, and made my childbirths wonderful experiences. As an adult many of those friends who were in Wildwood that night have remembered that experience in much the same way I have. Mom gave all of us a special gift that night.

Mom's great spirit and character have influenced me beyond measure, and I truly feel she is "one of the great ones."

STEVE

My memories of Mom go back to 1959, when a somewhat immature, but basically nice young man fell in love with her daughter. From those rocky beginnings I have come to love my mother-in-law almost as much as I love her daughter.

Mom's home is, and always has been a place where I felt welcome and accepted as one of the family - even before I was. I remember during those courting years being invited to dinner on several occasions. On one particular Sunday in early 1965 I came to dinner with a special mission. Following a wonderful meal of Mom's pot-roast, I asked Dad if I could talk with him privately for a moment; being intimidated by Dad, I still remember the nervousness I felt on this occasion. We sat, and I said, "I'd like to marry your daughter. I think this probably doesn't come as a surprise, but I wanted to talk to you about it first." A most amazing thing happened. Dad was speechless - something I have never seen before or since, and he actually struggled for a brief moment. I thought I had said all that needed saying, but I began to wonder if I should pick up the conversation, perhaps present some convincing arguments or something.

And then, in a way that reflected his understanding of my secret needs, he explained how pleased he was with Linda's choice, how happy he was that I would be in the family. Our conversation lasted less than five minutes, (for Dad, five minutes is speechless indeed) and yet in that brief time he made me feel that if he had searched the world for a son-in-law, he would have picked me. It was a wonderful feeling, and a wonderful experience. And its a feeling I seem to have kept over the years - I have always felt that total love and acceptance from both Mom and Dad K.

A LITTLE BIRD
KEN

When we lived on First East, I had a bed in front of the furnace downstairs and my "room" was the old coal bin behind. I even cut a hole back under the stairs which provided a "secret" room that, like many other aspects of my life at that time, I was sure no one else knew anything about. When I was seven or eight years old, I discovered another "secret": the opening for the coal chute got me outside without anyone knowing - or so I thought. Mom had the babies to take care of and I lived what seemed a life of independence. Though I don't remember any "rules" (and Mom says she can't either), there was no misunderstanding about appropriate activities on Sunday.

On a warm summer Sunday, relegated to my room, with all the normal hubbub upstairs, I was sure my presence would not be missed. I crawled out the coal chute and met Louis Nielsen, my partner in crime (and 4 years my senior), and sneaked off to the Unita Theater. Part way through the movie, in walks Mom! She even found us in the dark! I was sheepishly escorted home. I asked her then - and several times since - how she ever knew where I was. The response, used at other times as well, to my continual bafflement, was, "A little bird told me." It was said with a smile, without rancor. I knew I had disappointed her but never doubted that she loved me.

OUR FIRST BABY
MARIANNE

We had just moved to South Dakota. It was Mother's Day when we got the call from Grandpa and Grandma Kartchner. They had a baby boy for us that Grandpa Kartchner had just delivered. Needless to say we were thrilled

and left as soon as we could to pick him up. The anticipation made the trip seem long. There was a light spring rain as we entered the Wasatch Front and when it began to clear, a beautiful rainbow spread across the valley. It seemed as if the end were just at Grandmas's house. And sure enough, when we got to Grandma's although the rainbow had disappeared, the treasure was there: our beautiful baby, Drew.

Everyone was sitting around the fireplace, and Ellen put Drew into my arms. I had almost never held a baby before and felt very unsure of myself; not at all like a mommy. But Grandma was so kind and helpful. She got up with Drew and me at night to make sure I knew how to hold the bottle without getting air bubbles. She showed me how to hold him in the tub and how to change a diaper, take care of the umbilical cord and circumcision. She had a special way of going about this teaching in such a gentle and unauthoritarian manner that it gave me confidence in my ability to be a mommy.

ELLEN

It's strange how I have short flitting sparks of memory now and then of experiences on First East. I remember waking up many mornings and hearing Mom in the kitchen. An aroma of something good cooking or hearing sounds of breakfast preparation would bring me out blinking at the bright lights. I felt such love and happiness when Mom would look up from what she was doing and smile brightly and say or sing, "Good Morning Merry Sunshine" to me.

Another recollection I have of Mom is again in the morning fixing boiled eggs. We would all wait around hungry for breakfast and Mom would remove an egg, crack it with a knife and pull it apart. Then she would act like it was really burning her fingers and drop the egg and cool her fingers off on our ear lobes. Boiled eggs always seemed so delicious and fun!

When we moved up on the hill, we all loved to swim at Knudsen's pool. Mom would come over and watch as life guard as we dived and played on inner tubes. One particular time, Richard was being unusually rough with Rosena, who couldn't swim very well yet and who was floating in a tube. He would jump and dive off the edge just brushing the tube and rocking it dangerously about. One time he hit too hard and flipped her out. As she splashed and floundered in the water I will never forget seeing Mom flying through the air, launched from the upper planter around the pool, skirt flapping in the breeze and splashing into the pool with her skirt billowing out over the water and settling like a parachute over what seemed like the entire pool, just to save Rosena who managed to grab the tube before Mom ever reached her. At that point I realized that she probably would have done that for any one of us, risking her life to save her child. It placed in my heart a sense of security and well-being that has been built upon many times since.

I love you Mom. You've given me much more than life!

RAND

When I first began dating Ellen, I found her home to be a very active place physically and intellectually. I fell in love with her family at the same time I fell in love with her.

A favorite memory was of Dad Kartchner sitting by the fireplace in the family room holding court: dispensing humor, wisdom and some shockingly (to me as a newly returned missionary) irreverent ideas! I hated to leave these discussions, and loved it when they continued around the dinner table. I will always remember the gusto with which he threw himself into our games of charades and how cleverly "subtle" his clues were.

From the very first visit, Mom Kartchner made me feel welcome, at ease, and at home. I loved her hugs and bright smiles then, and I still do. Mom's laugh is a comfortable, open one that has always cheered me. She always shows an interest in me and my family and, in spite of hundreds of concerns and activities in her life, she has never seemed too busy to talk. Her

love for others is unpretentious, unrestrained and infectious. Seeing her each time is like stepping into a warm, sunny place on a chilly day.

RICHARD

March 7, 1988

Dear Mom,

Boy, what fun and memories have I relived in trying to determine one or two most memorable about you. There are so many things I remember:

Your dedication and love of the Blazer Scouting Program; the wonderful meals and conversation (types of which, from Dad, still make Kathy turn red); your impeccable ability to spell any word in the dictionary at will (study to kitchen, lung - intercom) to aid in preparation of papers and reports; your willingness, even now when visiting, to come down and gently tap on the door at any unearthly hour to accommodate my schedule; the love and tender care that I was given when I had an eye injury and had to lie in bed for a week.

I still recall explicitly the instructions and coaching that you gave me at that time on how to plot a point given X and Y coordinates on a piece of graph paper. It was at that same time I learned to love the story "A Tale of Two Cities" read from your lips to help substitute the visual darkness with the light of such a beautiful story.

When we would have our week up at the Canyon I can still remember the warmth that would creep into the cabin as the fire crackled and shed a light glow in the central room (ANT cabin). It wasn't until years later that I realized it was you who had to get up on the stone cold floor and set that fire for all us snuggled in our beds to enjoy.

Gracious, unconditional acceptance of mission and Cuban friends.

There are so many loving, giving, caring gestures that flood into my mind it is difficult, if not impossible, to single out any one that reflects the great admiration, love and appreciation you've had in my life.

A Stones Throw. One summer when we were up at the old ANT cabin clearing off rocks in the back field, a bunch of us (family and friends) were throwing rocks out of the middle of the back yard into a wheel barrow. Because there were so many of us, we were working very closely together. I picked up a fairly large rock, but while throwing it towards the wheel barrow it slipped off my fingers and hit Mom right in the side of the head. Of course I was mortified as blood began to stream down her face and into her eyes. I felt so terrible I didn't know what to say or do. I can still picture Mom taking the time to stop and explain to me how head wounds bleed a lot and there was not any damage done; there was no problem, and I didn't need to worry. I'll never forget how during what must have been a fairly painful and uncomfortable moment for Mom, she was more concerned about my feelings.

Supporting Confidence. After my mission I dabbled with a few different things trying to decide how to earn a little money. I had decided with Graham, that we were going to start an upholstery business, and of course the most logical place to do that was the furnace room.

There could have been all kinds of arguments of discouragement from that ridiculous idea, having had absolutely no experience in it, and Graham having had very little at that time as well. Yet Mom was encouraging instead of discouraging. She encouraged me to do what was necessary to become trained and gave us support to the extent of letting us fool with some of her own furniture, upholstering the beautiful sectional piece in the family room down stairs, as well as other pieces. She was willing to substitute her furnace room and any semblance of storage order for our disarray of tables and machinery.

Even Kathy seems to be in disbelief that we were allowed to forge ahead in our "brilliant"

endeavor especially as we look at our own kids and some of the dumb things they want to do (only the future will provide full return to me). We often discourage them and point in "our" direction. Mom on the other hand, was willing to let me find out for myself what needed to happen with gentle nudging in the right direction.

Because of her support (and Dad's as well) and encouragement we made a fair success out of that business (Dan Dee Upholstery), and in fact I was able to earn my way through college with it. I still receive much joy and fulfillment dabbling in the stuff because of an attitude of support and encouragement from a loving parent in an effort that would have been discouraged by most.

KATHY

"Mom Kartchner," "Grandma Kartchner," all of those beautiful names I've learned to love over the years. I think of my first date with Richard, (it really was with his family); we had gone to a ballet at BYU; I believe Mary Ann might have been dancing, but I remember Richard and I whispered more than we should have, and after the date I remember thinking it must have been so embarrassing for his mother - cultured and gracious woman that she is. A couple of times she'd looked over and smiled or give Richard a soft pat on the knee, but that was as much as she would interject.

I look back over the first years we were married and all the dumb things I did; I believe there must have been, and probably still are, many times Mom Kartchner could have corrected the seemingly foolish things I did, but I never heard of her disapproval, just her continued love and kindness and display of how it should be done. Over the years I have watched and I've learned; my observations teaching me so very much, and I know now that an example says more than lectures ever could. There's still so much more to learn as I observe, but the lessons she has taught me through her example are "with me". I have thought many times over the past years as I've determined how critical a good marriage partner is, and as I've seen so many good people hook up with kooks, I hope that with my daughters-in-law I can be the "silent example", having them learn the things that older more experienced people can teach, but still maintaining an excellent relationship and hopefully getting across important things, not resorting to lecture; understanding that patience plays a critical part.

I remember talking to Marianne D. about some of her first experiences with the Kartchner family. She was in the kitchen the day Richard and whomever came in asking if they could use the basement for an upholstery shop. Marianne explained to me how Mom fully agreed, and gave her full support and her permission to use the furnace room for their business. I don't know why that amazed me so completely. I guess it's because my response would have been something like "you haven't had any experience, how can you do that," or thinking, "What if they do a couch for my friends and blow it, that would be way too embarrassing." But I believe that it is her confidence in her children that drives them to be such successes in their ambitions - such secure individuals and contributors to society. I don't think it would be complete without mentioning "Dad" Kartchner; what a wonderful combination he and Mom were and how both contributed in so many different ways to the stability of that family.

The other morning I was going on my 4 mile walk with some friends at 5:30 in the A.M. Once again, as conversations do so often, we were talking about our husband's mothers. It never ceases to amaze me how few people get along with their mothers-in-law, and consequently I try not to brag too much about mine. The words "I love her like my own mother," and "Richard's parents never gave advice unless we asked, and then it was up to us to follow it; if we didn't, there was never a word said," those words come so easily and I know can make others feel badly. But that morning as we walked along it just seemed appropriate to say them. After I finished there was just a silence over the group, almost a sacred calmness as I expressed my feelings for "Mom" Kartchner. I finished and there was no

conversation for several minutes - I don't know what they were thinking, maybe disgusted, maybe in awe, but I was reveling in the fact of the glorious blessing it was in my life to have a mother-in-law I loved "as my own."

DAVID

This incident I had with Mom is not one I'm particularly proud of, but is one that has stuck in my mind.

I was 19 and going through a period of time in life where I questioned my life style, religion, and attitudes. Generally, in looking back, I must have been as 'ornery' as possible because I was mad at everyone and everything. If things didn't get done the way I thought they should be, I would take it out on whomever was around.

Mom must have been putting up with a lot of garbage from me for some time in her normal, patient, understanding way. But one morning at breakfast it all came to a head. I was mad at something I can't even come close to remembering now. I sat down at the table to eat, but must have said or done something that finally got Mom to the point that she said, "David, you get off your high horse right now!" That's all it took for me to blow up, so I got up from the table to walk away. Mom came over and blocked my path and said, " Where do you think you're going?" My response, in all the wisdom a 19 year old can muster was, "Get out of my way!" Mom's response was simply "No. You tell me what's wrong." I then firmly took Mom by the arms, picked her up off her feet, placed her to the side and said "Don't you ever get in my way again!" Then I walked off. I don't know if Mom didn't respond out of shock, disbelief, fear or probably wisdom.

I don't have any real moral to all this. However, it is a memory that will be with me forever. I learned about qualities in Mom and myself and how you do and don't handle people that has been beneficial as my life has gone on.

ROSENA

Mom, you have always been a good sport, and willing to get out and share fun with others. Each week after Primary I would go down the stairs to the Guide Patrol room and wish that I could have been in your class because of the fun things you were teaching the scouts. It was always great when you would take them on the frequent hikes up Rock Canyon, as then I was allowed to come. Buckley's Mine was a favorite place, but one of the best parts was when we were on our way back and stopped to cook our lunches. You had been up early preparing homemade bread dough so that we could all roast fresh rolls over the fire (on sticks). The smells, the sounds, the taste of fresh hot bread with butter and honey, along with a few ashes will always be remembered!

As we grew and moved into MIA, you moved along with us, and when time for MIA Camp approached you were not about to be left home. You, Nan Stewart and Virginia Riggs were campers that taught us not only camping skills, compass reading, first aid, fire building, campfire cooking, knots, lashing, and leadership, but also how to get along and have fun.

One morning, there appeared to be some "roaring" coming from the leader's tent. It wasn't long before we learned what caused the delight. As usual, you were one of the first to get up and help get the fire built, and since it was dark you were not able to see very well. It was customary for you to put cold cream on your face every morning for moisturizing and cleaning. This particular morning as you were laying in your sleeping bag you reached out and dipped your fingers into the cream, after which you carefully smeared it on your face. The scent and the feel were not quite right, and after scrambling for the flashlight it was learned you had just completed smearing you face with deodorant! Everyone had a good laugh along with you, and then we were all off for another great day.

ALAN

March 1988

Dear Ruth,

I have been struggling for several days trying to settle in on one memory to tell you about that stands out as the one I remember most, and I must admit that I have failed. There really isn't one event that stands out alone, but rather many memories that blend together. There are some specific times that I can think of that seem to stand out. I remember Rosena and I as happy parents of our first child, only to get home from the hospital and discover first hand some of the more perplexing aspects of babies! You came right up and helped us back to sanity as soon as we called. Come to think of it, that is another thing that Rosena and I have always appreciated about you and Fred, that you always came to help when we called, but only when we called. I remember the cabin fire and the matter of fact way you moved ahead and decided how to best restore a cabin and memories. Although it may have not have seemed to you to be as great of a challenge as other times in your life, I saw the same ability to move on with life and changes while not letting the seemingly over-whelming situation get the better of you.

I remember Fred's passing, and while the intensity of that time is difficult to compare with anything else, I saw the same strength. I suppose more than anything else I really think of the consistent way you always treat me and others, with warmth, happiness, and genuine care. You always make a big fuss over the slightest achievements the kids make and send them beaming with pride and positive feelings. You are always allowing them to get away with just enough mischief to have fun and still not go so far as to do something that they would actually feel quite bad about later. Come to think of it, I recall experiencing that same sort of thing when David, Jeff Pierce, and I were perhaps less than ideal youth, and I know that your understanding did not go unnoticed or unappreciated!

As I look over the things mentioned here, I realize that I am talking about Fred too. I suppose the two of you are really the same to me. Well, this note has gone a slightly different direction than I intended when I sat down, but the impact you have had on our lives has been great! Thanks again.

MARY ANN

It was the summer I studied dance in New York. I was 17 then, and so it must have been 1978. Joan must have wanted to go to Russia that summer, so we all went. Mom, Dad, me, Joan, Melba, Al, and somehow Aunt Ruth and Uncle Marion came along too.

We had a wonderful time - except Uncle Marion - seeing all the churches. They had an incredible amount of them (very few used for churches at the time). Dad was happy as long as he had his little black bag with him (his money was in there). Mom and Dad only had one fight that I was aware of. Dad's back was hurting him and he wanted Mom to carry his little black bag for a while. She wouldn't but I guess the pain was worth it for Dad. Anyway, the sights were great, the company was great except for Uncle Marion, and the food was great! Meat and potatoes every night. Those Russians know how to eat and they make a day of it too. We traveled all day by bus once just to get to a place to eat (sound like a 17-year old?).

The place was an old something or other and the food was non-stop, course after course. First came the bread and cheese course; the soup, then this, then that, and we were all having a wonderful time, listening to the Russian Folk Music and eating like pigs, all of us except Uncle Marion. The Russians can drink too. I mean really drink. Not water of course, but Russian Vodka. You could smell that stuff a mile away; it made your eyes water. Anyway, they put the yucky bottled water that tasted burnt, in little glasses, and the toxic Russian vodka in the big glass. The rest of the tour group loved it. The group followed a little American flag, waved by our tour guide, must have thought the Kartchner

Klan was a quiet bunch, especially after they had gotten a few sips from the big glass - and told us that, "Oh, you haven't really been to Russia unless you have tasted Russian Vodka." Well, you know Mom. She would just smile and say, "Oh, we're having a wonderful time!"

Then it happened, the meat and potato course came out steaming hot and Mom plopped one of those steaming potatoes right in her mouth. She got red in the face and started fanning her hands in front of her mouth, sucking in cool air as fast as she could. If it had been me, I would have just spit that hot potato right out (at 17, you can get away with that sort of thing), but instead, Mom grabbed for her water. As she gulped down several swallows, her face got even redder. She squeaked out a little noise. You guessed it: she had grabbed the wrong glass. Both liquids are fairly clear and in her rush to cool her mouth down she grabbed the big glass of - Russian Vodka.

Well - Dad was laughing so hard I was afraid for him, as were Joan, Melba and Al. Aunt Ruth and Uncle Marion didn't know what had happened and both looked a little worried. Later Aunt Ruth told me she thought Mom was choking on a piece of meat. Uncle Marion never did figure out what had happened. I think Mom passed out for a minute or two, but she had a wonderful time that night, singing and carrying on in the old Russian tradition.

I don't think she felt too good in the morning though.

REMEMBRANCES OF GRANDMA'S HOUSE
By Grandchildren

Following are a few things mentioned in my Grandma Book by the grandchildren. Some things were repeated by several. Some of the granchildren were too young to write and drew pictures; some were not even born yet.

- Santa finding them at Grandma's.
- Grandma's junk drawer--"treasures."
- Hugs, kisses, and Trix Cereal.
- Cycling up the hill to Grandma's. The reward: cookies and a ride home.
- Learning cross-stitching and bean bags.
- Easter-egg and treasure hunts.
- Going on walks; enjoying nature.
- THANKSGIVING.
- Drawing and water-coloring.
- Going to the store; usually received a toy or treat.
- Promise of $50.00 when received Eagle Rank.
- Popsicles, meals, and Birthday Cards.
- Puzzles and games.
- Spending my Birthday at Grandma's.
- Poems written to Grandma, as well as black-board notes of love.
- Grandma's playground (it's really Knudsen's).
- David's Knock, Knock Joke (I couldn't resist including this):

  On one particular trip to Grandma's I had been planning to tell her a great Knock-Knock joke. I rushed in, prepared to get her laughing. Our conversation went like this.
  David: Knock-Knock.
  Grandma, being a creature of habit called: Come In.
  That wasn't my joke but it sure was better.

OUR SPRING FLING OF 1988

Ruth Taylor Kartchner (1991)

For two or three years, Alice, my sister, her only daughter, Christina, Linda and myself took trips to enjoy one another's company, as well as see some sites in these United States. This particular one of 1988, Linda was unable to join us for the first part of the trip, due to her teaching, but met us later in the midwest. Rosena was able to arrange things so that she could accompany us for our full trip.

Because neither Christina nor Rosena had ever been to Washington D.C. and environs, we started there. This trip turned out to be quite eventful in an unexpected way. I wrote a small portion of this event at the time of the happening, as follows.

The Comic Relief of the Trip, May 1988

To begin our trip, we found our flight was not going out, so they booked us on Delta, which was later than the original TWA flight. John (Nelson) had driven us up to Salt Lake to meet our plane, so we were relieved that he helped us get our luggage back in his car and over to the Delta terminal. We then flew into Cincinnati, rather than St. Louis, which meant we would not meet Christina and fly on out to Washington D.C., as originally planned. A bit of phone calling, proved unsuccessful, but going full speed, Alice, Rosena, and I headed East. Perhaps this beginning boded a bit of future excitement to the trip that we hadn't planned on. Christina is terrific at keeping good records and journals, so after my poor beginning, I gave up, with a promise from Tina that she would give me a copy, which in turn would give us a good record of our trip with all its comings and goings. However, I felt I should tell two unexpected events, which we've had a lot of fun out of telling and re-telling, and laughing a lot about it, in spite of the possible seriousness of what might have been. We were just plain blessed it was no worse, and knew it.

After we had settled ourselves at the Motel in Williamsburg, we drove over to Old Williamsburg to get our tickets for the following day, and stopped to see the Fife and Drum Corps perform, which I loved. It had started to rain, so we boarded the shuttle bus to a small museum-type art gallery, and the reproduction of the first hospital, (My, hospitals for the mental illnesses have thankfully changed) returned to the Visitors Center and car and started back to our motel, when IT happened. We almost missed the turn, as it was dark and raining by then. Tina saw it late, so turned quickly and sharply to make the left turn, when the car behind us plowed into my side of the back door. We hadn't even seen the car coming. The impact banged my head against the car, then threw me over against Alice, before coming to a sudden stop against a street sign. The young man driving the other car got out and came over to us, as concerned as anyone could be. By now, it was raining heavily. After questioning each other as to whether we were all right, Tina got out to see our situation. I was a bit dazed, but very aware of everything, knowing I'd had a real bump on my head. I could feel it---literally the size of an egg, and becoming very tight; it was above and to the side of my left eye. The young man was trying to flag down some help to call the police and finally a cab stopped, and radioed in.

In the meantime, other people had called in; the results being at least three to four police cars, one ambulance, and a fire truck roared up to the scene. I couldn't get out as the door was jammed, and the window wouldn't roll down. Alice's door was pinned shut by the sign post. Alice was sitting very quietly in her seat on the other side of me, and said she was all right. She did have a bit of a bruise, as I rebounded

from the first bump over on her, and her glasses had bumped into my head, knocking her glasses askew along with mine.

Soon the Para-Medics came, and went into action, trying to assess the situation, checking each of us out. It almost became a comedy to us, as they looked at my head over the front seat, and this one conscientious man kept saying, "Now don't worry, everything's going to be fine. Don't move, don't move. We'll take care of everything---now don't worry!" The funny thing was, I wasn't in the least worried and kept re-assuring them I was fine.

Between the medics and the policemen, they were sure I needed to go to the Emergency Room at the hospital. I kept trying to talk them out of it. By now my left shoulder blade was very tender and sore as well as the side of my other eye that had knocked into Alice's glasses. Alice still wasn't saying a word, except she was all right when asked. After great pressure from many, the hovering of Bill (the young man of the other car) and his girl friend, plus another young man in the back seat of his car, ALL the medics, the policemen, Tina and Rosena saying head injuries can be bad and not show up until later (Rosena had heard this many times from Alan); I finally consented to go to the ER to ease everybody's mind. Anyway, by now I had a humongous headache.

They had put a neck brace on, even though I assured them my neck was fine. The brace proved to be at least a size or two too large, so that it hit me nearer my nose than my chin. This made it hard to talk as well as breathe.

After 2-3 minute assurances of the little medic man that "everything will be fine, don't worry, and don't move, we'll take care of everything, so don't worry", with instructions that I hold perfectly still, in case of some unseen injury, they tried to figure out how to get me out. There was no room to get the board under me from over the front seat, so I suggested that I could climb over the front seat. Gasp, Gasp! "Oh, no Ma'am, you stay right there. Just don't worry".

After a bit of consultation, they decided they would have to "pop the door" to get it open. It would make a real loud noise, but not to worry. Then insult to injury, they brought a big old blanket that smelled of linseed oil or such and told me I must cover myself all over, in case the glass broke as the door was popped. The man tucked it all around me, head and all. I was suffocating. So when he got out, I carefully edged my hand up and made a breathing space on Alice's side, which was a slight improvement. The "pop" didn't prove to be all that the medic had described, as the door was taken off.

Next came the struggle to get the "board" and me out onto the stretcher without "moving a muscle". I'm sure I could have spared them a lot of effort in this process, but couldn't spoil their fun, and the practical experience they were getting. The rain pattered into my face and felt good, as they strapped me down on the stretcher, and moved me into the ambulance along with another girl from the other car, who also wore a neck brace for fear of whip-lash or shock. Her brace seemed to fit her.

Rosena rode to the hospital with us. Here I stated my name, age, address at least three times before going into one of the little ER curtained booths to wait for a doctor, with assurance that "it won't be long"---famous last words. By now I was on my fourth blood pressure check, and name, age, etc. bit. My back was hurting on the board, and I finally convinced them to take the front part of my neck brace off, if I promised not to move. What a relief!

It's strange looking at ceilings and lights as you're wheeled around corners and halls, not being able to see anything else.
After an hours time and two more name, age, address statements, some one said the doctor would be right in---but just then another girl came in and said she was taking me to X-ray.

Why this wasn't done during the previous hour, I didn't figure out. So away I go, with my bed, around more corners, down halls to be set along the wall of a COLD hall. I asked to be covered with a sheet at least. After some time, they finally unstrapped me, got me off the table, and went into X-ray standing up! X-rays proved negative. I carried the x-rays back on my lap, this time sitting upright---a real relief---to the ER where the doctor finally checked me out after a question-answer session and my assuring him I was fine. He gave me an ice pack for my head, which we left when I stopped to sign my release form, and was on our way out, when one of the "early-on" nurses asked me it I'd had my Tetanus shot. I told her no, but didn't need it; no one else had mentioned it, and we finally left. Tina had taken Alice to the motel, and came back for us in a taxi, as our car had been hauled away!

Bill, the young man with his girl friend, had come to the hospital with the other boy to check on the girl with the whip lash, so Tina and Rosena enjoyed a nice visit with them. They were such pleasant and polite young people with that gracious Southern touch of concern and hospitality. They wished us well.

Bill called the motel the next morning and offered to take us through the college of William and Mary, of which he was a graduate and where he was now working. We found our time rather limited because we had to replace the rental car by going to Richmond, which took up the entire morning. By now my eye was becoming a picture of many colors, as the bump went down a little, it seemed to allow the black, blue, green, etc. color to descend all around my eye and forehead. I was fulfilling a long dreamed of wish.

When I was quite small, my brother Kenny and I were out playing with some neighborhood kids and in the 'play' some 'binik' throwing somehow got started. (Binik is a Sandy Alley or 5th West term for rock). One of the biniks hit Kenny just above the eye and he developed a beautiful black eye. I know we're not supposed to envy others, but oh, I envied that black eye! So all through the years, I never had a black eye, until I was 71 years old! The bump from the car accident was going down little by little and the color was going right down with it---down around by eye, so by the time of the "steps" incident, it was quite evident.

Before going back to Old Williamsburg, we rented a "Rent-a-Wreck" which proved to live up to it's name. We had to drive to Richmond 50 miles away, to replace the car we had wrecked. This was all accomplished, and by 2 PM we were back to Williamsburg in a lovely new rental---better than the first even. We spent the rest of the day seeing the restored area, and we loved it.

Rosena and Tina had walked on as Alice and I wanted to see a garden at the Wyeth home. We slowly wended our way, stopping at the Old Court House to look around. It was basically an information center, but in one room a few steep steps up from the main foyer, was a lot of historical material. We enjoyed looking at it, then; as I started out to ask for sure directions to the Wyeth House, I was so intent on looking at the people at the information desk, that I stepped right out into space, forgetting all about those steps. When I realized my mistake, it was too late---I was headed out and down. I tried catching myself, lost my balance, and fell over against either a bench or radiator, wasn't ever sure which, which dazed me a bit, and I was very conscious of a bang on the OTHER side of my head; people ran from all around to my aid, and I felt like a fool. One was insisting I sit quietly on the bench, another running for paper towels to soak up the blood which was running down my neck at a good clip. I had hit hard and opened a spot above my right ear, which was bleeding profusely.

The black eye from the previous accident was concerning many, until I reassured them that was a different accident. They called the

ambulance---much against my protests---then the Forest Service police. Alice couldn't do a thing for me with all the others around, so went out to watch for Tina and Rosena. When the medics came, it turned out to be one of the same fellows that had been at our car accident. He looked at me, and said, "Haven't I seen you before? Weren't etc. etc..." I said "Yes." He just shook his head. They told me I really should go to the hospital to have stitches, and I said I was sure I didn't need to. Head wounds bleed profusely, you know. I wasn't about to spend the rest of that day in the ER. As they sopped the blood up from my head with paper towels, I asked the medic if he didn't have a band-aid. My elbow was bleeding, and I was afraid it was dripping on my skirt. He gasped and said, "A band-aid?!" He finally did put one on my elbow.

By now, the officer (girl) from Park Services was there---very serious, and quite determined I go to the ER, but I was more determined not to, so in exasperation and letting me know they disapproved, I signed all kinds of release forms and they finally left. The medic on the way out, saw Alice and said, "I really hope I don't see you again!" and Alice expressed her hope she didn't want to see him again either, and I'm sure we all felt the same way about it.

By the time Tina and Rosena came, they couldn't believe what had gone on. By now my head was really sore. In Christina's words:

"As Rosie and I walked toward the Wyeth House in pursuit of Mom and Aunt Ruth, we saw them sauntering along talking. There seemed to be a paper stuck on the eyepiece of Aunt Ruth's glasses on her right side. We hurried to catch up to tell her about it, assuming that she would be rather embarrassed to be walking around that way. When we got closer, we could see blood on the collar and shoulder of her blouse. When we heard the story of the second Williamsburg accident we could hardly believe it. For someone embarrassed by public attention , she didn't seem very successful at staying out of the limelight. We thought the best thing we could do at this point was get out of town so there would be no chance of the same Williamsburg paramedic having to care for us again."

At this point I am quite conscious of steps and determined to finish this trip off with no more mishaps. I've done my share and everyone else's to last this trip and any others that may develop.

A REPENTANT MAN

Ruth Taylor Kartchner

This morning I had a very special experience. I received a phone call from a gentleman, whose name I recognized as a patient of Fred's. He said Fred had delivered five of his children. He wanted to know if he could come and see me. I wasn't yet dressed, so hesitated, but told him to come, but that our Church started at 9 A.M. He thanked me and said it would take him about 20 minutes to get here. I quickly dressed and was ready when the door bell rang.

He was a man in his middle 50's and was in shirt sleeves. I invited him in, and as we sat facing one another I could see he was struggling within himself. He said it was a very difficult thing for him to say, but he had taken an instrument (a speculum) from the office at one of their visits and had come to make restitution and ask for my forgiveness. Then he broke down and just sobbed. He said both he and his wife had always thought so much of Fred, and he told me how they appreciated all he had done for them. He didn't know what possessed him to take the spec, unless it was curiosity. Anyway, his conscience had troubled him ever since. He had recently had to give a lesson on honesty in his ward, and the guilt he had been feeling all that time overwhelmed him. He was so very sorry he hadn't been man enough to do it while Fred was alive. Then he asked if I would forgive him! I was overwhelmed, and with tears running down both of our faces, I told him of course I would, and I realized what a great effort he had gone to in order to make this confession.

His courage, in my eyes, was tremendous. I told him the instrument was not expensive, but if he had the need to pay it back, I would call another doctor and see what the value would be. Dr. Hopkins had just left for the hospital, but I did reach Dr. Dick Clark. He said he wasn't sure, but a new one would be about $30.00. I told this to my caller, and told him I was sure the one he had taken was used and not worth more than $15.00. He said also, the one he had taken had been broken, and his wife had thrown it out. Then once again as he began writing out the check, he broke down and sobbed. I've never seen such a repentant man before, and courageous also. I protested at the $30.00 he gave me, but he insisted this was right. He didn't seem as though he could afford it. Once again, as he left, with tears in both of our eyes and arms around one another's waists, he thanked me for being understanding and for forgiving him. I told him I hoped he would now find peace of mind, and that I was sure he would be blessed.

I was so moved by this experience that I even got up in Fast and Testimony meeting and repeated it, in tears, but I felt strongly enough about the message that I let it come ahead of my fear of speaking in public. I'm grateful for this experience and for the principle of repentance.

WILDWOOD

Ruth Taylor Kartchner

Wildwood had and does have its own meaning to each of us; it has always had a very special spot in our hearts.

My Mother's history of Wildwood is important to us now, as we recognize the foresight my Father and other good friends and relatives had, who bought the former farm property from George I. Taylor (no relation) and built it into a place of extended and enlarged family circle, blood relative or not.

The property was bought in 1906. The first two summers were spent in "Board Tents"; built with wood floor, partial sides, and a framework to place a canvas over the top as a roof for the tent. This put the cabins on wooden flooring, rather than dirt, and eliminated most of the fear of snakes, and other small creatures.

I don't know the exact date when the other cabins were built as solid buildings with screen windows. I do know Uncle Tom Taylor's was there before ours. Father had some mining stock from the "Iron Blossom" come through, and he kept his promise to my Mother that he would build a real cabin for her with that money. They used the tent-top for two summers, and by the following summer Mother had her real cabin, which has been a blessing and joy to so many. Children, their friends, grandchildren, cousins, nieces, nephews, uncles, aunts, good friends have all enjoyed the beauty and serenity of Wildwood at the ANT cabin. It has also been a place for some to recover their good health. I spent every summer of my life there, except when out of the state.

I was fortunate to know first-hand, the old pasture, Mother's little Jersey cow, cousins and more cousins, swimming in the river, hiking, playing tennis, candy making on rainy days, running down to the river when we heard the "Heber Creeper" toot its horn so we could wave to the conductor and engineer, and bonfires with programs. Yes, and I even had the unpleasant task of cleaning and scrubbing regularly the "out-house" which was always adequately stocked with Montgomery Ward Catalogs.

After marrying and having children, each of my brothers and sister would take a week or two to be in the canyon. Many of them eventually built cabins of their own in Bricker Haven. Fred wanted to build a cabin also, but felt Bricker Haven would be more difficult for him to get down to the hospital for a delivery than

ANT cabin and Faye Clark Cartwright

Wildwood would be. We continued to watch for an opening that we could buy at Wildwood, and were finally fortunate enough to have the Booths sell us their lot. This had originally been the Jacob Coleman cabin. It was a very small cabin with screen porch, a living area,

and a very small kitchen added onto the back. I tried several times to find room enough for all our family. We were a very tight fit.

We had our neighbor and good friend, Dell Ashworth draw up plans for a new cabin to be built on the same lot. Uncle Marion Hammond and Uncle Ray Kartchner, offered to build the cabin for us. Using several other of their friends, who were also school teachers, as well as our boys who were able to be of good help the cabin was finished the summer of 1967.

Fred, in his generous way, bought furniture, bedding, dishes, etc. in abundance, so that it was simple to have all of our family as well as friends of ours or the children spend time with us. I have found it to be the haven for me that it was for my mother. It became the most restful and peaceful place for Fred, when he had time to take advantage of it.

Our old family cabin still is being used by my niece, Dixie Frampton and family, who enjoy it so much. Many cabins have changed hands, and perhaps there isn't quite the 'big family' feeling there now among some, but it is still alive in many of us.

Our present cabin has become a gathering place for many. We have entertained family re-unions, retreats for several professional groups, and lots of parties and get-to-gethers. Our nephew Bruce Hafen had the first meeting of the BYU Law Faculty spend a day there in their early days of organization. We received a wonderful letter of thanks from Rex Lee, the Dean of the Law school at the time, and presently President of the Y.

We served a dinner to Folk Dancers from many countries, who had come to be participants in the Folk Dance Festival. Mary Bee Jensen, Clayne Jensen and Milton Hartvigsen had engineered it for us. This happened following our own experience with the Folk Dancers in Europe as chaperons.

Brother Orville Ellsworth had bought the Dr. Cullimore cabin, and was the one who established regular church services in Wildwood. Through the years church services have been held on the front porches of several cabins, but this happened rather spasmodically because not many men were regularly in the canyon as traveling up from Provo was difficult. The Paul Ashworths, established quite regular services for several years in the 1930s. We held them on their screened-in porch. Brother Ellsworth loved the gospel, the people, and Wildwood. Whenever asked how we were, we were to respond "happy", or we would be promptly corrected by Brother Ellsworth. In the 1950s we established a definite meeting place in the Chapel of the Trees. People donated benches from old churches, which held us in good stead for many years, but have now bitten the dust, and are replaced by more comfortable chairs. We were put on the 'consolidated' order of meetings, previously just having Sacrament meeting, then later adding Primary, Priesthood, and Relief Society. Now we have become a Branch of an Edgemont Ward, with a real portable organ, sound system, song books--the works. For at least the past ten years, perhaps longer, our cabin has been the home for Relief Society, Primary (on the porch, unless cold weather, then inside), and even all the meetings on those rare Sundays when we have experienced real cold or a down-pour. Our little branch has grown bigger than we would like, because its hard to handle so many people. I've used every available chair, couch, stairs, etc. I had, and still have had some people standing for our Relief Society meetings. We've had 60 plus on some Sundays.

Everyone loves coming to church in Wildwood. I have taken the liberty to ask a different teacher for every Sunday, and let them choose their own topics. We have had fantastic lessons, and marvelous teachers. Many of them have come from other states, as they spend time in the canyon, others from different parts of our own state. Even General Board members have been willing to come. There is a very special spirit of love in our meetings that

is precious and people feel it. It has been my privilege to become better acquainted with many of the teachers that come, several of them relatives. I always try to have them stay for dinner, which gives us additional special moments.

Each of our children spend time with their families in the cabin each summer. It has become the 'gathering place' on special holidays and family times. The grandchildren are learning to love it as the generations past have.

We make our Cemetery Trek on the Sunday before Memorial Day, then on the morning of Memorial Day, is the "opening of the cabin". Everyone comes to clean, and get the cabin ready for the summer. We always have a picnic lunch, and after the work is done there is visiting and fun for the kids. It's amazing how fast the work can get done now, as the grandchildren have grown into real responsible young people who have learned to do their share.

WE ALL LOVE WILDWOOD!!!

Fred at Wildwood after demolition of the old cabin
Winter 1966-67

HOMES

HOMES

Ruth Taylor Kartchner

Where I've Lived

Date	Age	Place	Occupation	Children
1917	Born	256 N 500 W Provo, Utah		
1942	25	Grape Street Denver, Colorado	Last two years Medical School	Linda born
1944	26	908 S 1100 E Salt Lake City, Utah	Intern	
1944	26	256 N 500 W Provo, Utah	Fred in Pennsylvania, then Pacific	Ken born
1945	27	Schofield Barracks Oahu, Hawaii (three months at Uncle Bud's on Oak Hills until Fred found an apartment in Ogden)	Army	Elaine born
1947	30	Adams Street Ogden, Utah	Residency in OB-GYN	Ellen born
1949	32	Lafayette Villa 1000 E 400 S Salt Lake City, Utah	Finish Residency	Richard born
1950	33	344 N 100 E Provo, Utah	Begin Practice	David and Rosena born
1957	40	2025 N 1220 E Provo, Utah		Mary Ann born

After leaving Denver and Alice and Roy's lovely apartment and home, we lived in many interesting places, choosing what we could find to suit our very limited budget. A few interesting features were as follows: During Internship the one and a half rooms we lived in had a small closet. Every time it rained or thawed we had to pull everything off the floor of the closet because it filled up with water. While in the service we lived in old World War I housing units in Hawaii that hadn't been used in years. Once we scoured them up it wasn't so bad. The Japanese prisoners of war did the painting in some of them. When they would paint the floors they wouldn't kneel down, but would take a sitting position on their heels and paint. This is also the way they sat to talk and rest. The termites were a real problem, and one day the toilet fell right through the floor.

After returning to the States, we lived in Uncle Bud's house on the hill until we found an apartment in Ogden.

Our first home in our Residency in Ogden was a long, narrow apartment with one window in the front and one window in the back. The children slept in narrow army bunk beds in a long narrow hall. That place also had an old-fashioned toilet room with the water tank above your head and a long chain to pull when you flushed it. The tank leaked (on your head).

The last year of our Residency in Salt Lake we lived in an old mansion the "LaFayette Villa," which had been remodeled by two young men who were homosexuals. They were very friendly and nice. I often traded recipes with them. They especially loved my pumpkin pie. These young, artistic men had made the Villa into three apartments - two upstairs, and we had the ground floor. It was here that there were so many mice. They would race across my waxed floor and slide into the mop boards. This was a real trial to me, because rats and mice are my one big fear. We also tended the furnace in that place. In the remodeling the boys had covered over the steps to the basement with a patio, so we had to lug coal by the sack-full down through a hole, which had once been a window, to feed the furnace. And I was pregnant.

Following our service stint and after finishing all the medical training, we moved to Provo to set up business. We found a small bungalow where we converted the downstairs into Fred's offices. Our eventual family of eight tightly filled the upstairs that had only two bedrooms. We put two sets of bunk beds and one crib in one small bedroom for the younger children; Fred and I used the other one. We fixed an old storage room downstairs for Linda. We had an old coal furnace that used to periodically "blow up" and send soot and ashes all over the house and office. We finally gave up and converted the old furnace to a gas one. Ken and I carried the coal dust out from the old coal bin back of the furnace. We swept down and washed the walls, calcimined them, and converted it into "Ken's room." A small bed could barely fit in.

While living here, Fred took up raising English Bulldogs for a hobby. At one time we had a litter of eight tiny pups that had to be watched and fed every two hours night and day, because the mother was so awkward she would sit on and smother them. While they were so small we kept them in Linda's bedroom. We also had two adult bulldogs, a parakeet, a canary, a cat and fish. We lived here for seven years. We finally were able to move into our beautiful new home with <u>six</u> bedrooms, and lots of room everywhere. What luxury!

Fred was in his glory with the beautiful landscaping and gardens we all worked to bring about. "Our little formal English garden" was always a mass of flowers and colors with the steep Wasatch mountains as a backdrop. This was the view from the kitchen window as one looked out the window above the kitchen sink - what a pleasure. As Ruth stirred or worked at her island stove she looked out over the valley and lake.

Great labor had gone into hauling out rocks by the loads. Each morning the children and Ruth would pick up rocks as Fred dug them out, then we hauled them up the slope to Uncle Bud's WW II jeep and trailer. When it was full, Bud would come and haul them away and return the empty trailer to be filled again. We were close neighbors of <u>Rock</u> canyon. This process was followed by endless loads of top soil, peat moss and steer manure, but it all paid off as the garden results were very lovely.

The children learned to work both outdoors and in. With such a large house everyone's part was necessary. To this day they are all hard workers.

288 N 300 W
Childhood home of Fred Dixon Kartchner

256 N 500 W, ca. 1914
270 N 500 W, on the left, was built for Grandma Sara Dixon by her sons.
Arthur Nicolls and Maria had them build 256 N, and the red brick barn in back, some time later.
Ruth's oldest brother, Art, and his wife, Maurine, had bought 270 N when Ruth was born next door.

Grape Street, Denver, Colorado

908 S 1100 E, Salt Lake City, Utah

256 N 500 W, Provo, Utah

Our "quarters" - No. 344
Schofield Barracks, Oahu, Hawaii

Adams Street, Ogden, Utah

The back porch at Adams Street

334 N 100 E, Provo, Utah

2025 N 1220 E, Provo, Utah
ca. 1960-61

THOSE WHO HAVE LIVED WITH US

Ruth Taylor Kartchner

Over the years, it has been our privilege to have many people in our home. Some for very short periods of time, others to become regular members of the family. I include this list to show it has been a special part of our lives, and I feel has enriched all of the family members.

Bert Hammond (nephew), as young man out of high school.

Stephen L. Kartchner (nephew), from Palo Alto, California.

Graham Bullick, former missionary companion of Richard's; a Y student; like a son.

Maughan Kent, another missionary companion of Richard's, another son.

Gary Matthews, Richard's companion.

Jaime d'Almeda; Portugal; folk dancer's guide.

Sonia Gonzalez, Experiment in International Living from Peru, through Ken.

Gabriella, Mexico; brought three different groups; Experiment in International Living, through Ken.

Susan Wade, spent her senior year of high school, while her father finished his doctorate in Oregon; Rosena's friend.

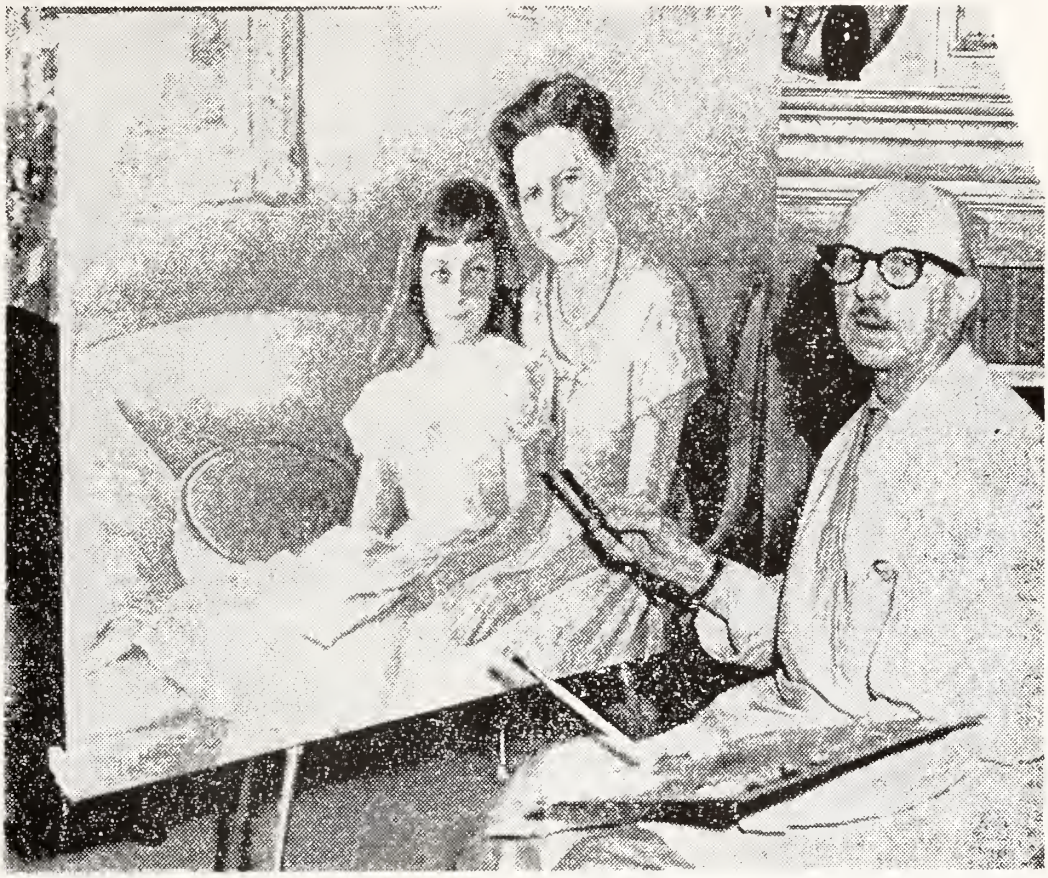
Lisa Yu-Way, Honduras. High school year and part of university; had her brothers, Leoni and Tony, as well as her family, for a while.

Etsuo Suzuki, Japan. Brought three different groups.

Jean Guo, from China, who lived with Joan Kartchner; came with Joan on several occasions.

We had girls here from Japan stay for a week at a time from a group or two.

Two of these dear people have met untimely deaths at a young age; this has saddened us greatly. They are Stephen Kartchner and Jaime d'Almeda, and his wife of only one year.



"Sir Cornelis C. Zwaan, Dutch-born artist, is currently working in Provo on portraits of the Dr. Fred D. Kartchner family. 'Picture should be good likeness,' says Zwaan." - Daily Herald

Graham Bullick
m. Debbie Riggs

Maughan Kent
m. Debbie

TRAVELS AND PEOPLE

TRAVELS AND PEOPLE

Ruth Taylor Kartchner

I have been privileged to do a great amount of traveling. This has been another area of enrichment in my life and certainly has made me realize just how small this world has become with modern transportation.

In my late High School years I traveled to Mexico City with my best friend Fae Clark and her parents. I was fascinated with the new type of environment that was there. I was also introduced to my first experience of what real poverty and need was. The Clarks was a second home to me, so I felt very comfortable and happy in traveling with them. It was the beginning of my seeing many different cultures and countries.

My next experience was going to New York, while I was in College. My sister Alice lived in Troy, New York at the time and was expecting her first baby, so Mother decided to go back to help her. My brother Clarence drove Mother, Janet (a second mother to me) and me. My brother Henry was in New York City at the time getting his masters degree. After visiting with Alice, mother stayed on, while I went to stay with Henry and Alta. Clarence and Janet returned home. It was a thrill to me to be able to experience riding a subway, visiting at Automats, and seeing many shows on and off Broadway. (See letter of Elsie's) I also stayed with Alice and Mother in Troy which was a unique experience to see how people lived there. Alice's husband, Roy, taught at Russell Sage College, a private girl's school, and it was interesting to see how those students lived. I had a marvelous time, and felt so 'sophisticated' in that environment.

We spent several summers traveling with the children, mainly to Yellowstone, the Northwest, or California. We made one big trip back to the World's Fair in Flushing, New York, visiting the historical sites in the northeast, down through Gettysburg and Tennessee to visit our friends the Noels. It seems, no matter where we went. we always had to "take a short-cut" through Yellowstone; at least that is what the children claimed. But it was all a special time.

Trip to Western Canada - Late 1960 (?); Lake Louise, Banff. Ruth, Rosena, Mary Ann, Dad, David, Richard.

As the boys went on their missions, Fred and I arranged to travel wherever they were at the time of their release. We did traveling in the different areas all along the way. Our first trip was to pick up Ken, as he was released from his mission in Argentina. We went to Venezuela and Brazil, then on to Buenos Aires and surrounding areas, where he served. With Ken we went to Chile, Peru (Lima and Cuzco, Macchu Pichu), and Lake Titicuca, and on to La Paz, Bolivia. From there we traveled to Costa Rico and Nicaragua, where we visited Paul and Nancy Taylor in the out-back of that country; then on to Honduras where we visited the Yu-Way family; we went to Mexico and then home.

Venezuela - on the way down to Argentina (Ruth, Fred)

Richard's mission was next to Miami-Puerto Rico. We visited several of the Virgin Islands where I was fascinated with their Steel Drums, and the sounds they got from them. We also traveled in southern Florida.

David's mission was in the Philippine Islands. We took the four children still at home with us, Ellen, Richard, Rosena and Mary Ann. We enjoyed seeing a new culture again, as well as visiting the island where my cousin Evelyn Dixon Smith and her husband Don were living. On our return trip, now with David, we visited Thailand, Taiwan, Malaysia, and Singapore, then went on to the Hawaiian Islands and home.

Sulu Restaurant. Manilla, Philippines. Richard volunteered to dance the Native Pole dance with one of the dancers - did very well. Rosena tried her hand with one of the natives - very good.

After Ken and Marianne were married, they drove their little Volkswagen to Mexico and on down to Panama. They arranged for Marianne's parents,as well as Fred and me, to visit with them on the Yucatan Peninsula. We stayed on a little island called Isle Meuheus, as well as in Merida. It was such a relaxing and pleasant time for all of us. Here we visited the Myan ruins, pyramids and temples, another new culture.

Isle Meujeres, Yucatan (1969) - Fred

We next had the privilege of going to Portugal and Spain as chaperons and attending physician to the BYU Folk Dancers. What a delightful experience that was ("Anecdotes"). After leaving the Folk Dancers, Fred and I traveled to Italy, seeing Rome and Venice, then on to England before returning home.

Our trip to Russia and the Soviet Union was made with Fred's brother Al, wife Melba and daughter Joan, and Ruth and Marion Hammond. It was an experience to see how controlled those people were. How drab their lives, and devoid of liberties we take for granted. It was a grand experience, but a sobering one in many aspects. This was to be Fred's last trip.

The next year we had planned for a trip to the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Germany. That was the year Fred had his health difficulties,

and died in March. I wasn't sure I wanted to go without Fred, but finally felt it might be the best thing. Bert Hammond's mother-in-law used Fred's ticket, as once again the Hammond's and California Kartchner's were going. It was wonderful to experience the Passion Play and the beautiful countryside of Germany. We also toured other parts of the country, as well as visiting Berlin, where we experienced the dreadful Berlin, with all its meaning. We did cross over into East Germany, and it was shocking to see the difference. I was reminded a lot of Russia, and their sad condition.

I next traveled with Richard and Jeanne Gunn, Revell and LaRue Phillips on a bare-bones trip of the Journey's of Paul. We visited the remote areas of Turkey and Greece, following the paths Paul traveled. Dick enriched our trip with his knowledge of history, art, and culture, and Revell filled us in on geology, people and how the scriptures fit into the whole scene. From there we went to Israel and managed to get stoned at Rachel's tomb, and experienced many other delightful and new things. We met Ken and family in Jerusalem, where they had come from Alexandria, Egypt to see us. What a thrill to see them and have them visit a few places of the area with us.

Later I went to Egypt with Linda and Steve Tyler to visit Ken and family. I managed to be sick most of the time, but still visited the pyramids, tombs, and area. Linda and Steve were excited and thrilled with the whole thing, and saw it all.

Alice wanted to visit England, so Joan, Melba, Al, and I were able to make the trip with her. We rented a car, and really saw England. We loved the rural country side, the quaint English gardens, the century-old houses, etc., as well as seeing London and all the history it holds. We also visited Holland, where we stayed with friends of Alice's Christina. They showed us the country and their homes so generously.

A very special trip was made by all my children and their spouses to Norway and England. We stayed together as a group while seeing the fjords and countryside of Norway, then split up the second part to go on our own. I went to Scotland Highlands with Ken and Marianne for a week; Mary Ann went to Austria; the others enjoyed more of Scotland and England. We met once again as a group in London, seeing more of that city. I told the children it was their gift from their Dad. It was a good time.

Australia (March 1993); Ken, Ruth, Marianne, Nathan

After Ken and Marianne were called to work in Australia for a few years, I went there to visit. Here again was a different and interesting culture. We visited Tasmania, all around Sidney where they were living, as well as other areas. I went two different years to see them. I was treated royally and felt so at home. I was able to become acquainted with a man who had known my brother Arthur D. when he was on a mission there. Australia has a most interesting history and the most unique animals and birds imaginable.

On January 7, 1995, all of my children, their spouses and Al and Joan Kartchner met at the Salt Lake Airport for one last adventure, with

thanks to Fred for providing the means so that I could share my inheritance with them.

We were headed for the Yucatan Peninsula, Mexico. As with all of our trips together it was a grand success. We are a family that does not require the grandest hotels, and everyone is a good sport about what falls our way--sometimes good--sometimes not so good.

We landed in Cancun where we had made reservations at a lovely beach-side hotel. It was our only planned reservation; it was to be "what comes, is what one gets."

Ken's fluency in Spanish was a real bonus for us. Richard also spoke Spanish, but had not kept up with it as well as Ken. Ken scouted around for a bus and driver just for our group, and it was wonderful. The driver could speak no English, and the majority of us could speak no Spanish, but we managed beautifully. We adopted the driver as one of us, and he couldn't imagine a family that enjoyed one another's company and got along so well as we did.

Our trip was to make a large swing, down, across and up a large area of the Peninsula, enjoying the scenery, the ruins, the small villages, the people and especially their beautiful children.

The bus driver knew some wonderful isolated beaches where we were almost the only ones there. We swam, snorkeled, and enjoyed each others company. I was amazed that I finally got the hang of snorkeling, due to Ken's patient instruction. The water was so warm and pleasant, as well as clear, and the many-colored fish amazed me. Of course, I was a sight to behold in my World War II bathing suit that I had used in Hawaii. My extra padding and rolls seemed to bulge precariously in all directions, but as I stated we were rather isolated, and my family was very tolerant. Besides, I didn't have to see myself, as they did. Al was an amazingly good sport and didn't miss an event.

The ruins were fascinating, as we tramped up and down them, in and out. Of course, the main one is found at Chichen Itza. Because Fred and I had met Ken and Marianne there years ago, it was fun to renew our memories, and I had Ken tell the story to the other kids of Dad at the Sacred Cenote pool.

A few of the places we visited and stayed besides Cancun were: Isle Meujeres, the island just off Cancun, Tulume, Akumel (good snorkeling), the Biosphere, Chetumul, Xpuhil (wonderful native huts and village), Campeche, Uxmal, Merida, (all bought hammocks), Chichen Itza, and back to Cancun and home.

Outskirts of game reserve by Tulume (January 1995); Ken, Rand, Ellen, Rosena, Linda, Ruth - "The Pea Incident"

We experienced a wonderful tropical rainstorm, as well as other interesting and different conditions. One "hotel" we stayed at is THE one we'll never forget. We had traveled until very late, and were all so tired that ANY motel or place to sleep would be appreciated, but we hadn't quite bargained for the interesting experience that night. Finally Ken found a place where "the price was right", but barely earned the title of 'motel' as the sign said.

With 17 of us, it must have been overwhelming to them. They had to open up a few rooms that hadn't been used for a long time. Richard helped them get the air-conditions going, while Ken saw to a bit of plumbing. They raked up some bedding, and Ellen, Rand, Rosena, Alan, Mary Ann, and Kevan had to wait a while to get the stale air and heat out their rooms, before they could go in them. Most places had lumpy, soft mattresses, but not here--they were hard. There was no soap, toilet lids, or toilet paper, but Ken had forewarned us of this possibility, so we were prepared. The showers were part of the cement floor in one corner of the bathroom. After getting the water heaters turned on, we all had a good shower, which felt good. Most places after this seemed quite luxurious, but the beds were never as good.

We all had a wonderful time, and had marvelous discussions a good part of the time on many subjects. These happened on the bus, on the beach, in the hotels, in restaurants, whereever we happened to be. Joan and Al were great sports in it all, even though I'm sure they've never taveled like that trip. I love, admire, and appreciate my wonderful family.

CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA

Ruth Taylor Kartchner

The weather is very warm, the sky a beautiful blue and the flowers and shrubs are in blossom with a variety that I had never dreamed possible. It is very difficult for me to imagine it is Christmas time, because cold and snow is what every other Christmas has been for me with the exception of a Christmas in Hawaii.

The amazing and most delicious experience I am having is eating the sweetest, juiciest WATERMELON at Christmas time. It is so delicious, and I am savoring every bite, as we have it very often. It's a Christmas present to me all in itself.

Marianne has a song that I think I will have to adopt as my personal anthem.

O, plant a watermelon seed on my grave,
Let the juice (slurp, slurp) flow through.
O, plant a watermelon seed on my grave,
That's all I ask of you.

Well, a preacher loved a chicken,
And the chicken's mighty fine,
But there ain't nothin' better
Than a watermelon vine
O, plant a watermelon seed on my grave,
Let the juice (slurp, slurp) flow through.

Ruth and her watermelon (Sydney, Australia) December 1991

A final anecdote to close this section has to do with the title of the book. On the 1995 Shakespeare trip, the completion of the "history book" was announced. There had already been some discussion about the title - with no resolution. Most of the suggestions were phrases that we associated with Dad. During the bus trip, Linda passed around a ballot with these rules:

> Everyone over 30 years of age gets 3 votes. Mom gets 10. You may lobby (not bribe) for the title of your choice.

The results of the voting are perhaps best left to the obscurity of memory. But the list itself continues to bring back warm memories of the man who helped make all our lives rich and fulfilling.

- Here we are for where we're going
- Open your mouth and close your eyes
- Roll up the windows and lock the doors
- You damn kids are going to send me to the poor house
- Same song second verse
- Remember who you are
- Behave yourself
- Empty your bladder
- This book will do everything but give you a douche
- No zippers!
- Lecture No. 57

The title that was finally chosen, by the way, is taken from a short poem Fred recorded in 1975. See page 69.

LETTERS

LETTERS

256 North 5th West
Provo, Utah
March 22, 1937

Miss Ruth Elayne and all of my children who are living.

Dear Children: as the Box was opened on March 17, 1937 I received a letter and Photo of my mother. This box was sealed March 17, 1892 - to celebrate the Jubilee year. Fifty years since the relief society was organized; I received such a thrill it was almost like a message from the other world; I feel I should like to pass this on to you.

As you children are aware of the work and time I am devoting to genealogy, I will pass a little of it on to you and I do plead with you to keep your family records and pass them on to your children from one generation to another. Perhaps I feel the importance of this keenly since I am doing some research and find it very difficult where records have not been kept. I want to tell you I have found a great deal of joy in this work and feel it a duty and obligation to those who have passed beyond to do something for those worthy people that are not able to do for themselves. It is my desire that some of you will carry on this work as far as possible; if you do you will be blessed.

Arthur Nicholls Taylor was born in the third Ward Provo, 2 November 1870. His father, George Taylor b. 25 March 1838 Windsor England. Eliza Nicholls Taylor b. 29 April 1838 in Portsmouth England, married George Taylor 5th July 1857. Came to Utah 4 June 1863. I was born 5 Jan. 1872 in Provo. My Father Henry Aldous Dixon, b. Grahamstown, So. Africa 14 March 1835. Sarah DeGrey b. 27th January 1845 Dudley, England. They were married 21 January 1865. I was the only daughter in a family of nine. My Father died when I was 12 ys. of age. I had some very wonderful brothers who loved me a lot. One died in infancy and four after they were grown men. Mother lived until she was nearly 82. I would like you children to remember these good people were all pioneers and suffered many hardships as others did to make this valley such a beautiful place, a land choice above all others for you their descendants. I remember them and cherish that memory and do nothing to disgrace the name you bare.

My father Henry Aldous Dixon was born in Grahamstown South Africa March 14 1835. He was baptized 14 March 1856 by Bro. Elliason. He heard the gospel thru the first missionaries to So Africa.

His father was John Henry Dixon. Head of the Dixon party of early settlers from London England. his mother was Judith Boardman a daughter of the Rev. William Boardman first minister among the early settlers. He was sent by the Government from England. My Father married Sarah DeGrey. Her father John DeGrey married Maria Brooks in Dudley. She was the daughter of Job and Elizabeth Brooks.

Sarah DeGrey was born in Dudley Worcestershire England 27 Jan. 1845, married 21 Jan 1865 in the endowment House Salt Lake City. Father died 4 May 1884 in 3rd Ward Provo leaving two wives and fourteen children. He was loved by everyone regardless of religious beliefs.

Mother died April 17, 1926 over 81 years of age. Your Father was the Son of George Taylor who was the Son of Thomas and Ann Hill Taylor of Birmingham England.

George was born in Windsor England (died - 86 yrs old) 25 March 1924. Married Eliza Nicholls 5 July 1857. Eliza was born in Portsmouth

England 29 April 1838, daughter of Thomas Nicholls and Harriett Ball Nicholls. Died 27 June 1922 being 84 years of age.

Arthur Nicholls Taylor was born in November 2, 1870. Married Maria L. Dixon 9 May 1894 in Salt Lake Temple. He died of Stomach trouble and hardening of arteries, 10 September 1935 after an illness of four years. I need not tell you what a wonderful father you had; you were all old enough to judge for yourselves.

I am 65 years old and enjoying good health, and am very happy to be the mother of six wonderful sons and two lovely daughters. I was born in Provo 5 Jan. 1872. I have been greatly blessed all thru my life. I had as fine parents as ever lived.

My married life has been a very happy one your father being so kind and considerate. We were very proud of our boys and girls and none of you ever gave us a moments worry thru any unbecoming acts on your part.

How I wished your father could have lived to see his sixth son return from the mission field

A very unusual program was held in the 3rd Ward Chapel on Sunday night in Jan. My Husband and Six Son were represented. Bishop Eves represented the father Arthur N Taylor. Bishop Eves became a convert to this church thru him laboring as President of the Birmingham Conference.

Arthur D spoke of his labors in Australia where he labored for four years. Lynn D labored in North Western States 28 months. Elton Le Roy in Eastern States 28 months. Henry D was in New York attending Columbia University. He was represented by Fred L Markham who labored with him in the Eastern States mission.

Clarence D laboured in South Africa the birthplace of my father, and Kenneth's mission was to England.

I was an honored guest and told of my experiences in England where I spent 7 months with my husband. My blessing has been realized. It promised I should live to see my Sons hold responsible positions.

The father and all six of the sons have been Dist Presidents. Arthur was mission secretary of Australian Mission for some time. Henry, Secretary of eastern states mission under Pres B H Roberts, Clarence secretary of African mission under Dan Mack Dalton. (about 19 years were spent in the mission field)

Arthur N was in Utah Stake high Council for 26 years. I trust you children will live your religion and live a life that when you have finished your mission here on earth, we may all be formed in a happy family circle again.

I leave my love and good wishes for success to you all.

Your Mother,
Maria D. Taylor

LETTER FROM ELSIE

At the time of Fred's death I received a letter from an early Provo friend who lived in the Provo Fourth Ward and knew Fred also. Elsie and I were in school together, and we often would go to her home, just a block away from the lower campus to eat our lunch, when time did not permit us to walk home and back. In her letter along with a sweet sympathy note, she had included a letter I had written to her while I was privileged to stay in New York for several weeks. Alice and Roy were living in Troy and Alice had had her first baby; Bud drove Mother, Janet and myself back to New York where Mother would stay with Alice for a time. Mother and I stayed in New York for a while. Janet and Bud returned to Provo. Henry was working on his graduate degree in business at Columbia, so he and his family were living in a small apartment in Jackson Heights, New York, at this same time. They suggested to me, that I might enjoy being there and seeing the many sights the big city offered. I was thrilled. It

never crossed my mind that it could be dangerous for me to get on the subway, ride into Manhattan, see several movies and plays on and around Times Square and Broadway, and return the same way. I suppose times were very different then than now, as Henry and Alta seemed to feel it would be perfectly safe also. So I enjoyed many trips into the city, marveling at the buildings, the many stores, the hustle and bustle of such a large city, and seeing the endless wonders I experienced. Alta, of course, had taken me into the city several times before I tried it on my own. I can remember how completely fascinated I was with the Automats, where you could just place your nickels in a slot and take out whatever you could see in that particular glass window.

I now quote parts of the letter I had written my friend Elsie at that time. She had kept this letter for forty-three years before sending it on to me.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.
May 6, 1937

Dear Elsie,

"---I will try to give you a little idea of what I am seeing and have seen. I have been thrilled beyond words with everything. It seems as if I were in a dream as long as I have been gone. I still don't realize I am here, seeing the things I see, and doing the things I do.

The plays, of course, have interested me especially, and oh, what plays! The most marvelous acting, costumes, scenery--well everything perfectly wonderful. The first real play I saw was Helen Hayes in "Victoria Reginia", a sight I will never forget. Next I saw Maurice Evans in Shakespeare's "King Richard II". He is supposed to be one of the most outstanding Shakespearean actors. He was really marvelous. Co-starred with him was Ian Keith. I have seen him in the movies before. He played as Mary's brother in "Mary, Queen of Scotland", remember. He did exceptionally well also.

Yesterday, I saw "The Eternal Road", by Max Reinhardt. It depicts the stories in the Bible. A religious play. It took Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, sold into Egypt, Ruth and Naomi, Boaz, Moses, David, and Solomon. It was very different and the scenery most spectacular.

Saturday, I am going to see "Tovarich", with Marta Abba and John Halladay (also seen on the screen). We are getting tickets soon for "High Tor" by Maxwell Anderson, a pulitzer prize winner of this year--most outstanding. Katherine Cornell is playing in "Candida", but there is only one more week of it, and all of the seats are too expensive that are left, so I suppose that's one I must miss. But there are several good ones yet to see, besides some outstanding movies, such as "Maytime"; "Good Earth"; "The Prince and the Pauper", and millions of others. You can imagine the variety, what with Broadway covered with them, and every other street. I suppose its seeing all these wonderful things that makes everything seem so unreal.

I have also been through the "Queen Mary", the big ship. "Radio City"--a wonderful place, museums galore, zoos, large stores,, Harlem--even saw where Father Divine holds forth; cathedrals, universities, banks--millions of things I can tell you when I get home.

We took a little side trip to Washington D.C., and found it the most beautiful city we had ever been in. We decided that if Paradise could be as clean and beautiful, we would be satisfied to go there. We saw the Cherry Blossoms, White House, Capitol, Lincoln Memorial (gorgeous), Washington Monument, Arlington Cemetery, Mt. Vernon--well, we saw Washington, and felt too! I wore three of the juiciest specimens of blisters you ever saw. We came back foot worn and weary, but happy. We will have to have a little get-together when I get back and discuss all of these things fully.

I can nearly find my way around New York now, only its very confusing. Everyone is in such a hurry. They run, push, shove--always going

somewhere and going there fast. I am even onto the way the subways, elevaters, buses and automats work. Marvelous, don't you think?---"

Ruthie

A letter from Maria Taylor to Ruth and Fred after she had become ill, and cancer had begun to have its effects upon her body.

Dec. 23, 1946

Dear Folks,

Here it is 7:30 PM and I tried to at least make a start in the early afternoon. I guess I am getting lazy, as I can lay it aside on any excuse.

So much is happening the last few days I seem to be in a fog--so many cards coming in from far and near expressing love and friendship. The one that nearly knocked me over was the one from Margaret Johnson. Sometime I think I will send it to you. I never knew she was very religious. Bessie Collins Hart sent me such a nice card and letter telling me of the joy I had given her each summer of a week at Wildwood. Up to date I have over 50 cards and still they come.

Ethelyn came down yesterday afternoon and May was here, she brot(sic) a box to my bed and said I want you to open this. I found there were 4 little angel wax candles like those you had only these were white. She cleared the desk and used them as a centerpiece with a candlestick and red candle in the center. Then they arranged the lovely colored presents you sent in the background. Alice's box came then they opened it and filled some of the book shelves in my bed room. Then when Ethelyn saw so many lovely cards, she and May put scotch tape on each and hung them in front of the books from each shelf. They sure look nice, much better than the old books I have looked at for nearly 4 months.

Maurine came in after church and was telling us what a grand cantata they had, said it was the best ever, and from comments I have heard today it must have been grand. May had come in to get me ready for the night. We heard music. I said open the window it sounds like carol singers. As they opened the window the sweetest music greeted us. It was a group of the younger members of the choir. Bruce Dixon, Tom Taylor, Max Stubbs and others but you can't imagine how grand it was.

Alice sent me a very large photo of their family. I have never seen anything more life like, some of the family received the same on small Xmas cards. I was so happy and surprised late this afternoon to receive that lovely lei from you. The nurse did as directed and put it in the refrig. Art and family sent a doz. beautiful red roses. I am thinking my room will look like a flower garden with all the others I already had. Thanks so much Fred that was very sweet of you.

Tuesday afternoon. If I write a little each day you may get a letter. I was touched this afternoon when one of those lovely Azalea plants came, with a note reading from my very dear friend Mrs. A M Moore. She is Bea Russells mother. She used to come to our home and help Mother with us children. The dear old soul is past 90.

And still the cards come, with little personal messages enclosed.

I did appreciate the card from Rose. Trust she won't be too homesick during the holidays.

I was glad to hear Ruth say after all the trimmings and tree were up you really had the Christmas Spirit. I was in hopes as I guess you all were that you would be home for this event, but that is the way of life. We can plan and hope for what we want but in the end we have to take what comes good or bad.

This afternoon mail has come and more cards. One that touched me a lot was from Mrs. Froisland she works at the store, it was almost like a prayer, or blessing in my behalf for my recovery. I just don't know why all these lovely

things are for me. I feel undeserving of it all. T. N. just sent me a large box of candy. Larry brot(sic) it in and he was all dressed up. I told Clarence he would be a handsome man.

Alta send word this morning she wouldn't be able to come as her little girl was sick. She was here only 2 days last week some of her folks were sick. It makes it bad because Clarence has to stay home. May stayed one day--he does the dishes and gets my meals which isn't hard because my appetite isn't very good, but he fixes things very nice.

Christmas Night. I had a terrible night last, woke up perspiring and my nerves on such a tension. I couldn't go to sleep. I finally took some pills as I had a lot of pain it was 2:30 and I slept until 7 o'clock. Clarence kept the blinds down until 9:30 then Maurines folks came over. I told them they could open my presents and had a lot of fun, especially yours with everything imaginable, the things so hard to get. Grandma Beckstead sent me a doz. lovely pink roses. I have 2 large boxes of candy, 3 sheets, 3 crepe gowns, a woolen bed jacket with long sleeves, which is fine when I sit up for a short time in bed.

Art and Clarence lifted me into a chair, and I was so thrilled when I could let my leg hang. I could bend my knee a little after 7 weeks with it lying flat. The swelling has nearly all gone. I was only up for about 5 to 10 minutes but it seemed good. They turned the mattress but it fell against the infra red lamp and broke the globe. I think we will be able to get another. I hardly know what to think, the more heat I put on the more pain I have. It may be because I sit up to apply it on my back and that may strain my back.

My nurse sent word this morning she couldn't come for 2 or 3 days her daughter had a baby last night. Between May and Clarence we will have to get along.

Everyone had a very nice Xmas. All the families came down.

For My Birthday, 20 March, 1966
20 March 1966
Buenos Aires

Dear Mom,

I know this will reach you late. Neither mail nor telegrams have been reliable during the last week. But this way your special day lasts a little longer.

There is probably only one man in the world who loves you more than I do, and that's Dad. And I don't mind taking a back seat to him. I could never do justice to the love and respect I have for you. After bucking for so long the patience and long-suffering you have ever shown me, I can only pray that what I finally become will do all those heartaches and trails some kind of justice.

I have been in so many situations the last several years where all I can do is thank my Father in Heaven for blessing me with a mother (and father) so much finer and more noble than what most have. I don't understand why it has happened to me, but I am beginning to realize the obligations I have to live up to such a wonderful heritage.

One good thing about mothers is that hey become even better with age. So I'm happy it's your birthday again. I'm proud to be your son and hope you can feel the growing love I have for you and the extent of my appreciation for all you have done for me. I think I sent before this beautiful verse that has become part of me:

> I asked her once when I was young,
> Dear Mother, are you great?
> And will there someday be a
> stone
> That will commemorate
> The deeds you've done to help
> the world?
>
> My Mother smiled at me;
> YOU are my monument, she

said,
And all the world shall see
In your dear face, and in your
life
The ideals of your mother.
You are my monument, she
said,
I would not want another.

And now I must stand straight and tall
And now I must be true
To all the dreams you had for
me
This MONUMENT to you.

So, with this note comes my deepest love for you, Mom. I'll never be able to thank you enough for who you are and what you mean to me.

Ken

LETTER TO MY POSTERITY
December, 1979

The following information was written upon request of a committee in Oak Hills Sixth Ward. It was put in a box to be opened in the year 2000 AD.

I graduated from BYU in 1939 and began teaching the 4th grade at the Franklin School in September of that year. My contract was for $900 a year, and I really felt as though I was "in the money". Always looking out for my welfare, my brother Clarence ("Bud") asked me if I would be interested in investing some of my earnings. I was glad to. A group had just negotiated for a tract of land on the south-east side of Rock Canyon, and I was invited to become one of the several charter members of the "Bonneville Development Company", organized to develop and build lovely homes on very choice building lots. I gladly joined the group, and for $500 I obtained stock and my choice of a building lot.

On October 10, 1941, all negotiations were completed, and we could each choose "our" building site. I drew number 3. I'll always remember walking over these beautiful virgin foothills with the wild flowers, sagebrush, scrub oak, and wild grasses, and looking out over this lovely Utah Valley with its lake and distant mountains to the west, Mt Timpanogas to the north and Squaw Peak and the Wasatch Mountains to the east. I felt a wonderful lift and reverence for the beauty surrounding me.

All of the sites were beautiful; I couldn't make a mistake regardless of my choice. I finally selected the lot that we now have our home on, and have lived in for 22 years this month. Its location is known as 2025 North 1220 East. My investment in this venture has been far beyond my wildest dreams, and a great blessing to our family.

It was in the summer after my first year of teaching that I met your father. He was just getting ready to go into Medical school at the University of Utah. He had been teaching school for four years, after graduating from the "Y", in order to have enough money for his first year of Medical school.

We were married June 8, 1942, then moved to Denver to complete his last two years of Medical school at the University of Colorado at Denver. After Medical school, internship, Army duty, stateside and overseas during World War II, and completion of Residency training, we began the practice of Medicine in Obstetrics and Gynecology in Provo. With six children, four bulldogs, parakeets, canaries, a cat and fish, as well as a blossoming medical practice under one roof of a small Bungalow, our Oak Hill property became a real blessing. With Uncles Ray and Marion, we found it possible to begin building our home. There were two other homes, Knudsens and Ashworths along 2000 North. Our lot was just north of Knudsens. In order to have access to other lots north of us, part of our property was needed for a road on the east line of our lot, just below Ashworths. This shifted the position of our lot south and west, so an additional one-half lot was given to us in

exchange for the road (1220 East). This also made it possible to give our new home an added advantage of no one building too close to us. We now had an extra one-half lot between the Knudsens and us, small knolls to the west, a gully on the north, and the road on the east.

We excavated and began building in the Spring of 1956, and that summer went as far as the walls and the roof. Then we let it stand over the winter. By doing this we were better able to pay as we went. The next Spring, Summer and Fall, most of the house was completed, and we moved in on December 15, 1957.

The children remained in their respective schools to finish off the school year. This necessitated taking the younger children to Joaquin each day, where Rosena was in Kindergarten, David in first grade, Richard in second grade and Ellen in fourth grade. Ken and Linda were at Farrer Junior High and took the bus.

We sold an additional lot we had acquired from Bonneville Development Company in order to furnish our new home. It was a dream come true...a lovely home with plenty of space for the children to play in and good neighbors, not to mention the beautiful view, and space for the children to roam the hills.

To watch the storms, the sunsets, the mountains, the lake in all their moods has been a beautiful part of my life. We spent the next few years hauling out rock by the ton, hauling in top soil by the truckfuls, planting and beautifying this lovely spot with hundreds of bulbs, shrubs, trees and flowers. After we had lived here for one year, we had another real blessing---Mary Ann came to complete our family and give us seven children.

I am a blessed wife and mother. My life has been rich and full and still is. We have seventeen grandchildren, with three more due within the next year. We could ask for no better children. They are honest, industrious, intelligent, true, and sincere to the Gospel, and always treat us with love and respect.

My husband has been an excellent provider. I have never wanted for anything. He has given me his devotion and love. He has given us all a consciousness of the beauties of music, flowers, education, and a desire to enquire for truths, as well as being willing to work for it all. I love him dearly.

We have experienced both the bitter and the sweet in life and are grateful for it. Our greatest desire now is to have our children and grandchildren happy, positive, and caring, showing love to one another always.

I thank my Heavenly Father for my countless blessings, and know He can always be a steadying and peaceful force in our lives if we but ask Him, and let Him dwell with us.

Your Loving Mother and Grandmother,
Ruth Elaine Taylor Kartchner

Architect: Willard Nelson
Landscape Designer: Leon Frehner
Builders: Marion Hammond, Ray Kartchner

TO MY CHILDREN WITH LOVE
December, 1982

When I was seven years old my Father made a decision that took great courage, faith and a lot of risk, but it was something he believed in very much, and felt he could be successful in this new venture. He had my Mother's complete, cooperative backing, even though she felt so much of their future hung in the balance, and that this venture could either be successful, or disastrous. I can't help but think she must have had many misgivings with eight children to be raised, educated and sent on missions, but they took the great step. My Father pulled out of Taylor Brothers Company, in which he had an interest, and which had been started by his father and built a furniture business of his own. He had many loyal and faithful friends that bought stock in the new company, and with their help and expertise, starting small,

developed the Dixon, Taylor, Russell Company, which proved to be the most outstanding and reliable furniture store in Utah Valley. It soon earned a reputation of honest dealings and responsible, knowledgeable service. The company grew rapidly, and did very well with their quality merchandise, even though they were always having to work with a minimum of capital.

Then the Great Depression hit; it was a time of bare subsistence. More often than not, people paid for their furniture in kind. I remember often fruit, turkeys, flour, apples, potatoes, etc., coming into the home. These were payment from those who could pay no other way. Those working for Father were as loyal as ever, and all of them had to go without, having their wages cut to practically nothing, but grateful there was something. A special bond was created among these people, and they were like family to all of us. As the Depression began to ease, and things became a little brighter, my parents never could quite feel easy about things and were most frugal all their lives (having learned this in their growing up years from Pioneer parents). Because of their frugality, foresight and wisdom, I have become a benefactor of something I never worked for myself, nor deserve, and I am still reaping those benefits from loving parents.

Now that DTR'S is a thing of the past, and my parents' estate has almost completely been finalized, I have again been the recipient of their generosity. Now I want to share a part of that with you, my children, which is essentially a gift from your grandparents.

A near-final distribution of the ANT Estate was made just recently, and I would like to share it with you. Although there are none of you that aren't blessed with adequate food, clothing, and shelter, I'm sure you can use this in whatever way you feel will be best for you and your family. Perhaps some of you feel in greater need than others, and will have immediate use for it; perhaps others don't feel the urgent need and can put it away for future children's educations or missions; it is yours to use as you choose. It will probably not happen again.

None of you were privileged to know my parents, and even though My Mother did see and know Linda and Ken shortly, they probably wouldn't remember, as Linda was three and Ken 18 months when we left my Mothers' home to join your Dad in Hawaii, and it was the last time we saw her, because she died of cancer while we were still there. They were wonderful and great people, as were their parents before them, so we all have a great heritage to live up to. And this can be said just as well for those ancestors on Dad's side, so you are blessed with good, honest, ancestors. I know they would be proud of you too, as I am, because each of you contribute positively and cheerfully in your own spheres of action and influence.

Always,
Your Mother

FAMILY GROUP SHEETS

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

2 Fred Dixon KARTCHNER
B : 6 Dec 1914
P : Provo,Utah,Utah
M: 8 Jun 1942
P : Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah
D : 16 Mar 1980
P : Provo,Utah,Utah

4 Asael Wain KARTCHNER
B : 21 Jun 1882
P : Snowflake,Navajo,Arizona
M: 19 Dec 1906
P :
D : 17 Oct 1915
P : Sugar City,Madison,Idaho

8 Mark Elisha KARTCHNER
B : 10 Dec 1853
P : San Bernadino,San Bernadino,California
M: 11 May 1874
P :
D : 4 Aug 1939
P : Provo,Utah,Utah

9 Phebe PALMER
B : 18 Feb 1858
P : Provo,Utah,Utah
D : 15 Aug 1936
P : Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah

5 Rosenea HEATH
B : 21 Oct 1881
P : Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah
D : 23 Oct 1968
P : Provo,Utah,Utah

10 Frederick George HEATH
B : 23 Aug 1856
P : Carson City,Carson,Nevada
M: 21 Jul 1878
P :
D : 1 Feb 1934
P : Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah

11 Henrietta HAIGH
B : 19 Dec 1858
P : Bradford,Yorkshire,England
D : 17 Dec 1926
P : Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah

3 Ruth Elaine TAYLOR
B : 20 Mar 1917
P : Provo,Utah,Utah
D :
P :

6 Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR
B : 2 Nov 1870
P : Provo,Utah,Utah
M: 9 May 1894
P : Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah
D : 10 Sep 1935
P : Provo,Utah,Utah

12 George TAYLOR
B : 25 Mar 1838
P : Birmingham,Warwick,England
M: 5 Jul 1857
P :
D : 4 Sep 1926
P : Provo,Utah,Utah

13 Eliza NICHOLLS
B : 29 Apr 1838
P : Portsmouth,Hampshire,England
D : 27 Jun 1922
P : Provo,Utah,Utah

7 Maria Louise DIXON
B : 5 Jan 1872
P : Provo,Utah,Utah
D : 17 Feb 1947
P : Salt Lake City,Salt Lake,Utah

14 Henry Aldous DIXON
B : 14 Mar 1835
P : Grahamstown,Cape Good Hope,South Africa
M: 21 Jan 1865
P :
D : 4 May 1884
P : Provo,Utah,Utah

15 Sarah DEGREY
B : 27 Jan 1845
P : Dudley,Worchester,England
D : 17 Apr 1926
P : Provo,Utah,Utah

Family Group Record

Husband Asael Wain KARTCHNER

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	21 Jun 1882	Place	Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona	Baptized	21 Jun 1890	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	19 May 1903	
Died	17 Oct 1915	Place	Sugar City, Madison, Idaho	SealPar		
Buried	21 Oct 1915	Place	Wasatch Lawn, Salt Lake City, Utah	SealSp	19 Dec 1906	SLAKE
Married	19 Dec 1906	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah			

Husband's father: Mark Elisha KARTCHNER — X Deceased

Husband's mother: Phebe PALMER — X Deceased

Wife Rosenea HEATH

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	21 Oct 1881	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	4 Jun 1898	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	12 Dec 1906	SLAKE
Died	23 Oct 1968	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	SealPar		
Buried	26 Oct 1968	Place	Wasatch Lawn, Salt Lake City, Utah			

Wife's father: Frederick George HEATH — X Deceased

Wife's mother: Henrietta HAIGH — X Deceased

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.

					LDS ordinance dates		Temple
1	F	Ethel KARTCHNER					
	Born	11 Oct 1907	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	26 Feb 1916	
	Chris'd		Place		Endowed	18 Aug 1926	SLAKE
	Died	1 Apr 1978	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	SealPar		
	Buried		Place				
	Spouse	Delbert Van (Deb) TREGEAGLE					
	Married	18 Aug 1926	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp	18 Aug 1926	SLAKE
2	M	Alma Heath KARTCHNER					
	Born	1 Jan 1909	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	28 Jan 1917	
	Chris'd		Place		Endowed	5 Aug 1931	LOGAN
	Died		Place		SealPar		
	Buried		Place				
	Spouse	Melba LARSON					
	Married	5 Aug 1931	Place	Logan, Utah	SealSp	5 Aug 1931	LOGAN
3	F	Ruth KARTCHNER					
	Born	24 Feb 1911	Place	Sugar City, Madison, Idaho	Baptized	16 Mar 1919	
	Chris'd		Place		Endowed	15 Jun 1932	SLAKE
	Died		Place		SealPar		
	Buried		Place				
	Spouse	Marion Emanuel HAMMOND					
	Married	15 Jun 1932	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp	15 Jun 1932	SLAKE
4	M	Ray William KARTCHNER					
	Born	8 Dec 1912	Place	Sugar City, Madison, Idaho	Baptized	16 Jan 1921	
	Chris'd		Place		Endowed	18 Aug 1939	SLAKE
	Died		Place		SealPar		
	Buried		Place				
	Spouse	Gertrude (Trudy) SKOUSEN					
	Married	18 Aug 1939	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp	18 Aug 1939	SLAKE
5	M	Fred Dixon KARTCHNER					
	Born	6 Dec 1914	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	17 Dec 1922	
	Chris'd		Place		Endowed	8 Jun 1942	SLAKE
	Died	16 Mar 1980	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	SealPar		
	Buried	20 Mar 1980	Place	Provo, City Cemetery, Utah			
	Spouse	Ruth Elaine TAYLOR					
	Married	8 Jun 1942	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp	8 Jun 1942	SLAKE

Family Group Record

Husband Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	2 Nov 1870	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah			
Chris'd		Place		Baptized	5 May 1878	
Died	10 Sep 1935	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Endowed	9 May 1894	SLAKE
Buried	15 Sep 1935	Place	Provo, City Cemetery, Provo	SealPar		
Married	9 May 1894	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp	9 May 1894	SLAKE

Husband's father: George TAYLOR ☒ Deceased

Husband's mother: Eliza NICHOLLS ☒ Deceased

Wife Maria Louise DIXON

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	5 Jan 1872	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah			
Chris'd	13 Jan 1872	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	5 May 1894	
Died	17 Feb 1947	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed	9 May 1894	
Buried	21 Feb 1947	Place	Provo, City Cemetery, Utah	SealPar		

Wife's father: Henry Aldous DIXON ☒ Deceased

Wife's mother: Sarah DEGREY ☒ Deceased

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
1 M	**Arthur Dixon TAYLOR**					
Born	4 Oct 1895	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	25 Oct 1903	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	2 May 1916	SL
Died	20 Jul 1979	Place	Orem, Utah, Utah	SealPar		
Buried		Place	Provo, City Cemetery, Utah			
Spouse	Maurine GOODRIDGE					
Married	29 Jun 1921	Place	Salt Lake Temple, , Utah	SealSp	29 Jun 1921	SL
2 M	**Lynn Dixon TAYLOR**					
Born	6 May 1898	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	28 Oct 1906	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	9 Jun 1920	SL
Died	2 Jul 1967	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	SealPar		
Buried		Place	Provo, City Cemetery			
Spouse	Celestia Marguerita JOHNSON					
Married	17 Aug 1927	Place	Salt Lake Temple, , Utah	SealSp	17 Aug 1927	SL
3 M	**Elton LeRoy TAYLOR**					
Born	22 Jun 1900	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	28 Jun 1908	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	17 Jan 1923	SL
Died	17 Dec 1992	Place	Lakeview, Provo, Utah, Utah	SealPar	BIC	
Buried		Place	Provo, City Cemetery, Utah			
Spouse	Ethel Lulu SCOTT					
Married	31 Mar 1926	Place	Salt Lake Temple, , Utah	SealSp	31 Mar 1926	SL
4 M	**Henry Dixon TAYLOR**					
Born	22 Nov 1903	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	21 Jan 1912	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	2 Oct 1924	SL
Died	24 Feb 1987	Place	Salt Lake City, , Utah	SealPar		
Buried	27 Feb 1987	Place	Provo, City Cemetery, Utah			
Spouse	Alta HANSEN					
Married	26 Dec 1929	Place	Salt Lake Temple, , Utah	SealSp	26 Dec 1929	SL
5 F	**Alice Louise TAYLOR**					
Born	18 Nov 1906	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	22 Nov 1914	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	26 Jun 1935	SL
Died		Place		SealPar		
Buried		Place				
Spouse	George ElRoy NELSON					
Married	14 Aug 1935	Place	Salt Lake Temple, , Utah	SealSp	14 Aug 1935	SL
6 M	**Clarence Dixon TAYLOR**					
Born	11 May 1909	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	24 Jun 1917	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	10 Sep 1930	SL
Died		Place		SealPar		
Buried		Place				
Spouse						
Married		Place		SealSp		

Family Group Record

Husband	Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR				
Wife	Maria Louise DIXON				
Children	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
7 M	Orson Kenneth TAYLOR				
Born	3 Nov 1913	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized 20 Nov 1921	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed 9 Nov 1934	SL
Died	31 Oct 1940	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	SealPar	
Buried	3 Nov 1940	Place	Provo. City Cemetery, Utah		
Spouse	Ethelyn PETERSON				
Married	27 Jun 1940	Place	Salt Lake Temple. . Utah	SealSp 27 Jun 1940	SL
8 F	Ruth Elaine TAYLOR				
Born	20 Mar 1917	Place	Provo. Utah, Utah	Baptized 22 Mar 1925	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed 8 Jun 1942	SLAKE
Died		Place		SealPar	
Buried		Place			
Spouse	Fred Dixon KARTCHNER				
Married	8 Jun 1942	Place	Salt Lake City. Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp 8 Jun 1942	SLAKE

Family Group Record

Husband Fred Dixon KARTCHNER

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	6 Dec 1914	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah			
Chris'd		Place		Baptized	17 Dec 1922	
Died	16 Mar 1980	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Endowed	8 Jun 1942	SLAKE
Buried	20 Mar 1980	Place	Provo, City Cemetery, Utah	SealPar		
Married	8 Jun 1942	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp	8 Jun 1942	SLAKE

Husband's father	Asael Wain KARTCHNER	X Deceased
Husband's mother	Rosenea HEATH	X Deceased

Wife Ruth Elaine TAYLOR

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	20 Mar 1917	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah			
Chris'd		Place		Baptized	22 Mar 1925	
Died		Place		Endowed	8 Jun 1942	SLAKE
Buried		Place		SealPar		

Wife's father	Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR	X Deceased
Wife's mother	Maria Louise DIXON	X Deceased

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
1 F	**Linda KARTCHNER**					
Born	23 Apr 1943	Place	Denver, Denver, Colorado	Baptized	27 May 1951	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	5 May 1965	SLAKE
Died		Place		SealPar		
Buried		Place				
Spouse	Steven Lynn TYLER					
Married	1 Jun 1965	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp	1 Jun 1965	SLAKE
2 M	**Kenneth Taylor KARTCHNER**					
Born	11 Dec 1944	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	27 Dec 1953	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	2 Jun 1964	SGEOR
Died		Place		SealPar		
Buried		Place				
Spouse	Marianne Allene DAVIS					
Married	7 Sep 1968	Place	Manti Temple, Sanpete, Utah	SealSp	7 Sep 1968	MT
3 F	**Elaine KARTCHNER**					
Born	26 Jun 1947	Place	Honolulu, Hawaii, Trippler Hospit.	Baptized		
Chris'd		Place		Endowed		
Died	21 Oct 1947	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	SealPar		
Buried		Place	Provo, City Cemetery, Utah			
Spouse						
Married		Place		SealSp		
4 F	**Ellen KARTCHNER**					
Born	13 Oct 1948	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	Baptized	11 Nov 1956	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	7 Feb 1974	PROVO
Died		Place		SealPar		
Buried		Place				
Spouse	Rand Glen FARRER					
Married	8 Feb 1974	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	SealSp	8 Feb 1974	PROVO
5 M	**Richard Taylor KARTCHNER**					
Born	7 Apr 1950	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	20 Apr 1958	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	27 Oct 1969	
Died		Place		SealPar		
Buried		Place				
Spouse	Kathryn ANDERSEN					
Married	24 Apr 1973	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	SealSp	24 Apr 1973	PROVO
6 M	**David Taylor KARTCHNER**					
Born	3 Apr 1951	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	19 Apr 1959	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	22 Sep 1970	
Died		Place		SealPar		
Buried		Place				
Spouse	Joyce MARTELL					
Married	5 May 1990	Place	Littleton, Arapahoe, Colorado	SealSp	5 May 1990	DENVE

Family Group Record

Husband	Fred Dixon KARTCHNER			
Wife	Ruth Elaine TAYLOR			
Children	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
7 F	Rosena Louise KARTCHNER			
Born	14 Jul 1952	Place Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized 21 Aug 1960	
Chris'd		Place	Endowed 5 Apr 1974	MANTI
Died		Place	SealPar	
Buried		Place		
Spouse	Alan Perry HEAL			
Married	23 Apr 1974	Place Provo, Utah, Utah	SealSp 23 Apr 1974	PROVO
8 F	Mary Ann KARTCHNER			
Born	27 Nov 1958	Place Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized 3 Dec 1966	
Chris'd		Place	Endowed 26 May 1979	SLAKE
Died		Place	SealPar 26 Apr 1973	PROVO
Buried		Place		
Spouse	Kevan MCCOLLUM			
Married	2 Mar 1991	Place Mt. Albert, Aukland, New Zealand	SealSp	

LINDA KARTCHNER

9 months

High school

Wedding

Jenny Troy Dan Heidi Sue Mike Mike Ruth

Steve Linda

1995

Family Group Record

Husband Steven Lynn TYLER

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	17 Feb 1943	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah			
Chris'd		Place		Baptized	25 Feb 1951	
Died		Place		Endowed	13 Jun 1962	SLAKE
Buried		Place		SealPar		
Married	1 Jun 1965	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp	1 Jun 1965	SLAKE

Husband's father	Austin Lamont TYLER	☒ Deceased
Husband's mother	Emily Maria WRIGHT	☒ Deceased

Wife Linda KARTCHNER

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	23 Apr 1943	Place	Denver, Denver, Colorado			
Chris'd		Place		Baptized	27 May 1951	
Died		Place		Endowed	5 May 1965	SLAKE
Buried		Place		SealPar		

Wife's father	Fred Dixon KARTCHNER	☒ Deceased
Wife's mother	Ruth Elaine TAYLOR	☐ Deceased

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
1 M	**Michael Kartchner TYLER**					
Born	8 Dec 1968	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	29 Jan 1977	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed		
Died		Place		SealPar		
Buried		Place				
Spouse	Susan Elizabeth WALLIS					
Married	31 Jul 1993	Place	Champaign, Champaign, Illinois	SealSp		
2 M	**Daniel Kartchner TYLER**					
Born	15 Jan 1970	Place	Decatur, Macon, Illinois	Baptized	4 Feb 1978	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	26 Jan 1989	ATLAN
Died		Place		SealPar		
Buried		Place				
Spouse	Heidi Marie PALMER					
Married	29 Dec 1994	Place	Seattle, King, Washington	SealSp	29 Dec 1994	SEATT
3 F	**Jennilyn TYLER**					
Born	7 Jan 1972	Place	Decatur, Macon, Illinois	Baptized	3 Feb 1980	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	29 Apr 1993	CHICA
Died		Place		SealPar		
Buried		Place				
Spouse	Troy Dennis SMITH					
Married	28 Dec 1995	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	SealSp	28 Dec 1995	SLAKE
4 F	**Ruth Ann TYLER**					
Born	16 Nov 1976	Place	Monte Vista, Rio Grande, Colorado	Baptized		
Chris'd		Place		Endowed		
Died		Place		SealPar		
Buried		Place				
Spouse	Michael James WHEELER					
Married	1 Apr 1995	Place	Wildwood, Utah, Utah	SealSp		

KENNETH TAYLOR KARTCHNER

Second grade

Graduation - civil engineer
May 1970

Heather Drew Nathan Robin

Marianne Ken

1996

Family Group Record

Husband Kenneth Taylor KARTCHNER

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	11 Dec 1944	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah			
Chris'd		Place		Baptized	27 Dec 1953	
Died		Place		Endowed	2 Jun 1964	SGEOR
Buried		Place		SealPar		
Married	7 Sep 1968	Place	Manti Temple, Sanpete, Utah	SealSp	7 Sep 1968	MT

Husband's father: Fred Dixon KARTCHNER — X Deceased

Husband's mother: Ruth Elaine TAYLOR — Deceased

Wife Marianne Allene DAVIS

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	12 Jun 1944	Place	San Jose, Santa Clara, California			
Chris'd		Place		Baptized	2 Sep 1961	
Died		Place		Endowed	7 Sep 1968	MANTI
Buried		Place		SealPar		

Wife's father: Walter Scott DAVIS — X Deceased

Wife's mother: Gladys Allene FISHER — Deceased

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.

					LDS ordinance dates		Temple
1	M	Drew KARTCHNER					
	Born	5 May 1971	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	5 May 1979	
	Chris'd		Place		Endowed		
	Died		Place		SealPar	26 Apr 1973	PROVO
	Buried		Place				
	Spouse						
	Married		Place		SealSp		
2	F	Heather KARTCHNER					
	Born	27 Oct 1972	Place	Minot, Ward, North Dakota	Baptized	1 Nov 1980	
	Chris'd		Place		Endowed	15 Sep 1992	SYDNE
	Died		Place		SealPar		
	Buried		Place				
	Spouse						
	Married		Place		SealSp		
3	F	Robin KARTCHNER					
	Born	27 Nov 1974	Place	Portland, Multnomah, Oregon	Baptized	23 Dec 1982	
	Chris'd		Place		Endowed	15 Dec 1995	SLAKE
	Died		Place		SealPar		
	Buried		Place				
	Spouse						
	Married		Place		SealSp		
4	M	Nathan KARTCHNER					
	Born	14 Jul 1976	Place	Portland, Multnomah, Oregon	Baptized	4 Aug 1984	
	Chris'd		Place		Endowed		
	Died		Place		SealPar		
	Buried		Place				
	Spouse						
	Married		Place		SealSp		

ELLEN KARTCHNER

Third grade

Graduation - registered nurse
August 1970

Ellen David Rand

Brian Hilary Missy

1995

Family Group Record

Husband Rand Glen FARRER

Born	12 Jul 1947	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Chris'd		Place		Baptized 9 Sep 1956	
Died		Place		Endowed 5 Aug 1968	SLAKE
Buried		Place		SealPar	
Married	8 Feb 1974	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	SealSp 8 Feb 1974	PROVO

Husband's father Glen George FARRER ☐ Deceased

Husband's mother Shirley MASON ☒ Deceased

Wife Ellen KARTCHNER

Born	13 Oct 1948	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Chris'd		Place		Baptized 11 Nov 1956	
Died		Place		Endowed 7 Feb 1974	PROVO
Buried		Place		SealPar	

Wife's father Fred Dixon KARTCHNER ☒ Deceased

Wife's mother Ruth Elaine TAYLOR ☐ Deceased

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.

				LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1 M	David Glen FARRER				
Born	14 Nov 1975	Place	Cheyenne, Laramie, Wyoming	Baptized 3 Dec 1983	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed 19 Jan 1995	JRIVE
Died		Place		SealPar	
Buried		Place			
Spouse					
Married		Place		SealSp	
2 F	Hilary Anne FARRER				
Born	1 Jun 1980	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized 4 Jun 1988	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	
Died		Place		SealPar	
Buried		Place			
Spouse					
Married		Place		SealSp	
3 F	Melissa Michele FARRER				
Born	25 Nov 1981	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized 2 Dec 1989	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	
Died		Place		SealPar	
Buried		Place			
Spouse					
Married		Place		SealSp	
4	Brian Kartchner FARRER				
Born	1 May 1984	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized 2 May 1992	
Chris'd		Place		Endowed	
Died		Place		SealPar	
Buried		Place			
Spouse					
Married		Place		SealSp	

RICHARD TAYLOR KARTCHNER

First grade

Returned missionary
September 1972

Mark Kelli Jordan Paul Kenny
Richard Taylor
Kathy Keriann
Claire Ethan
1996

Family Group Record

Husband Richard Taylor KARTCHNER

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	7 Apr 1950	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah			
Chris'd		Place		Baptized	20 Apr 1958	
Died		Place		Endowed	27 Oct 1969	
Buried		Place		SealPar		
Married	24 Apr 1973	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	SealSp	24 Apr 1973	PROVO

Husband's father	Fred Dixon KARTCHNER	☒ Deceased
Husband's mother	Ruth Elaine TAYLOR	☐ Deceased

Wife Kathryn ANDERSEN

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	21 Sep 1952	Place	Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona			
Chris'd		Place		Baptized	1 Oct 1960	
Died		Place		Endowed	5 Apr 1973	
Buried		Place		SealPar		

Wife's father	Hans Verlan ANDERSEN	☒ Deceased
Wife's mother	Shirley HOYT	☐ Deceased

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.

							LDS ordinance dates		Temple
1	M	Mark Andersen KARTCHNER							
		Born	20 Feb 1974	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah		Baptized	6 Mar 1982	
		Chris'd		Place			Endowed	11 Aug 1993	BOISE
		Died		Place			SealPar		
		Buried		Place					
		Spouse							
		Married		Place			SealSp		
2	F	Keriann KARTCHNER							
		Born	19 Jul 1975	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah		Baptized	3 Sep 1983	
		Chris'd		Place			Endowed		
		Died		Place			SealPar		
		Buried		Place					
		Spouse							
		Married		Place			SealSp		
3	M	Taylor Andersen KARTCHNER							
		Born	21 Sep 1976	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah		Baptized	6 Oct 1984	
		Chris'd		Place			Endowed		
		Died		Place			SealPar		
		Buried		Place					
		Spouse							
		Married		Place			SealSp		
4	F	Kelli KARTCHNER							
		Born	8 Jun 1978	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah		Baptized	5 Jul 1986	
		Chris'd		Place			Endowed		
		Died		Place			SealPar		
		Buried		Place					
		Spouse							
		Married		Place			SealSp		
5	M	Kenneth Andersen KARTCHNER							
		Born	5 Apr 1980	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah		Baptized	4 Jun 1988	
		Chris'd		Place			Endowed		
		Died		Place			SealPar		
		Buried		Place					
		Spouse							
		Married		Place			SealSp		
6	M	Paul Andersen KARTCHNER							
		Born	29 Apr 1982	Place	Boise, Ada, Idaho		Baptized	2 Jun 1990	
		Chris'd		Place			Endowed		
		Died		Place			SealPar		
		Buried		Place					
		Spouse							
		Married		Place			SealSp		

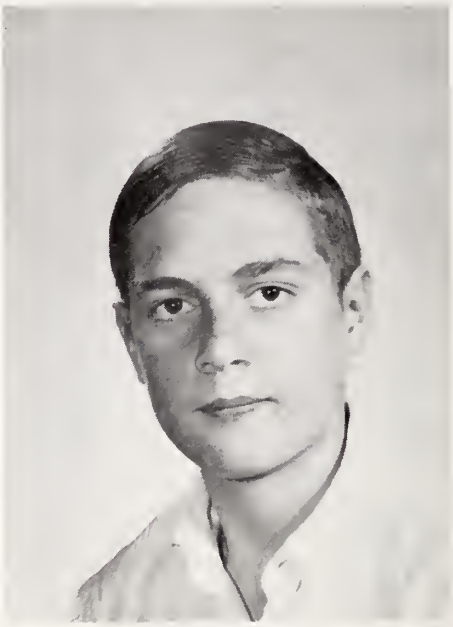
Family Group Record

Husband	Richard Taylor KARTCHNER
Wife	Kathryn ANDERSEN

Children	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
7 M	Jordan Andersen KARTCHNER				
	Born 12 May 1987	Place Boise, Ada, Idaho		Baptized 1 Jul 1995	
	Chris'd	Place		Endowed	
	Died	Place		SealPar	
	Buried	Place			
	Spouse				
	Married	Place		SealSp	
8 M	Ethan Andersen KARTCHNER				
	Born 5 Jul 1989	Place Boise, Ada, Idaho		Baptized	
	Chris'd	Place		Endowed	
	Died	Place		SealPar	
	Buried	Place			
	Spouse				
	Married	Place		SealSp	
9 F	Claire KARTCHNER				
	Born 20 Nov 1991	Place Boise, Ada, Idaho		Baptized	
	Chris'd	Place		Endowed	
	Died	Place		SealPar	
	Buried	Place			
	Spouse				
	Married	Place		SealSp	

DAVID TAYLOR KARTCHNER

Second grade



High school

Mark Ben Brittany
Jenny Lindsey
Joyce David Jake
1994

Family Group Record

Husband David Taylor KARTCHNER ☒ See "Other Marriages"

			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born 3 Apr 1951	Place Provo, Utah, Utah			
Chris'd	Place		Baptized 19 Apr 1959	
Died	Place		Endowed 22 Sep 1970	
Buried	Place		SealPar	
Married 5 May 1990	Place Littleton, Arapahoe, Colorado		SealSp 5 May 1990	DENVE
Husband's father	Fred Dixon KARTCHNER		☒ Deceased	
Husband's mother	Ruth Elaine TAYLOR		☐ Deceased	

Wife Joyce MARTELL ☒ See "Other Marriages"

			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born 9 Mar 1951	Place Van Nuys, Los Angeles, California			
Chris'd	Place		Baptized 2 May 1959	
Died	Place		Endowed 22 Jul 1971	
Buried	Place		SealPar	
Wife's father	Mark Terry MARTELL		☐ Deceased	
Wife's mother	Glenda STEWART		☐ Deceased	

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.

			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1 M	Jeffrey Nelson KARTCHNER		☐ See "Other Marriages"	
Born 6 Apr 1976	Place Provo, Utah, Utah		Baptized	
Chris'd	Place		Endowed	
Died 24 Dec 1980	Place Englewood, Arapahoe, Colorado		SealPar	
Buried	Place Provo, City Cemetary, Utah			
Spouse				
Married	Place		SealSp	
2 M	Gerald Mark GALBRAITH		☐ See "Other Marriages"	
Born 12 Apr 1976	Place Denver, Denver, Colorado		Baptized 28 Apr 1984	
Chris'd	Place		Endowed 18 May 1995	DENVE
Died	Place		SealPar	
Buried	Place			
Spouse				
Married	Place		SealSp	
3 M	Benjamin Nelson KARTCHNER		☐ See "Other Marriages"	
Born 8 Apr 1978	Place Provo, Utah, Utah		Baptized 31 May 1986	
Chris'd	Place		Endowed	
Died	Place		SealPar	
Buried	Place			
Spouse				
Married	Place		SealSp	
4 F	Jennifer Joyce GALBRAITH		☐ See "Other Marriages"	
Born 28 Dec 1979	Place Denver, Denver, Colorado		Baptized 2 Jan 1988	
Chris'd	Place		Endowed	
Died	Place		SealPar	
Buried	Place			
Spouse				
Married	Place		SealSp	
5 F	Brittany Ann KARTCHNER		☐ See "Other Marriages"	
Born 10 Jan 1980	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		Baptized 6 Feb 1988	
Chris'd	Place		Endowed	
Died	Place		SealPar	
Buried	Place			
Spouse				
Married	Place		SealSp	
6 F	Katharine Lindsey KARTCHNER		☐ See "Other Marriages"	
Born 9 Apr 1983	Place Englewood, Arapahoe, Colorado		Baptized 4 May 1991	
Chris'd	Place		Endowed	
Died	Place		SealPar	
Buried	Place			
Spouse				
Married	Place		SealSp	

Family Group Record

Husband	David Taylor KARTCHNER
Wife	Joyce MARTELL

Children	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
7 M	David Jacob KARTCHNER		☐ See "Other Marriages"	
Born	10 Dec 1984	Place Englewood, Arapahoe, Colorado	Baptized 2 Jan 1993	
Chris'd		Place	Endowed	
Died		Place	SealPar	
Buried		Place		
Spouse				
Married		Place	SealSp	

Other marriages

HUSBAND - David Taylor KARTCHNER
23 Aug 1974 Karen Renee NELSON

WIFE - Joyce MARTELL
Gerald Lee GALBRAITH
Steve J. RINDFLEISCH

ROSENA KARTCHNER

First grade

High school
October 1968

Nicole Jared Maria Amy
Alan Rosena
1995

Family Group Record

Husband Alan Perry HEAL

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	28 Nov 1950	Place	Provo, , Utah			
Chris'd		Place		Baptized	14 Dec 1958	
Died		Place		Endowed	22 Sep 1970	SLAKE
Buried		Place		SealPar		
Married	23 Apr 1974	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah	SealSp	23 Apr 1974	PROVO

Husband's father: Ray Milton HEAL ☐ Deceased

Husband's mother: Golda PERRY ☐ Deceased

Wife Rosena Louise KARTCHNER

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
Born	14 Jul 1952	Place	Provo, Utah, Utah			
Chris'd		Place		Baptized	21 Aug 1960	
Died		Place		Endowed	5 Apr 1974	MANTI
Buried		Place		SealPar		

Wife's father: Fred Dixon KARTCHNER ☒ Deceased

Wife's mother: Ruth Elaine TAYLOR ☐ Deceased

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.

				LDS ordinance dates		Temple
1	F	Maria Ann HEAL				
	Born	27 Nov 1976	Place Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	1 Dec 1984	
	Chris'd		Place	Endowed		
	Died		Place	SealPar		
	Buried		Place			
	Spouse					
	Married		Place	SealSp		
2	F	Amy Louise HEAL				
	Born	22 Sep 1978	Place Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized	27 Sep 1986	
	Chris'd		Place	Endowed		
	Died		Place	SealPar	5 Apr 1980	PROVO
	Buried		Place			
	Spouse					
	Married		Place	SealSp		
3	M	Jared Kartchner HEAL				
	Born	4 Oct 1980	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	5 Nov 1988	
	Chris'd		Place	Endowed		
	Died		Place	SealPar		
	Buried		Place			
	Spouse					
	Married		Place	SealSp		
4	F	Nicole HEAL				
	Born	8 Jul 1982	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Baptized	14 Jul 1990	
	Chris'd		Place	Endowed		
	Died		Place	SealPar		
	Buried		Place			
	Spouse					
	Married		Place	SealSp		

MARY ANN KARTCHNER

Two years old

High school
1976

Mary Ann Kevan

Ashley Kristin

1995

Family Group Record

Husband Kevan MCCOLLUM — See "Other Marriages"

			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born	9 May 1958	Place Auckland, New Zealand		
Chris'd	7 Sep 1958	Place Ponsonby, Auckland, New Zealand	Baptized	
Died		Place	Endowed	
Buried		Place	SealPar	
Married	2 Mar 1991	Place Mt. Albert, Aukland, New Zealand	SealSp	

Husband's father: Desmond Alexander MCCOLLUM — ☒ Deceased

Husband's mother: Colleen Nora SLYGO — ☐ Deceased

Wife Mary Ann KARTCHNER — ☒ See "Other Marriages"

			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Born	27 Nov 1958	Place Provo, Utah, Utah		
Chris'd		Place	Baptized 3 Dec 1966	
Died		Place	Endowed 26 May 1979	SLAKE
Buried		Place	SealPar 26 Apr 1973	PROVO

Wife's father: Fred Dixon KARTCHNER — ☒ Deceased

Wife's mother: Ruth Elaine TAYLOR — ☐ Deceased

Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. — LDS ordinance dates, Temple

1 F **Ashley Ann WARNER** — ☐ See "Other Marriages"

Born	20 Mar 1985	Place Lancaster, Los Angeles, California	Baptized 27 Mar 1993	
Chris'd		Place	Endowed	
Died		Place	SealPar	
Buried		Place		
Spouse				
Married		Place	SealSp	

2 F **Kristin Michelle WARNER** — ☐ See "Other Marriages"

Born	30 Apr 1986	Place Provo, Utah, Utah	Baptized 30 Apr 1994	
Chris'd		Place	Endowed	
Died		Place	SealPar	
Buried		Place		
Spouse				
Married		Place	SealSp	

Other marriages

WIFE - Mary Ann KARTCHNER
31 May 1979 Steven Lane WARNER

As the family continues to mature and grandchildren take their places in the world, we recognize the priceless heritage we enjoy. For this we are grateful beyond expression and are committed to nurture these ties that bind to generations past and future. We close this volume with some pictures of a typical gathering at "GK's" - Thanksgiving 1995:

Eating. . .

. . .Visiting. . .

. . .Games. . .
(led by Dan)

. . .Charades. . .

. . .And this year, courtesy of the third generation. . .Grandma Rap!

GRANDMA RAP

Thanksgiving - 1995
By the grandchildren assembled

Introduction: Well, we've come from far this Turkey Day to eat your rolls - Grandma, they were good!
Kiddin' man, that's not the only reason. It's like this:

Your house - it is the place to be
When you're longing for your fam-il-y.
You know you'll find when you walk inside,
Grandma standin' with her arms out wide.
She'll say "Hello!" and give ya a hug,
And make you feel happy and loved.

Chorus: Grandma, Grandma rap, do the zhz,zha Grandma rap.
Grandma, Grandma rap, do the zhz,zha Grandma rap.

From childhood's day you've held us dear,
Our memories are crystal clear:
Like remember:
"Hey, Paul, don't poke those eyes out of Kenny.
Grandma says no."
If you do, you'll get no Or-e-o

Chorus.

You can count on a game of charades,
Where everyone is welcome to play.
I'll never forget that awful trauma
When Grandma got "Zombie Beach Babes at the Slimeball Bowlerama."

Chorus.

G R E A T M O M E N T S

by

Fred D. Kartchner, M.D.

Wives, at times, can be calmly subtle--even sneaky.

One morning last Spring, my wife, Ruth, quietly asked, "If you were to choose two memorable experiences we have had together since being married, which two would you choose?"

After a moments thought, I mentioned the rather hectic birth of our fourth child, which occurred at home on the floor of a pea-sized toilet room; and the second moment, a most sacred one, in which a prayer literally saved my life.

"That's interesting," she said. "I have been thinking of the same two happenings. My club has as its theme for the year 'Great Moments In History' and we have heard 'Et u Brutus!' 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' 'I only regret that I have but one life to give for my Country!' 'Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!' 'The only thing we have to fear is Fear itself.' until they are becoming rather threadbare."

At this point in the conversation, I became a little suspicious, but she continued on, smoothly ignoring the slight change in my attitude.

"Great moments in history are but experiences in the lives of individuals," she continued, "and I think we all have memorable experiences that are not only good to remember ourselves, but if told to others will add substance to an approach to their own lives."

Then, she dropped the bomb. In her subtle, feminine way, she had led me by the nose to the crux of the conversation.

"I'm glad you agree with me," she said, "because next month I have to give the program at club, and if you will just write down those two experiences for me, I'll read them to the ladies, make my point, and at least the program will be a little different.

Here then, are two Great Moments in my own life. The first, while exciting at its happening, caused much merriment and some groaning, especially among the women, at its retelling; the second, a Moment of grief and heartache, but still a Moment for which I will forever be humbly grateful, for because of it, I have been a better husband, a more understanding parent, and a more compassionate physician.

The first event occurred in Ogden, Utah. The Time, after midnight in the early hours of October the Thirteenth, nineteen hundred and forty-eight. Our fourth baby had been expected any hour for two weeks past. My wife's uterus, exhibiting a familial trait of never parting with anything of value, had harbored the infant long past the estimated day of confinement. It just would not contract--as though reluctant to part with the precious mass of protoplasm which it had nurtured for the past forty-two weeks.

The apartment in which we lived was inadequate. We had hunted the City over for a place in which to live, and for which we could afford to pay, out of the seventy-five dollars a month upon which we must exist. We found it, not in the best neighborhood, just two blocks from notorious twenty-fifth Street, and next door to a mortuary. The building was composed of eight small individual units in one large, red, brick structure which abutted onto the sidewalk and which had been built some fifty or sixty years before.

The arrangement of the rooms of our unit was as inconvenient and old-fashioned as the building itself. When you opened the front door, you looked twenty-four feet down a dark, narrow hall into a small bedroom. To the right,

a door opened into a twelve by twelve foot front room. Ten feet down the hall and to the left was a door which opened into a toilet room. This room was just large enough for the commode. The water tank was of the early pioneer variety, wooden, fastened to the wall above your head, and flushed when a chain was pulled. It was difficult to peacefully function while sitting, because water from the tank dripped constantly on your head, and the door shut against your knees.

Opposite the toilet niche, a door opened to the right into a second twelve by twelve foot so-called Dining Room. Eight feet further down the hall, and to the right was a small room just large enough to house a miniature bathtub; and beyond this, to the right of the bedroom, was a small kitchen. From the kitchen door, along the back of the entire building was a narrow, wooden porch. The only daylight to the apartment entered from one large window in the front, and two small windows in the kitchen and bedroom at the back.

Ruth and the two children spent their days and nights in these darkened rooms. She hung a piece of bright, red, velvet drapery in the front hall, and behind it squeezed two bunk beds, one on top of the other, in which the children slept. The beds barely fit into the width of the hall, and she was forever exhibiting bruises and abrasions on her shins; for it was difficult, in her advanced stage of pregnancy, to climb up and over the ends of the beds to smooth out the sheets and tuck in the blankets, without slipping.

I spent my days and nights at the hospital. In fact, the night that this Great Event occurred, I was chatting with Louise, one of my wife's numerous cousins, who was in labor at the hospital. I was up, dressed, and awake when the telephone rang. If I had had to awaken, and dress, I would have missed the entire exciting episode.

Louise had just commented that it would be fun for Ruth to have her baby this same night, when the nurse called me to the telephone.

"Hello, Fred?" questioningly--urgently.

"yes." It was my wife.

"I just woke up, and I don't know whether I'm in labor, or whether I just have diarrhea." This she said rather hurriedly and tensely, as though she was having some kind of difficulty.

"Good Heavens, honey," I answered. "It's your fourth child, and if you don't know whether or not you're in labor, who does?"

"Well, I don't know," she said rather agitatedly and hurriedly, "and I can't talk anymore--I've got to go." Her voice trailed off in a rising crescendo and ended in a grunting, pushing sound that means only one thing to an obstetrician, and to a woman in the last moments of childbirth.

"Wasn't that your wife?" the nurse asked.

"Yes, that was my wife. She thinks she has diarrhea--or something. Louise won't deliver for a while. I'll go home and see what's going on." I picked up a sterile glove as I walked out past the nurse's station, thinking that I would need it, not realizing that what was to follow was destined to be a bare-handed job.

There was no traffic in the early morning hours, and I drove quickly to the apartment. The building was clothed in darkness. The entire neighborhood was as quiet and stilled as the mortuary next door. I stumbled onto the narrow front porch, turned the doorknob--the door was locked. No sound nor light came from within. I knocked on the door once, twice--then pounded with my fist. Still no noise. I beat upon the door again. Then, I heard a slight rustling from the hall--but still no light. The door opened, almost as if by its own volition. Still no sound--no motion.

"Ruth?" I called. No answer. "Where in the Devil is she?" I thought. I groped my way to the right, through the front room into the middle room. Stumbled on a chair. Swore. Pushed the chair aside and turned left into the hall. Then, I heard a hard, firm, grunting, pushing sound coming from the toilet room. No moaning, no cry, no word—just a steady, pressing, straining-down noise. I thought to myself, "She's been hit over the head by a denizen of Twenty-fifth Street, or else she's about to have this baby—one or the other."

"Where in the Hell are you, and what in the name of Heaven is going on!" I cried. "Where's the light switch?" I muttered as I pawed at the wall.

I found the switch, turned on the light, and there she was sitting on the toilet as naked as the day she was born. Cold water dripped onto her from the water tank above, and she was leaning forward, bearing down for all she was worth.

"What in Hell are you doing there!" I yelled—as if I couldn't tell from a glance. In only one human event does a woman strain with her abdominal muscles downward onto the rectum in this manner, and that is when her baby's head is about to extend over the perineum. In the dim light from the hall I could see Ruth's extended legs, her distended perineum, and a large surface of the baby's presenting head.

"Get off of there!" I snapped.

The uterine contraction started to ease.

"I don't know what's happening," she gasped, "and I can't get up."

"Good grief!" I thought to myself, "there's absolutely no equipment in this place necessary in the birth of an infant. We'll have nothing but a damned big mess."

"Where are the children?" I asked--as if I didn't know.

"They're asleep in the bunk-beds. I haven't had time to check."

"Where's Mrs. Wild?" I asked. Mrs. Wild lived in the next apartment and had promised to look after the children in case Ruth went to the hospital in the middle of the night.

"I don't know," Ruth answered. "She went to Salt Lake City yesterday and hasn't come back yet. Besides, I haven't had time to call her."

At this point, the uterus started another contraction. The only thing I could think was that this baby was coming right now--right here in this pea-sized toilet room--with cold water from the tank dripping down on everything--and that there would be a mighty big mess--smack dab on the floor.

"Don't push, don't push!" I barked; and with one herculean effort, I lifted her from the commode, and in some miraculous way, without dropping her, laid her on the floor--her head alongside the toilet bowel, water from the tank dripping into her face, the small of her back laid over the door-stop, and her legs, outspread, into the hall.

"Don't push, don't push," I repeated over and over as I ran down the short hall into the bedroom, snatched a sheet from the bed, ran back into the hall, placed the sheet under her buttocks just as the baby's head extended over the perineum and rotated externally to the side. The infant's shoulders and trunk quickly emerged, and a beautiful, pink, healthy, seven pound, eight ounce girl puckered up her face and started to cry.

Our third child had been a frail, congenitally abnormal infant, who had died just a year before, and the first same thought came to both of us.

"Is she all right?" Ruth asked.

"Yes, she's a nice and healthy, pink, normal female," I answered. I knelt on the floor between her outstretched legs, she remained flat on her back, head alongside the toilet bowel, water dripping in her face--and we laughed.

However, the laughter soon stopped. There were yet other things to happen. The umbilical cord had to be tied. The placenta must be delivered. I needed help.

A young girl living in one of the other apartments had been friendly with the children. I knew that I would have five to ten minutes before the placenta delivered. I ran out the back door, down the back steps to the rear door of her apartment and pounded on the door. After what seemed an interminable time, she answered. I called to her that Ruth had had her baby upstairs, and that I would appreciate her help, and would she watch the children until Ruth's sister could come from Salt Lake City later in the day to pick them up. She sleepily stumbled up the stairs behind me.

Ruth had not moved. The placenta was still within the uterus and the baby was lying on the floor between her legs screaming bloody murder.

"Where's some string?" I asked.

"String? What do you want string for?" she querried.

"To tie the cord! To tie the cord! What else?" I answered.

The uterus was contracting again. More blood was oozing about the baby and spreading onto the sheet. I had to hurry. I ran into the kitchen, frantically looking here and there for some kind of string, or thread, or something. No string. No thread. Into the middle room, into the front room. Back into the hall.

"Where the Hell's some string?" I shouted excitedly.

"There might be some in the sewing basket."

"Where's the basket? Where's the basket?" I called, rummaging here and there about the rooms.

"In the dining room, behind the door."

"Behind what door, where . . . where?" all the time frantically searching.

Finally, the sewing basket was located, string and scissors obtained.

Back into the hall. "Merthiolate," I thought. "Sterile technique--must have something to frighten the germs." I turned, looked up at the young girl to ask her to get the merthiolate from the shelf in the bath-tub room just in time to see her eyes glaze, to hear a moan ooze from her lips as she slumped down the wall in a dead faint.

"Oh, Hell!" I thought. "Not now--not now--now is not the time to faint!" But faint she did. I raised from the floor just in time to catch her limp body. What to do--what to do--the placenta was coming. Ruth was grunting and pushing again. The baby was screaming. More blood was flowing onto the sheet--and this chick had to faint.

With much tugging, I dragged her limp form down the hall, lifted it onto a chair in the kitchen, pushed her chest onto the table hoping her ample bosoms would keep her from toppling to the floor, ran back to my wife, tied the cord twice, severed it, poured merthiolate somewhat indiscriminately over everything, picked up the baby, stepped to the bedroom door, and tossed her onto the bed--as bare naked as her mother.

At this point another sound entered my consciousness. It was five year old Linda calling. How long she had been awake on the top bunkbed, looking directly down onto the entire proceedings, I did not know.

"Daddy, Daddy," she was calling.

I looked up. "What do you want?"

"I need to go to the toilet."

"Well, all right, climb down and go."

She slid over the end of the beds, stepped over her mother, sat on the commode; and after the appropriate tinkling sound, edged off the commode, and as she stepped over her mother the second time, looked down and asked.

"What you doing there, Mama?"

"Your Mother has had her baby, and we didn't have time to get to the hospital. Do you want to see the new baby?"

"Yes," she answered, and as she looked at the squalling, pink mass, wanted to know, "Where are all her clothes?"

"Good grief, they don't come that way!" I answered.

As Linda climbed back into bed, another voice was heard. This one from Kenneth, the three year old, supposedly asleep in the bottom bunkbed.

"Daddy, Daddy," He called. "I need to go the bathroom."

The same procedure was followed, only Kenneth did not want to see the new baby and ran into a corner to hide.

By this time, the show was over. Ruth rather shakily got up from the floor. I threw a housecoat around her, gathered together my last bit of strength, carried her out to the car, ran back for the baby, back again for the suitcase, got into the car, drove to the hospital where her Physician met us to take over.

To this day I do not know how long the young girl remained in the dead faint, or whether or not her bosoms kept her from falling to the floor; how long Kenneth remained in the corner, nor how much of the facts of life Linda observed from her vantage point on the top bunkbed. I do know that our fourth child, Ellen, sent out her own birth announcements which read:

Ogden, Utah
October 13, 1948

Greetings,

From the bathroom floor.

Precipitously yours,
Ellen Kartchner.

It was a short prayer. It was a humble prayer--and the Love and Faith with which it was said saved my life.

In an earlier Time, I used to lie on the soft warm grass and relax. There was no praying, no meditating, because the World was good, and the need for succor was not as apparent as it was at a later time. The mountains to the East, rising abruptly upward into the sky, formed great, rugged walls of protection which encouraged a comfortable feeling of safety; and the sky was sufficiently clear and expanseless as to allow imagination and vague, formless hopes and ambitions to soar unencumbered. The quiet murmurings of Nature provided background music--and Time stood still.

That was a Time in my youth. Before the horrors of a sickening, emotionally and physically crippling automobile crash, and the following despair and humiliation of drug addiction. Before the frenzied activity, unconsciously motivated, to negate feelings of helplessness, insecurity, inadequacy, and hostility. Before the loss of loved ones--and the fear of losing others. Before the forgetting of the needs of fellowmen in the reaching for personal achievements--and before the realization that the force of a Greater Power can have no influence unless one "lies on the soft, warm grass" and meditates.

The whole horrible nightmare had its beginning the day David, our fifth child, was born. I had started the practice of Obstetrics and Gynecology eight months before, after having completed the three years of Residency training required for Specialty status. The Residency had been completed in a blaze of glory. Original research papers had been published in the national medical literature. I was trained to achieve the highest standards in the practice of Obstetrics and Gynecology and had a burning desire to do so.

After much consideration and careful thought together, my wife and I returned to our home town to practice medicine, to rear our family, and to be happy. We purchased a home, stepped into the basement apartment which was to become an office. This was the first of several ego shattering experiences,

occurring one after another, the sum total of which, all but completely unhorsed me.

The place looked less like the office of a well-trained, competent physician than Barbara Strisand looks like Elizabeth Taylor. The crumbling walls had been painted a dirty, brownish-green. The floor of unpainted wood showed the ravages of time, and was covered by a threadbare, unrecognizable carpet, frayed at the edges. A small dingy bedroom was to become an examination room. There were no sinks, and one had to pass through the furnace room to reach a cramped bathroom, which contained an old, white enamel tub tottering on rusty legs, a leaky toilet, and a brown-stained handbasin. Wet, curling linoleum covered a sagging floor. We sat down in the middle of the room and wept.

However, things were not as bad as they first appeared. With the assistance of two brothers-in-law--one an interior decorator and the other a contractor, the place was remodeled into a more nearly adequate-appearing office. I consoled myself with the thoughts borrowed from Shakespeare that "all that glistens is not gold" and from Arrowsmith that good medicine did not derive from fancy office space and ankle deep carpets.

But pride-eroding experiences came one after another. It was discouraging to discover that patients did not knock the office door down to seek my ministrations. It was frustrating to learn that well-established colleagues did not view my working in their midst as a total blessing. They had their sound, effective ways of caring for patients, ways which were adequate but just a little different from those of one recently removed from the ivory towers of academic medicine. I retained my Title at the Medical School of Assistant Clinical Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology, and returned to the school one day each week to teach, and, without realizing it, to shore up my self-confidence.

This was what I was doing when the accident happened. I had spent until

midnight the evening before at the hospital, had just finished a delivery, and was preparing to return home, when my wife called, informing me that she was in labor. I went home, gathered together my wife, the usual pre-packed maternity suitcase, and returned with them to the hospital. She labored in her usually peaceful manner the rest of the night, and David, a squalling eight-pound infant was born at six-thirty in the morning.

It was a Monday morning, and I was scheduled to give the opening lecture in a three day refresher course in Obstetrics at the Medical School forty-five miles away. I was tired, and if wisdom had been evident, I would have gone home, gone to bed, and slept. Instead, I returned home, shaved, changed clothes, wearily climbed behind the steering wheel of the car, drove to the highway, and headed North. From this moment until one week later, for me, Time stood still. Except for momentary flashes of awareness, my memory has remained blank for events that occurred during that week. Details of what happened at the time of the accident and during the week that followed have been told by others who were involved.

I knew I was dozing at the wheel, and remember vaguely turning into American Fork, stopping at an early morning Cafe and drinking a cup of coffee. The caffiene would keep me awake--I thought. I returned to the car and headed North again.

The Director of the State Road Commission, also driving to Salt Lake City, was in the car directly behind me, and reported afterwards that he deliberately stayed behind partly fearing an accident, and partly because of the excessive speed at which I was traveling.

Through Lehi, past the Point of the Mountain the car lunged. At the foot of the hill moving onto the plateau upon which the Jordan High School is located, he reached for his radio communication and called frantically for a patrol car and an ambulance; for I had apparently fallen completely asleep and my car,

tearing up the road at seventy miles an hour, had drifted across the midline of the highway, skimmed between a tree and a bridge abutment, and crashed headlong into an empty irrigation canal.

People gathered quickly. I was in a precarious situation and they feared for my life. The car engine, jerked from its moorings, had smashed backwards into the front seat of the car, all but amputating both legs at the knee joints. My right arm, crushed, dangled between the steering wheel and the dashboard. My body was pushed far to the right. A wrecker and a acetelyne torch were required to free my body from the wreckage. Only the pre-crash radio call brought help sufficiently soon to preserve the spark of life that was ebbing away. I remember only regaining consciousness briefly, and murmuring to those trying to free my body, "Leave me alone. Leave me alone. It hurts! It hurts!"

Consciousness returned one week later. Confusedly at first, I struggled up only to be pushed back onto the bed. Someone was saying,

"You are not going to have a scar from your forehead to your chin. Lie still!"

Gradually, I became more aware, scrutinized the ceiling, tried to move my legs, but they would not move; attempted to move my right arm, but it would not.

"I'm going to have a scar from the top of my head to my chin," I moaned, "My God, what happened? Where am I?"

"You've had an accident. You're in the hospital. Quit worrying about scars. What are a few scars between relatives and friends? They are not sure, yet, but the doctors think they'll be able to save your legs. The lacerations on your scalp and face will heal. You have a skull fracture, a broken neck, and a fractured right arm which will heal, but it might be para-

lyzed. You're too ornery to let a little accident do you in, and you have given us all a bad, bad time. Now is there anything else you want to know before the nurse gives you another shot to knock you out again?" This was my sister talking, camaflouging her anxiety and concern by answering my questions straight from the shoulder.

The following six-week period was a nightmare of mixed emotions and pain. Two major surgical procedures designed to save the legs and the right arm, each lasting over six hours in duration were carried out. However, these injuries, the operations, the skull fracture, and the broken neck were the least items of concern.

Anxieties and doubts of a different tenure crowded my thoughts at every wakeful moment. From where would the money come to provide for my family, if I could not work? Who was caring for the patients whom I had unwittingly abandoned? Would the radial nerve injury of my right arm recover sufficiently to enervate the muscles of the arm and hand? If not, how was I to practice medicine? My right hand was my surgical hand. How could I do surgery, if it remained paralyzed?

Death, himself, had leered at me, had stretched his clawing fingers towards me, and all but crushed me in thir grasp. The fear of annhilation was morally devastating. Blessed relief from the emotional turmoil as much as from the physical pain was found only with shots of demerol. A vicious cycle developed--pain, headache, leg-ache, arm ache, neck ache--demerol--euphoria--relief. Worry, anxiety, fear, resentment--demerol--euphoria--relief. Day after day, week after week, until pain and emotion fused together--unrelieved except by another shot of demerol. That was the tragedy--confusion, unintended, by both physician and patient. Unwittingly I had become addicted to demerol. Unknowingly, I left the hospital addicted.

The eighteen months following release from the hospital were destined to become months of struggle, a battle between intense suffering from pain and a

desire for relief from self-administered demerol; between a need for self-confidence and the fear of failure; between a pathological yearning for love and the dark, enveloping dread of rejection; between acceptance for one's-self and pressure to think, feel, and be like others; between memories and nightmares of childhood catastrophes and current happenings of a similar content; between the effort to perform adequately in my profession and the horror of making a mistake in diagnosis or surgical procedure while under the influence of the drug.

Day into night and season into season the conflict raged, inching me ever nearer the narrow line separating existence from non-existence; pushing me ever closer to that brink over which one looks into a bottomless pit of blackness, of emptiness; into a well of nothingness. Oh! God! Why was it that only the Drug could bring relief?

To function as a human being became an hour-to-hour grapple. In order to avoid mistreating patients or make procedural mistakes, I held off taking medication until the office work was done for the day, or until a delivery was completed and the mother and infant were safely in their beds. As a result, every waking hour was spent in pain and misery. At first, part of this discomfort was due to the physical injuries from the accident, but unwaringly, this gradually subsided and was replaced by the pain of drug withdrawal. As the hours of the day passed, intense, grinding backache increased. Nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, profuse sweating became unbearable and were relieved only by more drug. Every body cell adapted to the presence of the narcotic and refused to function physiologically unless the dosage was not only maintained, but gradually increased. Attempts to stop the drug would produce complete physical incapacitation.

This physical incapacitation was not the only problem. The greater the

amount of drug self-administered, the more likely would I "go on the nod." The physical, emotional, and mental torture would then be replaced by a state of unawareness, of semi-stupor, a state from which I could be aroused, but in which, if left undisturbed, all problems were obliviated.

Once, after completing a delivery, and after leaving the hospital, I jerked suddenly to consciousness to find myself behind the wheel of the car, off the road, and headed directly towards the river. The front wheels of the car stopped just at the river's edge. Just exactly where I was, how I had arrived there, or the time of night, I did not know.

Another time, I awakened abruptly, and found myself in a similar situation, only this time, the car was but a few feet from crashing into the engine of a freight train crossing the road. I can only suppose that the frantic warning whistle of the train roused me in time to slam on the brakes and prevent a head-on crash.

Upon another occasion, I found myself high upon the foothills. There was no road leading to the spot, and how the car had maneuvered the gulleys and washes and boulders, I could not say. It was necessary to leave the car, re-orient myself by locating the lights of University Avenue and Center Street, get back into the car and return to the road inch by inch. Some Power greater than myself must have had his arms about my shoulders on those occasions.

There were other problems. Man's inhumanity to Man can be real and destructive. There exists in every society, the iconoclast, who because of his own unrecognized emotional conflicts, falls into the trap of building himself up by pointing to the deficiencies and difficulties of others. There was the young woman, who, after an unusually successful and satisfying pregnancy and delivery, sat in my office, wept, and said, "Doctor_____ told me that

you were a 'dope fiend' and that you just sat and watched your patients die." There was the one who said, "We don't care about you. We are only concerned that your wife and children will not have the Degree of Glory in Heaven which they deserve—because of you." And, still another, "He will never recover. He will become nothing but a no-good bum and derelict, and when that time comes, do not expect us to take care of him." Gossip? Said? Not said? Imagined? I could not say. By this time, I was not thinking straight, nor reacting rationally—only fighting to maintain some semblance of self-respect and self-identity.

To be attacked through religion and through my family ravaged my morale. Bitterness, resentment, hate, entered my soul. The mental mechanism of projection functioned at full force, and I accused my wife of rejection, lack of love, lack of cooperation. Dear God! How could I be so confused! Why did relief come only with the drug?

How did my wife stand up under such pressure? How did she manage from day to day—caring for five small children, performing as President of the Church Ward Primary organization, helping in the office, paying the bills, making a home for a physically and emotionally ill husband—a husband, yet not a husband? How she endured, I did not know.

I found out one warm August night. Ruth and the children were staying for a few days in the family cabin in Provo Canyon. It was late, I had finished with a delivery at the hospital and had given myself what was destined to be the last shot of self-administered drug. I left the hospital, climbed into the car, started the engine, and went promptly "on the nod." I remember nothing of driving fourteen miles into the Canyon, nor of leaving the car, nor of entering the cabin, nor of sitting at the kitchen table with my head and chest leaning forward. I suddenly became aware of her presence behind me.

I looked up and gazed dazedly into a face filled with compassion and grief, the like of which I had never seen before. Her eyes were alight with an expression of love mingled with fear, and they were tear-filled to the brim. I stood, reached for her outstretched hand as she said,

"Come, Fred. We're going to pray."

She led me into the bedroom, we kneeled together, and with her arms about my shoulders, she prayed.

"Dear God, help us! Help us understand the illness which Fred has. Show us the way! Show us--so that he can become the husband, the father, and the physician that we know he is capable of being!"

That was all. Slowly a stirring began in the depths of my very soul, and as it welled upward, it increased in intensity and passed my lips in a great, convulsing, uncontrollable cry of anguish. The protective coverings of my most inviolate subconsciousness were thrown aside. The cover to the well of blackness, of nothingness, was lifted. I was helpless. Stripped bare. I could do nothing but rest my head in her arms and sob. All the horrors of the present mingled with memories and fears from my earliest childhood crowded to consciousness. Insight after insight swirled upward from the abyss of my inner self and became dissipated.

Dawn had arrived when the weeping ceased. I had wept the night through. As the weeping ebbed, also vanished confusion, hate, misunderstanding, feelings of insecurity, inferiority, rejection, and of being un-loved. A blessed peace and calmness settled over the room, and I became aware of the warmth and softness of her breasts--mindful of the strength in her arms about my shoulders. Holding me tightly she was murmuring, as to a child softly, "It's all right, it's all right," and as I looked, the well of nothingness was filled with the tears of her love. I looked again, and started up the path to re-

covery.

It was a short prayer. It was a humble prayer—and the Faith and Love with which it was said, saved my life.

Great Moments in History? Such are but Moments in the life of Man—and they do happen to everyone of us.

HE TALKED TO ME TODAY

She is only three.

Today, she laid her doll aside,
Looked up, and said,
"Mama, do you know what?"
"What?" I replied.

"When I was up in Heaven,
I looked down
And looked, and looked, and looked
All over the World
To find a mama just like you
To born me."

She is only three,
And in a way,
Jesus talked to me today.

By Fred D. Kartchner

"Read To Me Of Jesus"

Original portrait, Mrs. Fred D. Kartchner and daughter
by Sir Cornelius C. Zwaan, Dutch-American 1882-1964

May His Spirit

be with you

this season and always.

Our Love and Best Wishes for
a Happy and Successful New Year -
Dr. & Mrs Kartchner